THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Fo[illegible]Ao Dñi 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 24, '11 5c. THE COPY

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

Sane Or Insane 4th?

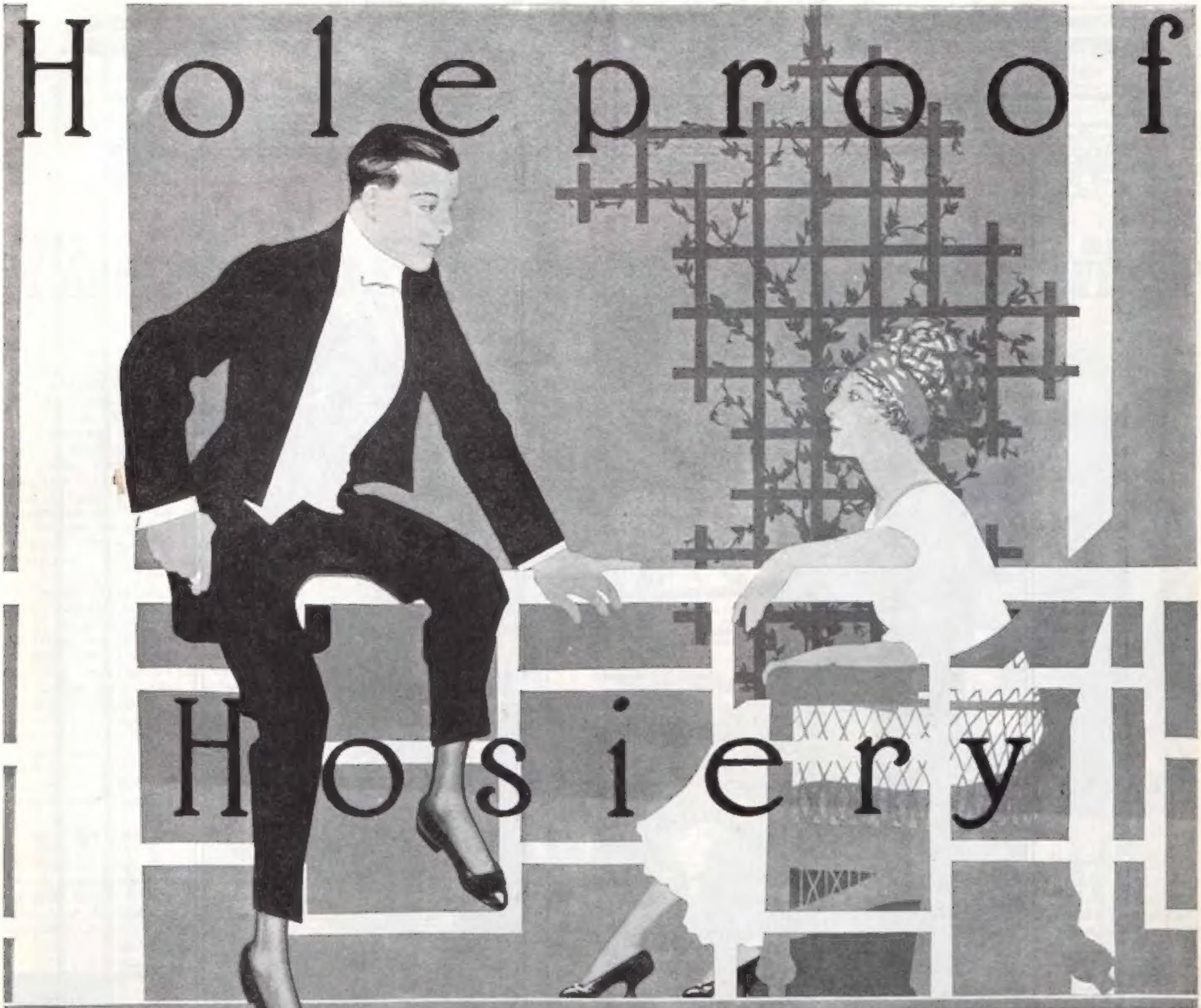
Nickels for fireworks cause burns.

Nickels for SPEARMINT cause benefits.

Why not spend the fireworks money for the mintleaf juice confection? Why not give your little ones the enjoyment that's so fine for teeth, breath, appetite and digestion?

Look for the spear!

The flavor lasts!



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"HOLEPROOF" for men and for women are soft, light weight, cool, stylish, attractive—and perfection in fit.

They are made in twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men—seven colors, three weights and three grades for women.

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Carl Freschl, Pres.

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The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance. Write for free book, *"How to Make Your Feet Happy."*

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Freschl Pres

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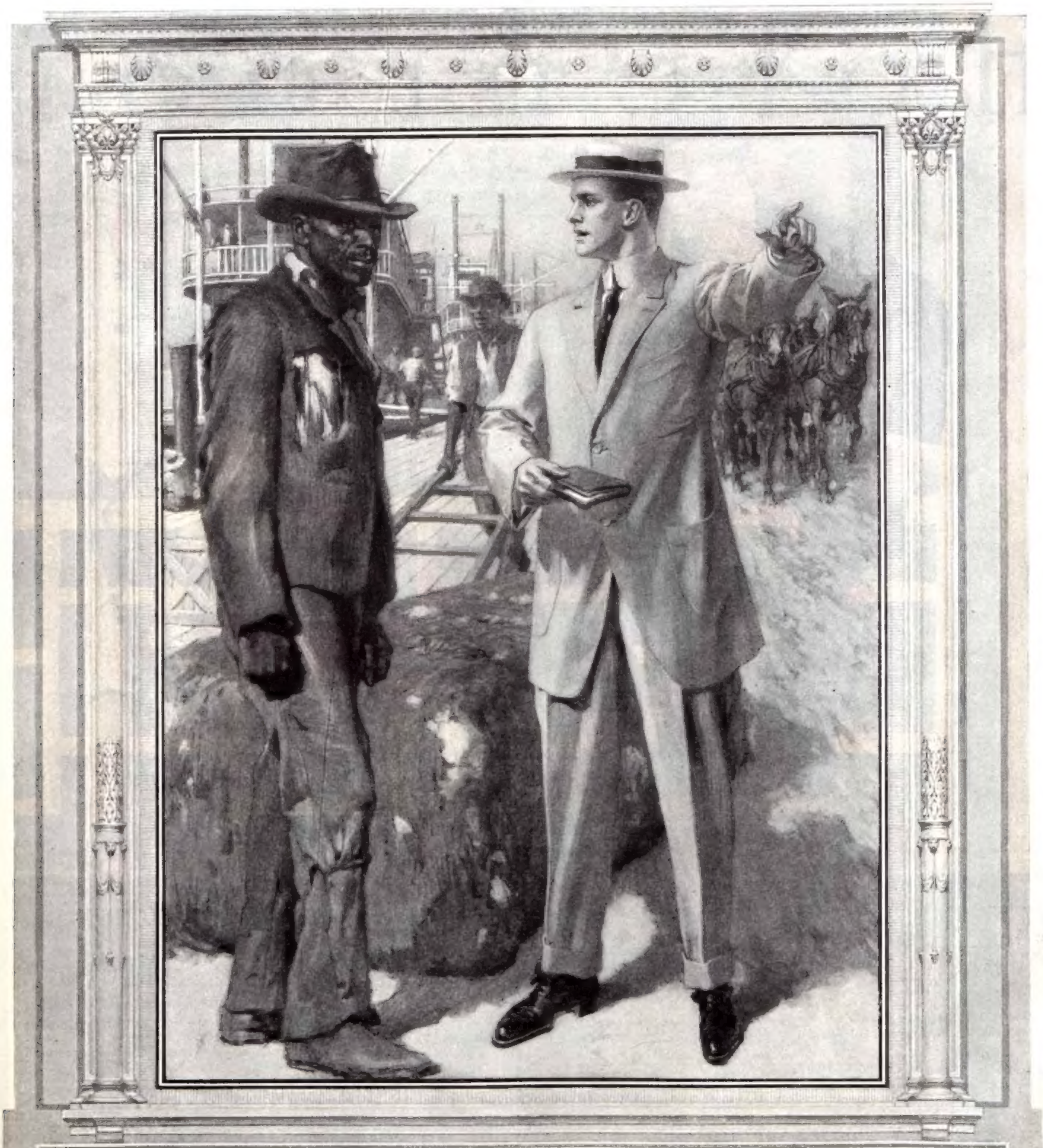

On the Levee, at New Orleans

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The Autobiography of a Jailer

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I WAS born fifty years ago, in a small town in the Middle West, of old but I cannot say of good English stock. My father, having brought his family into the world, thought his duties ended there and devoted himself ever afterward to rest. I was twenty-one and married when my frivolous elder broke the monotony of doing nothing by eloping with another man's wife. Figuratively speaking, he ran off also with the two years of hard night work that I had devoted to preparing myself for teaching, since now I was obliged to let books go by the board and apply all my energies to my printer's case in order to support two families—his own and mine. This was asking too much of my health; and I broke down under the strain. So I resolved to do as the doctor advised and take my chances in Denver, rather than—somewhat after my father's example—to sink back in eternal rest.

It was concerning this project that I ran over to the first city of the state to consult with my brother-in-law, then a briefless attorney, whom I hadn't seen for years and of whom I was very fond. He approved of my determination to seek a change of climate, but he was displeased with my choice of Denver. "Go West, young man, but not too Far West," was his rewording of Greeley. He clinched his argument by finding me a job as a street-car conductor, on the theory that in this occupation I could get all the fresh air I needed and be paid whilst taking it.

I had left my wife and families in the country temporarily, and I was, therefore, wretchedly lonely during the first months of my new life. And this loneliness I felt the more keenly because the work was uncongenial, not so much on account of the nature of it as on account of the character of the men with whom I came in contact. In my present position as penitentiary warden I am often asked whether I think the world is getting any better. My invariable answer is: "Look at the vast improvement in street-car conductors." They were a tough, hard set in those days. I wonder whether the oversupply of college graduates explains the uplift?

My Introduction to a Career of Public Service

IN THE idle hours, while waiting in the neighborhood of the barns for their runs, the men would gamble, drink and concoct all sorts of schemes for cheating the company out of its nickels. I was told in forcible language that I had the choice of accepting either what the company decided I was worth or what I concluded I ought to have. This was an enticing settlement of the differences that exist between capital and labor, and I might have accepted it, being so hard pressed, if I hadn't been warned by one of the men that those who arbitrate industrial disputes in this way are sometimes sent to jail to think out methods more equitable to the employer. This same watchful genius saved me from the snares of drinking and gambling—two vices in which many of the men managed to indulge freely, by raising their salaries themselves whenever the company failed to recognize the increase deserved by integrity and conscientiousness.

I discovered now to my horror that I had, without my knowledge, been living in a glass house; and that shying bricks at the other fellow might put me in a position where I might have to stuff the frames with rags and old clothes. This discovery made me both charitable and cautious. Likewise it rendered me eternally grateful to my friend; and I resolved to repay him, if the opportunity ever should come my way, by doing for others just what had been done for me. And so I may say that many a criminal whom I have helped to put on the right path owes his salvation to my good monitor quite as much as to me.

"I Seen Him Once't With a Neckt'ie My Pard Sends to Me, and the Guy Had the Nerve to Ask if it Didn't Match His Socks"

However, as a matter of fact, it was a corpse and not a live man that, while I was still a conductor, exerted the chief influence over my future career as a jailer. The incident happened one morning when my car was delayed at an intersection of streets by an exceptionally long funeral procession. One of my passengers inveighed bitterly against the helpless dead for the financial loss this corpse was inflicting on those of the quick who would be docked when reporting behind time for their work. Both the quality and the quantity of his oaths led me to suspect that he must have come into close and intimate contact with the deceased during the latter's lifetime. This suspicion I felt sure was justified when I asked him in whose honor the obsequies were being held. With a string of oaths as long as the funeral itself he answered, "Jailer Schultz." Nor was there any room left for doubting my conclusion when, five minutes later, he jumped off the car and took with him the stickpin of the gentleman who had the misfortune to stand at his side.

Three Times I Tried to Push Through the Wriggling, Fighting Mass to Put My Hands on the Ringleaders

The Relation of Convicts to Convictions

OTHER passengers—whose opinions, I judged, were founded on second-hand rather than on first-hand information—were equally severe if less profane in their criticisms of the dead official. It appeared that Schultz was a tyrant deeply hated by the unfortunates put in his charge, for the reason that he was animated solely by the idea of keeping them safely, no matter how harsh the methods to which he had to resort. At this time the position of jailer was as far beyond my ambition as that of president of the company. But as nine-tenths of the men were boasting constantly as to what they would do if they were made president—the putting of cash registers and bulldogs on each car were the chief ideas suggested for the improvement of the service—so I amused myself by planning what I would do if I were to become jailer. The result of these speculations was the conviction that I could spend the rest of my life in that position and leave behind me a trail of blessings and kind words instead of curses and execrations to mark the route my funeral had taken.

It was only four months after Schultz' obsequies that my brother-in-law sent for me. He told me that the sheriff just elected, Tom Galbraith, was one of his best friends, and that Tom's duties for some time to come would consist in so dividing his work that it would take two men to do what one had done before. Therefore, he was sending me to him to take advantage of the increased crop of jobs

that would be sure to result from the application of intensive methods of agriculture to the political field. As to the nature of the job I should get he could give me no guaranty. It might be that of hangman, which was well paid though irregular—I should have to take chances in the scramble.

His guess was within an ace of being correct. I was appointed bundleman in the old county jail. It would, so far as I could learn, be my duty to examine for contraband all bundles that came to the institution for its inmates, to see that the right bundle went to the right man, and to escort prisoners into the lawyers' cage when their legal advisers called for them. I say "in so far as I could learn," because a brand-new jailer had been installed only the day before, and what he didn't know about the running of a jail would have filled a book—a very humorous one. Let me say parenthetically that the chief recommendation for a jailer in those days was a genius for failing at everything else. This implied that natural selection fitted him for the job. Jailers were simply born in those days; there is a tendency to see that they are made now.

The Novelty of Kind Treatment

AT NOON of the first day that I filled my new place one of the prisoners came to me and voluntarily gave me certain information, which otherwise I might have acquired only at the expense of being fired. He warned me to be on the lookout whenever I left the bundle cage for the lawyers' cage, lest a scheming attorney stalk off with his client before the case was tried in court. He advised me to keep an eye on the bundle when I went into the lawyers' cage, lest the packages resent my inattention by disappearing before I returned. Besides, he taught me how to locate a paper-thin dirk in the lining of a coat, how a considerable quantity of opium might be stuffed inside of a necktie, and how a fair-sized bottle of whisky might be stowed away in the toe of a boot.

On asking him why he wished to assist a perfect stranger like myself, to whom he was under no obligation, he said: "I see you're on the level and want to do the square thing. The last guy used to look over the stuff and cop out for himself what he thought was too swell for us. I guess he quit here to start one of them department stores with the plunder. I seen him onc't with a necktie my pard sends to me, him having pulled it out of a bunch we swiped together, and the guy had the nerve to ask if it didn't match his socks. I finds out the socks was mine too! It made me sore to be done out of my honest belongings and I puts up a roar and he has me thrung in the solitary! Says I insulted him! Besides, that guy was so busy taking the pick of the stuff for himself that he hadn't no time to read the names on the bundles, and it was a toss-up whether you got what was a-coming to you or nothing at all. He sends a blind sucker a Bible which was meant for a deaf bloke, and he sends the deaf bloke a jew's-harp which was meant for the blind sucker; and when they kicks, what do you think he done? He thrung the book and the harp inside of the 'no-claimed box' and says: 'It will learn both of yous a lesson to take what yer gets and be happy wid it.' If he runs that new department store of his'n along them lines he'll be back here soon, only in a different section."

Seeing that I had won this particular prisoner's goodwill by merely practicing justice in the abstract, I was naturally led to reflect how much more I might do if I made a study of each inmate and treated him as an individual case. With this aim in mind I observed all the derelicts closely, and soon came to the conclusion that steel bars don't keep human nature on the outside of a jail. Prisoners are much like you, Mr. Average Citizen, modified only by a few distinct traits that are the result rather than the cause of their being in jail. Like the rest of us, they are a mixture of good and evil—the difference being largely one of proportion—and it struck me that only an impractical man would fail to turn their better qualities to account. I determined, therefore, in so far as my subaltern position would permit, to try what never had been tried before in that jail—kindness, gentleness and an appeal to reason.

On this theory I set to work with a right goodwill. I was rewarded for my efforts in a remarkably short space of time. Before I had been at my post a month one of the prisoners, a big brutal fellow locked up on a serious charge, was wanted in the lawyers' cage. Fearing that the police were waiting there to identify him in connection with a second charge he refused to go. I reported that fact to my superior.

"He won't go, eh!" shouted the jailer, a pompous man who loved nothing better than to display his authority. "I'll show him whether he goes or not."

"Wouldn't it be better to reason with the man first?" I interceded, divining his intentions.

"It would be better for you to mind your own business," he cut me short, ringing for a couple of guards. They answered his summons, but though armed to the teeth they showed a marked hesitancy about carrying out his orders. The prisoner in question was exercising with the other inmates in the court set aside for that purpose, and he might evince tigerish resentment at being disturbed during his hour of leisure. He was notoriously rough, but at the same time a stickler for etiquette.

"I'll go and get him," I said; "but there isn't another man in the place who would."

I picked the fellow out of the throng—an easy task, for he was the biggest of them all and towered head and shoulders over me. I told him the purpose of my errand and explained, without raising my voice, that even though he were wanted for identification it would be to his advantage to obey. Unruliness would certainly count against him in court when his case was called.

"Don't you go! Don't you do it!" shouted the crowd around him. "Show your nerve. We'll stand by you."

The big fellow stood silent, reflecting. I knew what was passing through his mind. Nerve is the supreme quality that commands the admiration of the outcast and the lawless. If a prisoner stands out for what he may mistakenly consider his rights and takes his medicine, no matter how bitter, he becomes a hero in the eyes of his comrades. If he bows before the command of his keepers when his nerve is at stake he is like one in the world of finance who loses his reputation for square dealing. He is marked ever afterward for contempt.

"Keep still, yous!" he commanded the others after a second. "He's come at me right and I'm going down with him, see?"

Kindness and an appeal to reason won the day. Had I used force it would have been like trying to stop an earthquake with a pitchfork or a billy. I also won something more substantial than the day—on the strength of this success I was promoted to the position of guard. I have often thought that this advance was given me not so much because I deserved it as because the jailer believed it would be foolish as well as criminally careless to keep a tamer like me in the bundle cage when the raging lions were frisking about outside.

At any rate, his judgment was sound. I was scarcely stationed in my new post before excitement broke forth in the shape of a race war. These race wars are common in nearly all penal institutions. Men grow ugly and surly from long confinement and brutal treatment. If the whites are in the majority—which they usually are—they vent their pent-up energy and spite on the blacks. This is hard on the blacks; but where the proportion is reversed the thing works the other way round. I presume, too, that it is human nature for men, no matter in what place they are thrust, to look around and see if they can't prove their superiority over somebody else. Burglars, for instance, draw the line against sneakthieves, and confidence men in turn snub both. I once knew a forger who actually threatened to commit suicide if put in the same cell with a man who followed the menial trade of collecting doormats that belonged to the community.

Understanding the Color Scheme

BUT to revert to this particular war of the races. One noon, when the prisoners were let out for their usual hour's exercise in the inside court, the jail was suddenly and unexpectedly rent by screams and yells to which gentlemen at liberty never give expression when taking their constitutional. Rushing to the end of the tier where I stood, I saw that the pit below had been converted in a second's time into a bloody arena.

"We'll stop all that! Follow me!" I said to the guard who stood at my side.

"Not me," he answered. "I want my lunch before I commit suicide. Let 'em pummel each other into sawdust and then we'll go down and sack what's left."

"Very well," I returned, "I'll go alone." And alone I went, first divesting myself of my weapons, despite the efforts of this guard and all the others to prevent me. Three times I tried to push through the wriggling, fighting mass in order to put my hands on the ringleaders, and three times I was pushed and jostled and jammed back to where I had started. On my fourth venture somebody must have been prepared either to knock me down or to kill me, for I heard a voice behind my back hiss:

"If you do him I'll croak you for it."

Then urging, pleading, begging the men to desist from violence for their own sakes, I worked my way through the rank and file to the point of vantage I sought and laid my hands on the two chief warriors. "You're excited," I said, gradually letting my hands slip into theirs. "You're

"Keep Still, Yous! He's Come at Me Right and I'm Going Down With Him, See?"

not in a state of mind to listen to reason, but you will later when you cool off. I want you two men to go down to the solitary with me." They went without a murmur, like children being led to school. What conquered them? Simply my nerve. They had seen me, the smallest guard in the place, unaccompanied and unarmed, jump into that roaring pit; they had observed a row of the stalwart and the armed, curious as to the exact nature of my end, stand on the tiers above with a look on their faces that betokened how much enchantment distance lent to the view.

The thing, however, that interested me most in the venture was the voice that had interceded for my safety. I was certain that I knew the man to whom it belonged, and immediately after things quieted down I looked him up to inquire what were his reasons for objecting to my being beaten into pulp.

"Well," he explained, "I guess I'm bad—bad as they grow. I've been in jail one-half of my twenty-nine years and trying to give the law the slip the other half. Busy life, eh? I ain't like the feller what puts up a talk on the wrong facts he scoops out of last year's newspaper. I know the dope. And take it from me, guards and jailers ain't got anything human about 'em except their love for money. They're brutes. They wouldn't be guards and jailers if they wasn't. They can't get a gentleman or a thief to take the job. You're the strange exception. They've pounded everything out of me except my love for justice. That's under my skin and they couldn't rip it off. I knew when you was in the bundle cage you wouldn't slip a cove a shoestring and tell him it was the shirt his poor grandmother promised to send him for consolation. I can't stand for a just man getting the worst of it. I wasn't going to have you turn in your grave and shout: 'That's what they done to me for being on the square with a bunch of ingrates.' No, not me."

Underneath the air of banter and bravado that this prisoner—like so many others—loved to assume, I detected an ardent and serious desire to lead the right sort of a life. I encouraged him in it. And gratitude being due him under the circumstances, I did more. Through the assistance of the chief of the detective bureau, I found work for my protector out West. He rewarded our efforts by becoming a first-rate citizen.

Naturally, when it was discovered that I would go in places where nobody else would venture, and that I could influence men that nobody else could, all sorts of odd and hazardous jobs were found for me. In this connection I remember the occasion when I was sent to Missouri to bring back on a writ of extradition a criminal we wanted in a trial. I presumed at the time that he must be a hard case or they wouldn't have picked me out for the job; but had I, when I started out, known his record for daredeviltry I shouldn't have undertaken the responsibility alone and unassisted. The penitentiary authorities, with an expression on their faces that I learned to interpret only in later years, sent their prisoner and a guard with me in a bus to the depot. When the guard left and my prisoner and I stood alone on the platform I said to him: "I don't know you, nor you me; but we have a trip of three hundred and twenty-five miles to take together and we might as well get acquainted before we start."

"Oh, you're from the East, are you?" he grinned viciously, in a way that let me know he thought it a good place to come from, never to go to.

In reply I mentioned my name, occupation and place of residence.

The expression on his face changed at once and he remarked: "So you're Latham, the screw [guard] I've heard so much about. Well, I'll tell you all about myself before we take the rattler [train]. But first I want to say that I'm on to your curves. You want to find out what I'm like first, so you will know how to handle me afterward. Take it from me, you needn't worry. Put the slangs [handcuffs] on me or leave 'em off, I'll be with you just the same when we strike your town."

I felt the handcuffs in my pockets, wondering whether it would be better to slip them over his wrists or keep them in their hiding-place. He was a bigger man than I, more powerful, and no doubt my match in agility and quickness. If I handcuffed him he could easily take advantage of some unguarded moment of the trip, pound me into insensibility with a single blow of the irons and make good his escape. On the other hand, if I succeeded in bringing him

(Continued on Page 22)

The Proud Goat of Aloysius Pankburn

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ASHLEY

Black Bodies Leaped Forward Like Apes Through the Mangroves

QUICK eye that he had for the promise of adventure, prepared always for the unexpected to leap out at him from behind the nearest cocoanut tree, nevertheless David Grief received no warning when he laid eyes on Aloysius Pankburn. It was on the little steamer Berthe. Leaving his schooner to follow, Grief had taken passage for the short run across from Raiatea to Papeete. When he first saw Aloysius Pankburn, that somewhat fuddled gentleman was drinking a lonely cocktail at the tiny bar between decks next to the barber shop. And when Grief left the barber's hands half an hour later, Aloysius Pankburn was still hanging over the bar, still drinking by himself.

Now it is not good for man to drink alone, and Grief threw sharp scrutiny into his passing glance. He saw a well-built young man of thirty, well-featured, well-dressed, and evidently—in the world's catalogue—a gentleman. But by the faint hint of slovenliness, by the shaking, eager hand that spilled the liquor, and by the nervous, vacillating eyes, Grief read the unmistakable marks of the chronic alcoholic.

After dinner he chanced upon Pankburn again. This time it was on deck, and the young man, clinging to the rail and peering into the distance at the dim forms of a man and woman in two steamer chairs drawn closely together, was crying drunkenly. Grief noted that the man's arm was around the woman's waist. Aloysius Pankburn looked on and cried.

"Nothing to weep about," Grief said genially.

Pankburn looked at him and gushed tears of profound self-pity.

"It's hard," he sobbed. "Hard. Hard. That man's my business manager. I employ him. I pay him a good salary. And that's how he earns it."

"In that case, why don't you put a stop to it?" Grief advised.

"I can't. She'd shut off my whisky. She's my trained nurse."

"Fire her, then, and drink your head off."

With Pull and Heave and Quick-Changing Grips He Drew on Deck the Naked Form of Aloysius Pankburn

"I can't. He's got all my money. If I fired her he wouldn't give me sixpence to buy a drink with."

This woful possibility brought a fresh wash of tears. Grief was interested. Of all unique situations he could never have imagined such a one as this.

"They were engaged to take care of me," Pankburn was blubbering; "to keep me away from the drink. And that's the way they do it, lallygagging all about the shop and letting me drink myself to death. It isn't right, I tell you. It isn't right. They were sent along with me for the express purpose of not letting me drink, and they let me drink to swinishness as long as I leave them alone. If I complain they threaten not to let me have another drop. What can a poor devil do? My death will be on their heads, that's all. Come on down and join me."

He released his clutch on the rail and would have fallen had Grief not caught his arm. He seemed to undergo a transformation, to stiffen physically, to thrust his chin forward aggressively and to glint harshly in his eyes.

"I won't let them kill me. And they'll be sorry. I've offered them fifty thousand—later on, of course. They laughed. They don't know. But I know." He fumbled in his coat pocket and drew forth an object that flashed in the faint light. "They don't know the meaning of that. But I do." He looked at Grief with abrupt suspicion. "What do you make out of it, eh? What do you make out of it?"

David Grief caught a swift vision of an alcoholic degenerate putting a very loving young couple to death with a copper spike, for a copper spike was what he held in his hand, evidently an old-fashioned ship fastening.

"My mother thinks I'm up here to get cured of the booze habit. She doesn't know. I bribed the doctor to prescribe a voyage. When we get to Papeete my manager is going to charter a schooner and away we'll sail. But they don't dream. They think it's the booze. I know. I only know. Good night, sir. I'm going to bed, unless—er—you'll join me in a nightcap. One last drink, you know."

II

IN THE week that followed at Papeete, Grief caught numerous and bizarre glimpses of Aloysius Pankburn. So did everybody else in the little island capital, for neither the beach nor Lavina's boarding house had been so scandalized in years. In midday, bare-headed, clad only in swimming trunks, Aloysius Pankburn ran down the main street from Lavina's to the water front. He put on the gloves with a fireman from the Berthe in a scheduled four-round bout at the *Folies Bergère*, and was knocked out in the second round. He tried insanely to drown himself in a two-foot pool of water, dived drunkenly and splendidly from fifty feet up in the rigging of the Mariposa lying at the wharf, and chartered the cutter Toerau at more than her purchase price and was only saved by his manager's refusal financially to ratify the agreement. He bought out the old blind leper at the market and sold breadfruit, plantains and sweet potatoes at such cut rates that the gendarmes were called out to break the rush of bargain-hunting natives. For that matter, three times the gendarmes arrested him for riotous behavior, and three times his manager ceased from love-making long enough to pay the fines imposed by a needy colonial administration.

Then the Mariposa sailed for San Francisco, and in the bridal suite were the manager and the trained nurse, freshly married. Before departing, the manager had thoughtfully bestowed eight five-pound banknotes on Aloysius, with the foreseen result that Aloysius awoke several days later to find himself broke and perilously near to delirium tremens. Lavina, famed for her good heart even among the driftage of South Pacific rogues and scamps, nursed him around and never let it filter into his returning intelligence that there was neither manager nor money to pay his board.

It was several evenings after this that David Grief, lounging under the afterdeck awning of the Kittiwake and idly scanning the meager columns of the Papeete Avant-Coureur, sat suddenly up and almost rubbed his eyes. It was unbelievable, but there it was. The old South Seas Romance was not dead. He read:

> WANTED—To exchange a half interest in buried treasure, worth five million francs, for transportation for one to an unknown island in the Pacific and facilities for carrying away the loot. Ask for FOLLY at Lavina's.

Grief looked at his watch. It was early yet, only eight o'clock.

"Mr. Carlsen," he called in the direction of a glowing pipe. "Get the crew for the whaleboat. I'm going ashore."

The husky voice of the Norwegian mate was raised for'ard, and half a dozen strapping Rapa islanders ceased their singing and manned the boat.

"I came to see Folly—Mr. Folly, I imagine," David Grief told Lavina.

He noted the quick interest in her eyes ere she turned her head and flung a command in native across two open rooms to the outstanding kitchen. A few minutes later a barefooted native girl padded in and shook her head.

Lavina's disappointment was evident.

"You're stopping aboard the Kittiwake, aren't you?" she said. "I'll tell him you called."

"Then it is a *he?*" Grief queried.

Lavina nodded.

"I hope you can do something for him, Captain Grief. I'm only a good-natured woman. I don't know. But he's a likable man and he may be telling the truth. I don't know. You'll know. You're not a soft-hearted fool like me. Can't I mix you a cocktail?"

III

BACK on board his schooner and dozing in a deck chair under a three-months-old magazine, David Grief was aroused by a sobbing, slubbering noise from overside. He opened his eyes. From the Chilean cruiser, a quarter of a mile away, came the strokes of eight bells. It was midnight. From overside came a splash and another slubbering noise. To him it seemed half amphibian, half the sounds of a man crying to himself and querulously chanting his sorrows to the general universe.

A jump took David Grief to the low rail. Beneath, centered about the slubbering noise, was an area of agitated phosphorescence. Leaning over, he locked his hand under the armpit of a man, and with pull and heave and quick-changing grips he drew on deck the naked form of Aloysius Pankburn.

"I didn't have a sou-markee," he complained. "I had to swim it and I couldn't find your gangway. It was very miserable. Pardon me. If you have a towel and some togs for me and a good stiff drink, I'll be more myself. I'm Mr. Folly, and you're the Captain Grief, I presume, who called on me when I was out. No, I'm not drunk. Nor am I cold. This isn't shivering. Lavina only allowed me two drinks today. I'm on the edge of the horrors, that's all, and I was beginning to see things when I couldn't find the gangway. If you'll take me below I'll be very grateful. You are the only one that answered my advertisement."

He was shaking pitiably in the warm night and down in the cabin, before he got his towel, Grief saw to it that a half-tumbler of whisky was in his hand.

"Now fire ahead," Grief said, when he had got his guest into a shirt and a pair of duck trousers. "What's this advertisement of yours? I'm listening."

Pankburn looked at the whisky bottle, but Grief shook his head.

"All right, Captain, though I tell you on whatever is left of my honor that I am not drunk—not in the least. Also, what I shall tell you is true, and I shall tell it briefly—for it is clear to me that you are a man of affairs and action. Likewise, your chemistry is good. To you, alcohol has never been a million maggots gnawing at every cell of you. You've never been to hell. I am there now. I am scorching. Now listen.

"My mother is alive. She is English. I was born in Australia. I was educated at York and Yale. I am a Master of Arts, a Doctor of Philosophy, and I am no good. Furthermore, I am an alcoholic. I have been an athlete. I used to swan-dive a hundred and ten feet in the clear. I hold several amateur records. I am a fish. I learned the crawl-stroke from the first of the Cavilles. I have done thirty miles in a rough sea. I have another record. I have punished more whisky than any man of my years. I will steal sixpence from you for the price of a drink. Finally, I will tell you the truth.

"My father was an American—an Annapolis man. He was a midshipman in the War of the Rebellion. In '66 he was a lieutenant on the Suwanee. Her captain was Paul Shirley. In '66 the Suwanee coaled at an island in the Pacific that I do not care to mention, under a protectorate that did not exist then and that shall be nameless. Ashore, behind the bar of a public house, my father saw three copper spikes—ship's spikes."

David Grief smiled quietly.

"And now I can tell you the name of the coaling station and of the protectorate that came afterward," he said.

"And of the three spikes?" Pankburn asked with equal quietness. "Go ahead, for they are in my possession now."

"Certainly. They were behind German Oscar's bar at Peenoo-Peenee. Johnny Black brought them there from off his schooner the night he died. He was just back from a long cruise to the westward, fishing *bêche-de-mer* and sandalwood trading. All the beach knows the tale."

Pankburn shook his head.

"Go on," he urged.

"It was before my time, of course," Grief explained. "I only tell what I've heard. Next came the Ecuadoran cruiser, of all directions, in from the westward, and bound home. Her officers recognized the spikes. Johnny Black was dead. They got hold of his mate and logbook. Away to the westward went she. Six months after, again bound home, she dropped in at Peenoo-Peenee. She had failed, and the tale leaked out."

"When the revolutionists were marching on Guayaquil," Pankburn took it up, "the federal officers, believing a defense of the city hopeless, salted down the government treasure chest—something like a million dollars gold, but all in English coinage—and put it on board the American schooner Flirt. They were going to run at daylight. The American captain skinned out in the middle of the night. Go on."

"It's an old story," Grief resumed. "There was no other vessel in the harbor. The federal leaders couldn't run. They put their backs to the wall and held the city. Rojas Salcedo, making a forced march from Quito, raised the siege. The revolution was broken, and the one ancient steamer that constituted the Ecuadoran navy was sent in pursuit of the Flirt. They caught her, between the Banks Group and the New Hebrides, hove to and flying distress signals. The captain had died the day before—blackwater fever."

"And the mate?" Pankburn challenged.

"The mate had been killed a week earlier by the natives on one of the Banks, when they sent a boat in for water. There were no navigators left. The men were put to the torture. It was beyond international law. They wanted to confess, but couldn't. They told of the three spikes in the trees on the beach, but where the island was they did

Ten Hours a Day Aloysius Pankburn Pounded Chain Rust

not know. To the westward, far to the westward, was all they knew. The tale now goes two ways. One is that they all died under the torture. The other is that the survivors were swung at the yard-arm. At any rate, the Ecuadoran cruiser went home without the treasure. Johnny Black brought the three spikes to Peenoo-Peenee and left them at German Oscar's, but how and where he found them he never told."

Pankburn looked hard at the whisky bottle.

"Just two fingers," he whimpered.

Grief considered, and poured a meager drink. Pankburn's eyes sparkled and he took new lease of life.

"And this is where I come in with the missing details," he said. "Johnny Black did tell. He told my father. Wrote him from Levuka, before he came on to die at Peenoo-Peenee. My father had saved his life one rough-house night in Valparaiso. A Chink pearler, out of Thursday Island, prospecting for new grounds to the north of New Guinea, traded for the three spikes with a nigger. Johnny Black bought them for copper weight. He didn't dream any more than the Chink, but, coming back, he stopped for hawksbill turtle at the very beach where you say the mate of the Flirt was killed. Only he wasn't killed. The Banks islanders held him prisoner, and he was dying of necrosis of the jaw-bone—caused by an arrow wound in the fight on the beach. Before he died he told the yarn to Johnny Black. Johnny Black wrote my father from Levuka. He was at the end of his rope—cancer. My father, ten years afterward, when captain of the Perry, got the spikes from German Oscar. And from my father—last will and testament, you know—came the spikes and the data. I have the island, the latitude and longitude of, the beach where the three spikes were nailed in the trees. The spikes are up at Lavina's now. The latitude and longitude are in my head. Now what do you think?"

"Fishy," was Grief's instant judgment. "Why didn't your father go and get it himself?"

"Didn't need it. An uncle died and left him a fortune. He retired from the navy, hit up a lively pace trying to spend his money, and my mother got a divorce. Also, she fell heir to an income of something like thirty thousand dollars and went to live in New Zealand. I was divided between them—half-time New Zealand, half-time United States—until my father's death last year. Now my mother has me altogether. He left me his money—oh, a couple of millions—but my mother has had guardians appointed on account of the drink. I'm worth all kinds of money, but I can't touch a penny save what is doled out to me. But the old man, who had got the tip on my drinking, left me the three spikes and the data thereunto pertaining. Did it through his lawyers, unknown to my mother; said it beat life insurance, and that if I had the backbone to go and get it I could drink my back teeth awash until I died. Millions in the hands of my guardians, slathers of shekels of my mother's that'll be mine if she dies before I do, another million waiting to be dug up, and in the meantime I'm cadging on Lavina for two drinks a day. It's the limit, isn't it, when you consider my thirst?"

"Where's the island?"

"It's a long way from here."

"Name it."

"Not on your life, Captain Grief. You're making an easy half million out of this. You will sail under my directions; and when we're well to sea and on our way I'll tell you, and not before."

Grief shrugged his shoulders, dismissing the subject.

"When I've given you another drink I'll send the boat ashore with you," he said.

Pankburn was taken aback. For at least five minutes he debated with himself, then licked his lips and surrendered.

"If you promise to go I'll tell you now."

"Of course I'm willing to go. That's why I asked you. Name the island."

Pankburn looked at the bottle.

"I'll take that drink now, Captain."

"No, you won't. That drink was for you if you went ashore. If you are going to tell me the island, you must do it in your sober senses."

"Francis Island, if you will have it. Bougainville named it Banbour Island."

"Off there all by its lonely in the Little Coral Sea," Grief said. "I know it. Lies between New Ireland and New Guinea. A rotten hole, now, though it was all right when the Flirt drove in the spikes and the Chink pearler traded for them. The steamship Castor, recruiting labor for the Upolu plantations, was cut off there with all hands two years ago. I knew her captain well. The Germans sent a cruiser, shelled the bush, burned half a dozen villages, killed a couple of niggers and a lot of pigs and—and that was all. The niggers always were bad there, but they turned really bad forty years ago. That was when they cut off a whaler. Let me see? What was her name?"

He stepped to the bookshelf, drew out the bulky South Pacific Directory, and ran hastily through its familiar pages.

"Yes. Here it is. Francis, or Banbour," he skimmed. "Natives, warlike and treacherous—Melanesian—cannibals. Whaleship Western cut off—that was her name. Shoals . . . points . . . anchorages—ah, Redscar, Owen Bay, Likikili Bay—that's more like it—deep indentation, mangrove swamps, good holding in nine fathoms when white scar in bluff bears west-southwest." Grief looked up. "That's your beach, Pankburn, I'll swear."

"Will you go?" the other demanded eagerly.

Grief nodded.

"It sounds good to me. Now if the story had been of a hundred millions, or some such crazy sum, I wouldn't look at it for a moment. We'll sail tomorrow, but under one consideration—you are to be absolutely under my orders."

His visitor nodded emphatically and joyously.

"And that means, no drink."

"That's pretty hard," Pankburn whimpered.

"It's my terms. I'm enough of a doctor to see you don't come to harm. And you are to work—hard work, sailor's work. You'll stand regular watches and everything, though you eat and sleep aft with us."

"It's a go." Pankburn put out his hand to ratify the agreement. "If it doesn't kill me," he added.

David Grief poured a generous three-fingers into the tumbler and extended it.

"Then here's your last drink. Take it."

Pankburn's hand went halfway out. With a sudden spasm of resolution he hesitated, threw back his shoulders and straightened up his head.

"I guess I won't," he began; then, feebly surrendering to the gnaw of desire, he reached hastily for the glass, in fear that it would be withdrawn.

IV

IT IS a long traverse from Papeete, in the Societies, to the Little Coral Sea—from 150 West Longitude to 150 East Longitude—as the crow flies the equivalent to a voyage across the Atlantic. But the Kittiwake did not go as the crow flies. David Grief's numerous interests diverted her course many times. He stopped to take a look-in at uninhabited Rose Island, with an eye to colonizing and planting cocoanuts. Next, he paid his respects to Tui Manua, of Eastern Samoa, and opened an intrigue for a share of the trade monopoly of that dying king's three islands. From Apia he carried several relief agents and a load of trade goods to the Gilberts. He peeped in at Ontong-Java Atoll, inspected his plantations on Ysabel, and purchased lands from the salt-water chiefs of northwestern Malaita. And all along this devious way he made a man of Aloysius Pankburn.

That thirster, though he lived aft, was compelled to do the work of a common sailor. And not only did he take his wheel and lookout, and heave on sheets and tackles, but the dirtiest and most arduous tasks were appointed him. Swung aloft in a boson's chair, he scraped the masts and slushed down. Holystoning the deck or scrubbing it with fresh limes made his back ache and developed the wasted, flabby muscles. When the Kittiwake lay at anchor and her copper bottom was scrubbed with cocoanut husks by the native crew, who dived and did it under water, Pankburn was sent down on his shift, and as many times as any on the shift.

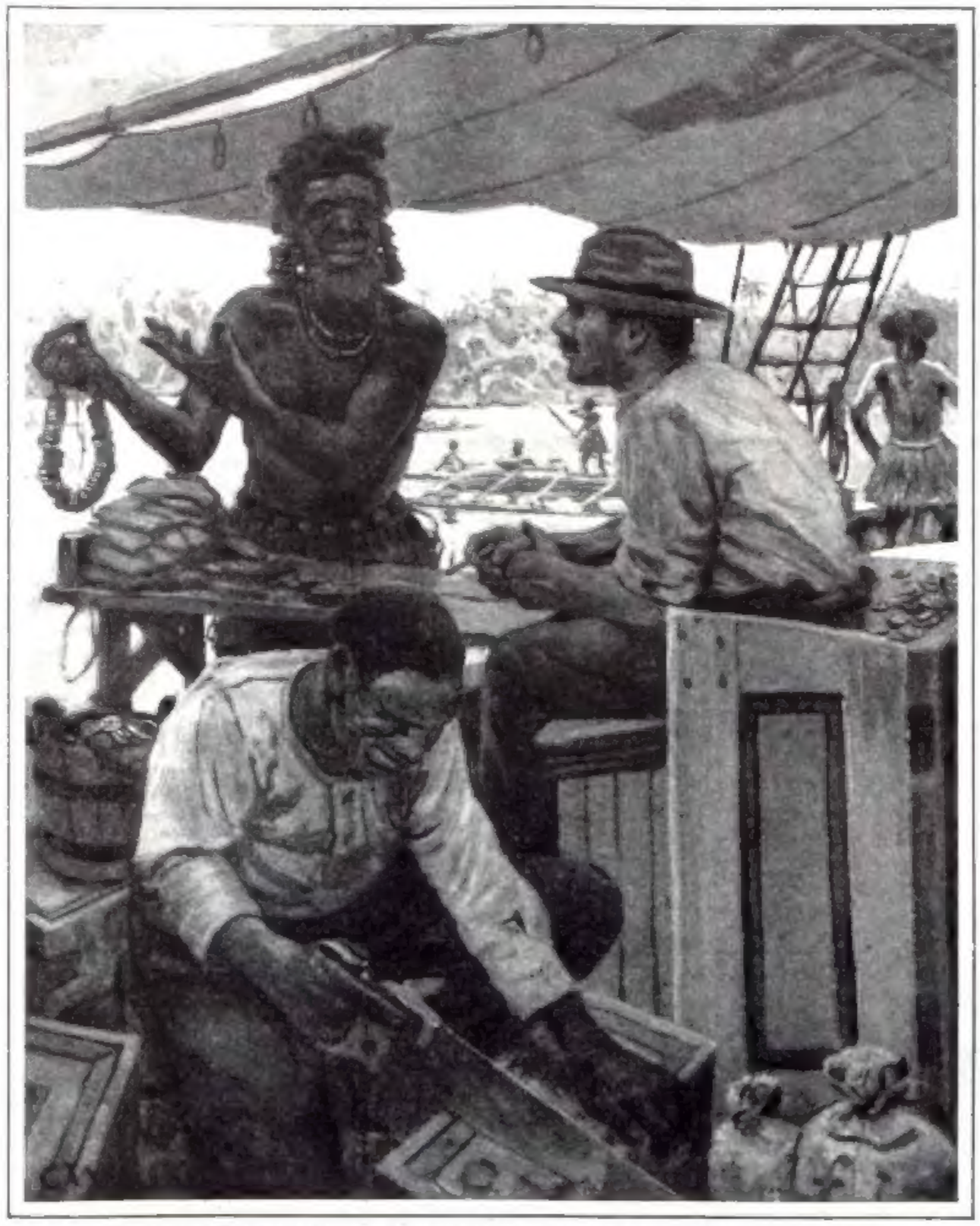
"Look at yourself," Grief said. "You are twice the man you were when you came on board. You haven't had one drink, you didn't die, and the poison is pretty well worked out of you. It's the work. It beats trained nurses and business managers. Here, if you're thirsty, clap your lips to this."

With several deft strokes of his heavy-backed sheath-knife Grief clipped a triangular piece of shell from the end of a husked drinking-cocoanut. The thin, cool liquid, slightly milky and effervescent, bubbled to the brim. With a bow, Pankburn took the natural cup, threw his head back, and held it back till the shell was empty. He drank many of these nuts each day. The black steward, a New Hebrides boy sixty years of age, and his assistant, a Lark Islander of eleven, saw to it that he was continually supplied.

Pankburn did not object to the hard work. He devoured work, never shirking and always beating the native sailors in jumping to obey a command. But his sufferings during the period of driving the alcohol out of his system were truly heroic. Even when the last shred of the poison was exuded, the desire, as an obsession, remained in his head. So it was when, on his honor, he went ashore at Apia, that he attempted to put the public houses out of business by drinking up their stocks in trade. And so it was, at two in the morning, that David Grief found him in front of the Tivoli, out of which he had been disorderly thrown by Charley Roberts. Aloysius, as of old, was chanting his sorrows to the stars. Also, and more concretely, he was punctuating the rhythm with cobbles of coral stone, which he flung with amazing accuracy through Charley Roberts' windows.

David Grief took him away, but not till next morning did he take him in hand. It was on the deck of the Kittiwake, and there was nothing kindergarten about it.

(Continued on Page 33)



Five Sovereigns Fetched a Stick of Tobacco; a Hundred Sovereigns, Twenty Sticks

VENUS EX-OFFICIO

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

"TIS an old saying and a thrue one, that a barefoot man can always mend his neighbor's shoe," said Chief Engineer Michael O'Rourke. "For the same reason a bachelor is an expert on marr'ige and old maids know all about childher. Tim O'Shea, the bould assistant engineer on the Rainier, being in love widh three gir-rls, came to Mickey to find out which he should wed, knowing that I was his frind and would do him no tricks. 'Twas a delicate job. But by now Tim is married to a woman that will do him proud whin he becomes chief engineer. It took me four weeks to decide. For the benefit of yez bhoys on the lightship who niver marry, I will relate the circumstances and the judgmint I passed."

I knew Tim first on the City of Puebla, which is the mother of engineers. He was oiler thin, and be following the nose of his oil can widh his own nose he found out the insides and meannesses of machinery. I liked the bhoy, for he was tall and sthrong and laughed at me jokes. He had but one fault, which was the red hair of his father, Tad O'Shea, a fireman who died of a broken hear-rt because he niver found the chief engineer that could lick him.

Two years I watched the lad grow into his ticket; and whin he was made second assistant on the Curaçao 'twas I that took him aside and tould him the secret of a clean fire-room, which is the pearl of secrets for a man that will rise to a table in the saloon and a unifor-rm for the ladies' sake. "Tim," says I, "a dir-rty fireman niver yet kept a clean fire. 'Tis the soap and watther on the face that keeps the bilges clean and the steel bright." And widh that advice me bould Tim wint from us, and rose in his profession till last leave of absince but two I walked aboard the Rainier, in Astoria, and found him widh his bare feet on his pilley and a letther stuck undher his eyes which he was reading be the little lamp. He looked up and we stared at each other severely. "And what are yez doing on my ship, Mickey?" he inquires.

"Since when is the assistant the skipper?" I retor-rts. "I am a passenger."

"Then come in and sit down," says he. "We have or-rders to be c'urteous to passengers."

"'Tis a difficult or-rder," I confesses, "whin it is har-rd for yez to be decent to wor-rking min whom yez respict." I took the pilley from undher his feet and sat down on it.

"Ye have interrupted me perusal of me letther," he complains. "'Tis from a gir-rl, and the wor-rds are not down in their proper order. Why do women turn the paper so manny times and write the most impor-rtant matthers on an inside page which has no connection widh anny other page?"

"'Tis their way," says I. "When do yez sail?"

"In an hour," Tim answers me.

"And for where?" I remar-rks.

"For San Pedro," he retur-rns. "Does it suit yez?"

"The best I can expict in purgat'ry is good company," says me bould Mickey. "Will yez give me your bunk your watch below?"

So I put me jacket in the locker and lit me pipe and surveyed the pictures on the wall. Prisintly I said: "Tim, I see the pictures of three gir-rls. Which is the one that writes letthers?"

"Which of the three do yez like the best?" says he quickly.

"I am an ould man and past fighting," I remar-rks. "Who am I to judge among three?"

Thin the bhoy—for he is no more in spite of his red hair and his strength—sat up and tould me the tale of his hear-rt. "The first is Mary Brown and she lives in San Pedro on the top of the hill," says he. "I have known her for a year; and whin I go up the hill in my clean clothes I see her on the little porch widh a smile just undher her eyes. She has little hands."

"They don't show in the photygrapht," I remar-rks.

"'Tis but a poor portr'it," says he. "And whin the ould Rainier turns her bow southward, me hear-rt opens to her and I think of Mary Brown waiting for me."

"And who is the nixt?" I demands.

"Alice Cullinen," he says. "She lives in San Francisco. She wor-rks in a millinery shop. Whin we lay at Oakland I go across the ferry and take her to the show. Her hair is black and she has a lovely face. She suppor-rts her mother."

"Do we put in to San Francisco?" I inquires.

Me bould Tim sighed. "We do not; 'twill be two weeks before I can see her."

"There is a third picture," I reminds him.

"She is but a little gir-rl," says he, staring at it on the wall. "She lives here in Astoria. Her name is Sue Martin."

"How soon do yez come back to Astoria?" I asked.

Me bould Tim sighed again. "I wish we lay here another day," says he.

"Are yez in love widh all of thim?" I demands in a shocked voice.

He rolled out of the bunk and stared at me, widh one big hand in his thick hair. "Mickey, I am!" says he, much surprised at himself. "The law winks at one wedding, but two is a crime," I reminds him. "Yez will have to make a choice or go bachelor to the end of your days."

"But I can't tell which is the one," says he in great despair. "First 'tis Mary Brown. Whin we pass Pigeon Point, bound out of San Francisco for Pedro, I see Mary waiting for me on the little porch. And whin we are bound nor-rth, and we are off Point Sur, I hear the rustle of Alice Cullinen's skir-rts and see the black of her hair along the bulge of me shoulder. And thin whin we pass Point Reyes, 'tis the little gir-rl there I love. Mickey, which will I wed?"

"We lear-rn wisdom by sorra," I admits. "I am unwed and therefore know about love. But yez would niver take me advice."

"Do yez come back widh us?" he demands quickly.

"I do," I responds.

"Thin yez will see thim all," says me bould Tim. "Ye are an ould felley and a frind. I thrust yez, Mickey O'Rourke, and 'twill be yersilf that will make me the choice of the three."

"I chose once for mesilf," says I. "And she would none of me after all the throuble I had gone to. Are yez sure of the three?"

The bhoy stretched out the long ar-rms of him and the little fires bur-rned in his eyes. "I will take her whom I choose," says he. And I knew that it was so.

We were six days making San Pedro, and during that time I studied over in me mind the three women. No more did Tim say of the three, excipt that once he sat him down and wrote a letther to Sue Martin. And at the end of it he looked up to remar-rk: "She is only a gir-rl, and says more in her letthers than she does to me face. But if I don't write to her she won't write to me."

"Whin I Go Up the Hill I See Her on the Little Porch Widh a Smile Just Undher Her Eyes"

So I entered on me little book, where I keep the dimensions of me engines, the facts I knew of the three. They ran thus:

MARY BROWN—*San Pedro. Little hands and a smile under her eyes.*

ALICE CULLINEN—*San Francisco. Supports her mother. Black hair and rustling skirts.*

SUE MARTIN—*Astoria. A little girl who says more in letters than face to face.*

Could anny one tell what woman was the one for Tim? Me bould Mickey stared at the photygraphts and knew less each mor-rning. But whin the Rainier was alongside the wharf in the afternoon Tim put on his clean clothes and looked me over. "Ye will brush your hat and shine your shoes, Mickey," says he. "Thin I will take yez up the hill and inthroduce yez to Mary Brown."

"Me face is clean and I go as I am," I retor-rts. "'Tis not that I dishonor the lady. But if I am to judge betune her and the rest I leave the cour-rting to you."

"She will think I have queer frinds," says me bould Tim. "I fear for the effect of it. She thinks I am a gentleman."

"Even a gentleman may have frinds," says I. "Lead on."

So we crossed on the little ferry and walked up the street and on till we came to the foot of the hill. "We will take it slow," says me lover bhoy. "'Tis a war-rm day and we will sweat."

"I admit that no gentleman sweats," says I. "He only blushes for shame that he has the legs which God and the ar-rms which necessity gave him." And we walked up the hill as the watther rises in the gauge, a hair's width at a time. At the top we came out on a little lawn behind which stood a white house all covered widh vines and flowers. And in the middle of the porch stood the gir-rl, dressed in cool clothes, widh the smile just undher her eyes, and her little hands cuddling among the roses to either side. "I saw your ship coming in," says she, looking at us both. "You took long to come up the hill."

"'Tis a war-rm day," answers Tim, taking off his hat. "I have brought an old frind, Misther O'Rourke."

She put her small hand in me rough paw and looked over me at Tim. "How long do you stay this time?"

"Not long," says he, sighing.

"I wondher that ye do not get a position on one of the boats running to Catalina," she continues, as he comes up the steps. "Or a job ashore. Why do yez stick to that steam schooner?"

And Tim O'Shea rose to the bait like a trout and they forgot me poor Mickey, and I sat on the step whiles they laughed at each other. So prisintly I got up and made me best bow. "What is your hurry, Misther O'Rourke?" says Mary Brown politely.

"I came on an errand," I answers. "I must go back to the ship and write it down."

Widh that she tur-rned to Tim. "Do yez have to leave me too?" she says. "I thought ye would stay to supper. I have baked a pudding."

"I will stay," says Tim. "I don't go on watch till midnight."

"Then I will telephone and you shall take me to the theater," says she, smiling.

"Who were yez going widh?" demands Tim, ruffling up his hair.

"'Tis none of your concern," says she. "Enough for you that I put him off for your sake."

I Shut Me Eyes and Saw Him Going Up and Down Among the Machinery

I left thim on the porch and wint down to the ship and tur-rned in. There I lay for an hour, thinking about Mary Brown, widh her smile and the way she had widh her little hands. Then I got up and set down in me book undher her name the things I had lear-rned:

Twenty-four years old. Fine-looking. Willing to be in love with Tim if he stays ashore and takes her advice.

And after I had written this down I thought some more, and the face of her came before me so that at the end I wrote down:

Too good a woman for any dirty engineer.

For the gir-rl had the eyes and the lips of one that sees into the future and is brave and bould to meet it.

Whin Tim came aboard at eleven o'clock he shook me out of me first sleep. "I am sure she is the woman for me," he says, staring at the low-tur-rned lamp.

"Then yez have asked her?" I demanded.

"I have not," he retur-rns. "I am afraid. I don't believe she would have me."

So I got out me little book and set down under her name:

She will have him.

"What is that yez set down in the little book?" demands me bould Tim.

"'Tis the secret of a woman's life," says I. "Whin do we sail?"

"Ask the skipper," he retor-rts. "I must go below and watch me firemen waste coal for the winches."

The nixt mor-rning it so happened that I ran across the old man on the wharf, and he tould me that the night after we would leave for San Francisco. "I did not expict to put in there," he explained, "but they have picked up some cargo for the Columbia River and we will take it."

So I wint immediate and waked up Tim and infor-rmed him. He blinked up at me from the pulley. "I knew it before; ye will see Alice, the prettiest girl in Northern California."

As the Rainier steamed up the coast against the nor'-wester I could not forget the girl on the porch on the hill in San Pedro. But Tim stared at the photygrapht of the black-haired one, widh the light in his eyes as he looked. And whin we had berthed near the Ferry Building he tould me he would buy tickets for the theater for three. "We will go up and meet her as she leaves the shop," he said.

So I put on me best hat, wiped me mouth widh the sleeve of me best coat, and we depar-rted up Market Street till we came to a shop filled in the windeys widh the tremendjous feather engines of fashion and propr'ty. Right inside did me bould Tim walk, betune two women who looked as if they had been coming out of the door for half an hour, that being the way stylish ladies wait for their gentlemen frinds who are late. 'Twas but a moment later that he came out again, and just behind him stepped her I knew to be Alice Cullinen.

She was fairly tall, dressed like a queen, widh the black hair like velvet on her head. And seeing her, I knew that she was proud and sinsible, for her hat was less than her hair to look at; her gown did no more than show her figure. She met me eyes straight whin Tim inthroduced us and said: "I'll warrant yez can tell me all about Tim."

"Hiven save your sweet ears from the story of his crimes," said I. "I am his frind and yez will lear-rn nothing from me."

She glanced at Tim's sthrong shoulders and sighed a little. "'Tis only married men that have inimies to tell the truth of thim," said she.

"'Twill not be long thin, I'm thinking," said me bould Mickey, "before Tim O'Shea's sins are known."

"He is blushing," retur-rns this fine woman widh a smile. "I believe yez, Misther O'Rourke."

"I hope yez will be my confissor, thin, Alice Cullinen," puts in Tim, red to his ears.

"I will accipt no man before supper," says she, tossing her head.

"Manny a man has been saved by a meal," says I. "There is yet a chance for the other gir-rls."

Widh that she looked at me sharply. Thin she tould Tim to be on his way for an hour. "Misther O'Rourke will take me to a restaurant and buy me something to eat while you go elsewhere. We will talk together, Tim O'Shea, for I would know more about yez." And she smiled at him till he blushed again. But the smile was not an invitation to supper, and he wint off, rubbing his red hair undher his hat.

'Tis not often that me bould Mickey has had the chance to eat widh beauty across the cloth, so I insisted on a good place; and prisintly, by the grace of a lor-rd waiter, we sat at a small table widh manny forks and spoons on it. "I will order the supper," says me fair Alice, "for I am hungry. How much money can yez spare to feed a star-rving woman?"

"I have but a bit of two hundhred dollars," I infor-rms her, "and the half of it belongs to me second assistant. But he will lind it to me to keep yez from the crool grave."

"A hundhred will be plenty," says she, and signals the waiter.

Whin that superolious noble had depar-rted Alice Cullinen looked me betune the eyes. "Tim O'Shea thinks he wants to wed me," says she.

I said nothing and she wint on. "I am a sinsible gir-rl. I have me mother to suppor-rt and I am used to good clothes and the feeling of good looks. I will not jump in the dar-rk, though I long for the ar-rms of Tim O'Shea and the war-rmth of his eyes. So I ask you, Misther O'Rourke, to tell me the truth. Yez would not lie to a gir-rl like me?"

"Only for me own sake," says I. "But the father of lies can make me no younger nor less respictable. Speak on."

She said nothing for a while, but stared at the lights in the ceiling. Whin she looked down I saw the dew in her eyes. "I wish a poor gir-rl could folley her hear-rt widhout feeling for her pocketbook to see whether she can affor-rd it," she whispered. "But there is me mother in the little flat; and I am proud, and love pays no rent. Tell me what yez know about Tim O'Shea, and tell me the truth."

So I shut me eyes and raymimbered the first time I had seen him, poking the bill of his oil can into the cups and putting his hand on the bearings to see if they ran cool. I saw him going up and down among the machinery, the little cap on his red head, the shine of the oil on his smooth face. And suddintly I perceived him as he was—a bhoy dreaming. I opened me eyes and saw her waiting face. "He was a fine lad," I tould her.

"And now?" she whispered.

"He is still the same lad, dreaming of love and the great things that niver happen to anny of us. But he is a credit to anny ship. He will be chief engineer and wear a brass unifor-rm among passengers on the hurricane deck."

For a while she thought in silence. Whin she spoke I jumped at the sorrow in her voice. "Would he suppor-rt me mother and be a good husband to me?"

"Ye know he would be a son to your mother," I retor-rted.

"But to me? How manny gir-rls is he in love widh now?"

Thin I knew that I spoke to a woman's hear-rt and I was silent. But she would have it in wor-rds, and I tould her of the three pictures on the wall. And whin I was done she nodded her head, widh a smile such as women keep from the men they care for. "Tell me about the other two," she said, dipping slowly into the dishes the waiter had brought.

"I have seen but the one at San Pedro," I answered her. And I described Mary Brown, even to the look of her eyes. Whin I was done she nodded. "And yez haven't seen the one in Astoria?"

"We get back there nixt week," says I.

Later, over the dessert, she looked at me again. "I knew of the others because of the glance of the bhoy's eyes whin I mintioned San Pedro or Astoria. Women know such things. And yet ——"

"The bhoy is honest," said I.

"But he doesn't love me," says she.

"He doesn't know his own mind." I retor-rted. "That is why I am advising him." I explained to her that me bould Tim had left it to me to decide betune the three.

The flame in her eyes was pure anger. "And whin yez have decided, Misther O'Rourke, I suppose all he has to do will be to ask and receive the hand of the lucky one?"

"I will tell yez what he said whin I asked him the same quistion," says I. "He stretched up the big ar-rms of him and tould me: 'I will take her whom I choose at the last.' And he will do it," says I.

"Ye mean?" she says quickly.

"I mean that he will come and take yez, and ye will go, like a bir-rd to its nest."

She reached out her hand and took me ould paw. "Can yez keep a secret, Mickey O'Rourke?" she whispers.

"I can," says I bouldly.

"Thin," says she softly, "'tis true. I will go."

So widhout more speech we went out and met Tim, and I left them, saying that I would not go to anny theater. Instead, down on the ship I sat on me bould Tim's bunk and pondered the puzzle of this wor-rld which does its cour-rting in hats and gloves and pays little heed to the bare hear-rts of us all.

Whin Tim came down near midnight I saw that he was still free, though the mimory of the proposal he had made kept him thinking. As he put on his wor-rking clothes he looked over at me. "She would niver wed widh me," says he.

"Likely 'tis the thought of her mother," I remar-rks.

"Little do yez know of gir-rls' minds," says me bould Tim. "I am but a poor engineer, and San Francisco is full of big lads widh money in their purses, fitter far than an engineer to suppor-rt such beauty."

"'Twould take a sthrong man to win her," I admitted.

"'Tis the strength of the dollars, Mickey," says he bitterly.

"Yez forget the agreemint," I reminds him. "I am the judge of the woman ye shall marry. Whin I speak yez will go and take her." And in me hear-rt I was a good frind to Alice Cullinen.

In due time we crossed the Columbia River bar and tied up at Astoria at ten o'clock at night. The customs officer came aboard and handed Tim O'Shea a little note, while I was packing me grip to go ashore. He opened it and smiled. "She always raymimbers me," said he. "But whin I tax her widh the things she writes in the letter I gain nothing. She is dumb."

"Let an ould man read a love letther for once in his life," I remar-rks, reaching out me hand.

"'Tis for me alone," says he.

"Am I not the judge of this contist for the hand of a bright young engineer?" I retor-rts. "Hand me the letther."

"'Tis little she says," Tim responds, rubbing his hair.

"The letter that says much says nothing," I retur-rned.

So he let me have the bit of paper. "I must go on watch," says he. "Put it undher me pilley."

Whin he was gone I opened the little folds of it and read:

Dear Tim: The cake burned in the oven whiles I waited for your ship. You are so late! Come up to breakfast and tell me about the other girls. Nello Johnson will give this to you as he said he would meet the Rainier tonight. SUE.

And whin I had studied this for a while I took out me little book and set down, undher the name of Sue Martin:

She is not ashamed to let the customs officer know of her love for Tim.

Just as I was trying to think up the conclusion of the matter, there was a knock on the lattice. "Come in, whoever yez are," says I.

The lattice opened and a small figure in oil-skins appeared undher the light of the lamp, dripping widh rain. "Oh," says a small voice, "where is Misther O'Shea? They tould me this was his cabin."

"Where is Misther O'Shea? They Tould Me This Was His Cabin"

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FAKING THE ANTIQUE

"How Much?" You Ask, Fingering the Thing With Greedy Digits

By Valentine Karlyn

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

TWELVE hairs of the great Nelson were once bought for five hundred and forty-five dollars. More recently Rembrandt's Mill was sold to a Philadelphia millionaire for a price said to have been five hundred thousand dollars. In April, 1911, Henry Huntington paid fifty thousand dollars at auction for a Gutenberg Bible that had belonged to Robert Hoe. Recently the widow of Franz von Lenbach sold two portraits by Titian for sixty thousand dollars.

When American millionaires turn their attention from the collection of dollars to the collection of old masters and relics, and unflinchingly pay prices such as these, is it any wonder that famous canvases and statues are counterfeited—that scholarship is perverted and genius corrupted in the effort to supply artistic rarities? Is it any wonder that the United States has become the paradise of forgers?

Art forgery, to be sure, is much older than America; but to the American millionaire belongs the unenviable distinction of having materially assisted in its elevation to the bad eminence of an industry as well organized and as scientifically conducted as that of steel making or oil refining. Who sold the first artistic gold brick to a trusting purchaser before the American appeared on the scene it is hard to state. On the whole, the ancient Roman Government seems fairly entitled to the deanship of respectable forgers; for Rome issued silver pieces with bronze cores from its own mints and circulated them preferentially among the barbarian provincials, who were supposed to know no better. The barbarians retaliated by filing sawteeth around the edges of the coins before they would accept them. Thereupon the mint—which must have been conducted by the sound-money hypocrites—issued coins with notched edges, *serrati*, with base cores as before.

European Forgers of the Sixteenth Century

IF RESPECTABLE ancient governments were not ashamed to cheat it is not at all astonishing that the great Renaissance artists were not above the practice. The great Michelangelo himself early in his career made a little money by burying in the earth a statue that he himself had made and that he sold as an antique; and Andrea del Sarto copied Raphael's portrait of Leo X. Albrecht Dürer suffered in his lifetime from imitations of his work by an Italian engraver who rejoiced in the Shaksperean name of Marc Antonio; but he never succeeded in bringing the counterfeiter to book in the Venetian courts. The younger David Teniers made it his business to supply the world with Titians, and another counterfeiter kept the memory of Jan van Huysum green a generation after the artist's death. Of the half dozen portraits of Philip IV accredited to Velasquez, it is hard to determine which is genuine. When Philip wanted to present a picture of himself to some reigning monarch he ordered Velasquez to copy an old portrait by the master, which had pleased the royal fancy. Velasquez, in turn, probably assigned the task to Carreno or Mazo, pupils of his, whose work eventually received the master's signature. Philip innocently accepted the copies as works of Velasquez, and so did those to whom they were presented. Perhaps the three Raphael portraits of Julius II may be similarly accounted for.

The laws of supply and demand apply to paintings as well as to automobiles and breakfast foods. For twenty years it has been the ambition of most millionaires to own a Corot. What is the result? At the port of New York no less than twenty-seven thousand Corots have been entered—more than Corot could have painted in a century had he worked twenty-four hours a day. In 1901 the startling discovery was made that there were over two hundred forged pictures ascribed to T. Sidney Cooper. That veteran landscape and animal painter examined two hundred and eighty-six works attributed to him and pronounced two hundred and fifty-five forgeries. In Italy the faking of old masters is so well-established a business that no attempt at concealment is made. At Sienna, for example, the "wormeaten" panels on which "old masters" are painted are brazenly set out before the very shopdoors, so that the gold backgrounds may dry.

To turn out a seventeenth-century canvas that will deceive the untutored eye of an oil baron is not enormously difficult. Do you want a Van Leyden? The forger copies a head from this painting of the master's, a costume from that, a pose from a third, a chair or two from a fourth and a smile from a fifth. The signature is covered with mould so that you may experience the delight of discovering the name of Van Leyden yourself. Woodashes, licorice juice and smoke tone down the rawness of fresh paint to a venerable antique golden tint. Must you have flyspecks too? Standing a few feet from the canvas, the forger spatters the surface—but not too liberally—with a mixture of gum and India-ink. The flies themselves are deceived.

In the good old days of the McKinley tariff a Van Leyden such as this would have been heavily taxed by the custom-house officials of any American port. A shrewd old London dealer used to take advantage of that fact. Over the forged name of Nicolaas Maes he would paint a modern name, place a low valuation on the canvas and ship it to New York. Two days before the arrival of the steamer the custom house would receive a cablegram warning the collector of the port that an attempt would be made to smuggle in an old master under a modern name. When the ship docked the inspectors would promptly seize the picture and hold it for appraisal. Following the cabled hint, the appraisers would wipe out the name and reveal the signature of Nicolaas Maes beneath. What better evidence of trickery could be desired? The picture would be valued as an old master and a heavy fine levied for the attempt to smuggle it in. Backed up by the custom house and columns of free advertising in the newspapers, it was no difficult matter to sell the painting as a genuine Maes at a price that more than paid for the duty and the fine.

Cheating the custom house or a guileless millionaire by smearing dirt on modern canvas or wood, or by shooting wormholes in new furniture, is the lowest order of artistic cheating. To deceive a renowned expert, to pit the scholarship and the science of the forger against the profound learning of the connoisseur, to fool a man recognized the world over as a great authority, to have a counterfeit accepted as genuine by the greatest museum in the world—that soars to the heights of true genius. There was the case of Bastianini, for example, a poverty-stricken pupil of Torrini's, who began a remarkable career by copying marble reliefs of the sixteenth century for dealers in forged antiques. A Florentine antiquary, Giovanni Freppa, saw his possibilities and engaged him—for two lire a day, it is said—to satisfy the cravings of inexpert collectors for early Italian sculpture. Bastianini must have been a man of exceptional ability. From carving fireplaces after old models he rapidly passed on to busts of famous old Italian noblewomen and a flat relief of a Holy Family, so good that it was ascribed to Verocchio and was bought by one of the greatest European museums. Later he made a superb bust from life, purporting to be a portrait of Bienvieni, a sixteenth-century Florentine poet. Bastianini's model was Giuseppe Bonajuti, a factory hand. Freppa paid his hired forger three hundred and fifty lire for the bust and sold it for twice as much to M. de Nolivos, who supplied many an American collector with curios and *objets d'art*. The bust created a sensation at the Paris exposition of 1867. At a sale of Nolivos' collection, Bastianini's forgery was bought by Count Nieuwerkerque for the Louvre. The price paid was thirteen thousand six hundred francs. In the Louvre it was placed side by side with works by Michelangelo and Cellini. Somehow the rumor started that the bust was a modern production. Nieuwerkerque offered to pay fifteen thousand francs to any one who could duplicate it. That tempted the forger, Bastianini. He came forward, declared himself the author of the work and expressed his willingness to win the fifteen thousand francs. Artists simply laughed at him. Lequesne, the sculptor, even volunteered to knead clay for the rest of the Italian's natural life if the Bienvieni bust could be duplicated. A wordy war raged between the two. Finally the model's fellow workmen came forward and identified the bust; Freppa confessed his share in the fraud, and a few artists testified that they had seen Bastianini at work on the bust.

Bastianini had other works to his discredit, carried out with equal skill. Paul Dubois, the sculptor, sometime director of L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, openly declared that he could not understand how a nineteenth-century artist could so completely immerse himself in the feeling and atmosphere of the Renaissance. A bust of Savonarola by Bastianini sold for six hundred and forty lire and afterward for ten thousand lire. The critic Dupré assigned it to Michelangelo for its force and to Della Robbia for its exquisite treatment. Sir Frederick Leighton placed a photograph of the work "like a sacred image at the head of his bed," and the Grand Duchess Marie, of Russia, seriously thought of building a temple to house it. Not until Doctor Foresi brought his remorseless criticisms to bear was the fraud exposed.

Olbia's Gift to the Scythian King

THE most skillfully contrived and executed fraud perpetrated on the Louvre, a fraud that surpasses even Bastianini's trickery, centered around the now famous tiara of Saitarphanes. In Paris, collectors still speak of 1903 as "*l'année de la tiare*," just as they refer to 1815 or 1870. For months that wonderful tiara was the bone of contention of archeologists, the subject of dozens of newspaper and magazine articles, and the topic of fierce parliamentary debate. Here is the story:

In February, 1896, Schapschelle Hochmann, a Russian merchant, appeared in Vienna with a superb collection of earrings, bracelets, necklaces and other jewelry. The *clou* of the collection was a magnificent ceremonial headpiece of pure beaten gold, bearing an inscription to the effect that it was given to the Scythian king, Saitarphanes, by the Greek colony of Olbia in the year 200 B. C., to win his favor and protection.

Hochmann failed to interest the Imperial Museum of Vienna in the collection and dispatched two agents with

Bastianini's Model Was Giuseppe Bonajuti, a Factory Hand

the tiara and other objects to Paris. Kæmpfen and De Villefosse, two respected French authorities, pronounced the headpiece genuine. Thereupon the tiara was offered to the Louvre for two hundred thousand francs. A committee of experts was appointed to act for the museum. A more competent jury could hardly have been assembled. After long consideration it was decided to buy the tiara. Twenty-four hours after the payment of the two hundred thousand francs Hochmann's agents left the boulevards and cafés behind them.

It was not until 1903 that the truth came out, although archeologists were beginning to have their suspicions. A Montmartre artist with a sense of humor precipitated a scandal by declaring that he had made the much-discussed tiara.

He lied; but his lie was all that the Paris press needed to take up the cry and to publish article after article headed, Is the Tiara a Fake? and beginning: "It is rumored." The comic papers published amusing satirical sketches and verses by Caran d'Ache, and the street gamins sang knowingly of how the archeologists of the Louvre had been duped.

During this uproar Lifschitz, a jeweler of the Quartier des Archives, threw an epistolary bomb. He published a letter in which he declared that he himself had seen the tiara in course of production at Odessa, in the hands of a certain Rouchomowski. A daily paper telegraphed for confirmation to Odessa, and received not only a complete verification of Lifschitz' letter but an offer from Rouchomowski to prove his title in Paris if his traveling expenses were paid.

Rouchomowski was brought on and the Senate appointed Professor Clermont-Ganneau to make an investigation. For a few months Rouchomowski was a lion. Reporters haunted him; autograph hunters besieged him with requests for his signature; music-hall managers outdid one another in trying to offer him engagements. An enterprising American wanted not only to bring him to the United States but also to pay the French Government the two hundred thousand francs that had been spent, on condition that the Louvre would hand over the tiara and warrant it to be a genuine fake!

Simonides and the Fatal "M"

CLERMONT-GANNEAU at first doubted Rouchomowski's powers. The Russian goldsmith seemed hopelessly stupid. It was decided to put him to the test. A mass of old gold was given him and he was told to make good his boast by reproducing parts of the tiara from memory. That task he performed with Chinese accuracy. Then he explained how he had made the tiara. He had been given drawings, books and fragments of old jewelry to copy by a man whose identity he would not reveal. Although Rouchomowski had forgotten the titles of the books, Clermont-Ganneau succeeded in tracing the works and in verifying the statements.

There could be only one verdict after that. When it was delivered Paris put its two index fingers in its mouth and whistled long and derisively at the Louvre's monumental blunder. Then it promptly forgot the tiara and its maker. Rouchomowski ceased to be interesting and returned to Odessa, feeling very much like a champion prizefighter who has been knocked out.

Fully as daring as the tiara fraud were the remarkably executed forgeries of Simonides, whose specialty was ancient Greek manuscripts. It was his practice to buy parchments in Eastern monasteries and to test them chemically in the hope of finding a palimpsest—in other words, an old manuscript from which the writing had been scraped to provide a surface for another script. Sometimes a valuable historical document is found beneath a legend of a Christian saint. Palimpsests are not often discovered. Simonides determined to make one—not an easy one, but a palimpsest that would shake the archeological world and command a princely sum. As a scholar he knew that a certain Uranios had written a history of Egypt, which had been lost. He decided that he would write that lost history as he thought Uranios might have written it. He took his facts from Bunsen's Egypt and Lepsius' Chronology, and wrote his history in ancient letters between the lines of a Greek manuscript of about the year 1200 A. D. The task was stupendous. The letters had to be exceedingly small and had to be traced beneath and between the minute lines of the genuine late writing, without ever encroaching upon them. A single mistake would have been fatal. What is more, such is the knowledge that antiquarians possess of the exact changes of Greek letters in every century that it would have been equally fatal to have made an error in the mere outline of a single letter.

His masterpiece of deception finished, Simonides boldly offered it to the highest of all tribunals—the Royal Berlin Academy. The chemists of the day examined it and could detect no flaw. Microscopists scanned it through powerful lenses and pronounced it genuine. Innocent old Lepsius read the whole text critically and, great scholar though he was, declared that this could be no forgery. Did it not agree with his Chronology in its dates? The price demanded by Simonides was shamefully high, but Bunsen induced the Government to pay it. Dindorf, the famous Greek scholar, was intrusted by Simonides with the editing of the text, and the Clarendon Press of Oxford was selected to print the first specimen of it. A few newspaper editors, who had heard of Simonides' doings in other parts of the world, placed the scientists on their guard. A new and more thorough examination was made. Some irregularities in the shape of the letter "M" were detected and at last one passage was discovered under the microscope where the alleged earlier ink had run across the letters of the modern Greek text. That ended Simonides' prospects. A few weeks later he began a term in prison for his attempted swindle. Part of his precious manuscript had actually been printed at Oxford.

A worthy rival of Simonides was Schapira, who once submitted to the British Museum a document for which he modestly asked one million pounds. This document purported to be nothing less than an exceedingly archaic Moabite Pentateuch. The manuscript included a highly variant version of the Ten Commandments, much more liturgical than those now current—we will not say observed. After much deliberation the British Museum bought Schapira's scraps. Clermont-Ganneau unmasked their fraudulent mode of manufacture by showing that they had been written on the trimmed margins of old Syrian synagogue rolls or books.

To become the perpetrator of a fraud involving the preparation of no less than twenty-seven thousand documents was the lot of Vrain Lucas. Among these were letters from Sappho, Thales, Dante, Petrarch, Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, Saint Luke, Lazarus, Newton, Pascal, Cleopatra and others. The Pascal letters profoundly impressed the mathematician Chasles. And well they might; for, had they been genuine, they would have proved conclusively that Blaise Pascal and not Sir Isaac Newton was the discoverer of the laws of gravitation. Chasles was hotly attacked for his acceptance of the letters; but Lucas considerately helped him out by supplying some remarkable correspondence that passed between Pascal and the boy Newton. This staggering deception was kept up for two years. Finally the Académie itself was won over. One of the observatory staff, who showed that sixteen of the letters attributed to Pascal had been published in Saverien's History of Modern Philosophers, was howled down, such was the popular approval of the Académie's decision. It remained for the great astronomer Leverrier to puncture the bubble. Lucas was eventually brought to trial, convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for two years. He had realized about one hundred and fifty thousand francs from his trickery.

Vanity and ambition have tempted the forger as well as gain. Fanatic adherents of the theory that the bronze and iron ages were not independent, but that they overlapped, have not hesitated to hollow out genuine bronze-age axes and to fill them with iron. One of these ardent protagonists even had the superb audacity to bury such a "doctored" weapon where one of his opponents would be sure to find it.

"Mine! Mine!" He Screamed. "Cheap!"

A Dead One of the Twelfth Dynasty

DIGGING up a relic before the astonished and delighted eyes of the collector is, indeed, a favorite trick of the forger. Berg, a Norwegian archeologist, who once held the professorship of Egyptology at the University of Christiania, fell a victim to it. During a journey in Egypt he stopped at the island of Philæ, famous for its tomb of Osiris and its temple of Nectanebos. A white-turbaned fellah, one of a gibbering crowd that hawked scarabs of obviously modern manufacture, induced Berg to follow him to the ruins of what he alleged to be an unknown necropolis. Near a hut, built of Nile mud and straw, the man stopped and pointed proudly to a sarcophagus half-buried in the sand.

"Mine! Mine!" he screamed. "Cheap!"

Berg examined it. He swept away as best he could the layer of sand and saw on the cover a glittering polychrome procession of slaves, oxen, reapers, bakers and water-bearers, as well as the usual dedicatory inscriptions to Osiris. Here was apparently a relic of the Twelfth Dynasty in a remarkable state of preservation. Berg had the whole sarcophagus dug out in his presence. Within was a mummy, swathed in the customary way, the head covered with a mask in which glittered two large eyes of white enamel with black pupils. Beside the mummy were the usual objects—vases, a necklace of beads, a headrest, a mirror, sandals and ivory needles—all for that mysterious double for whose welfare every Egyptian provided in his grave. Berg thought of his native town, of his university, of the scientific glory that would be his. He asked the price. It was high; but that did not deter him. He had the thing sent north. When the mummy was mounted for exhibition a number of experts were invited to pass upon it—for a museum's collections, like Cæsar's wife, must be above suspicion. One of the Egyptologists struck the sycamore sides of the sarcophagus; to his ears the wood gave forth the dull sound of cardboard. Another declared that the inscription was not correctly phrased. A third

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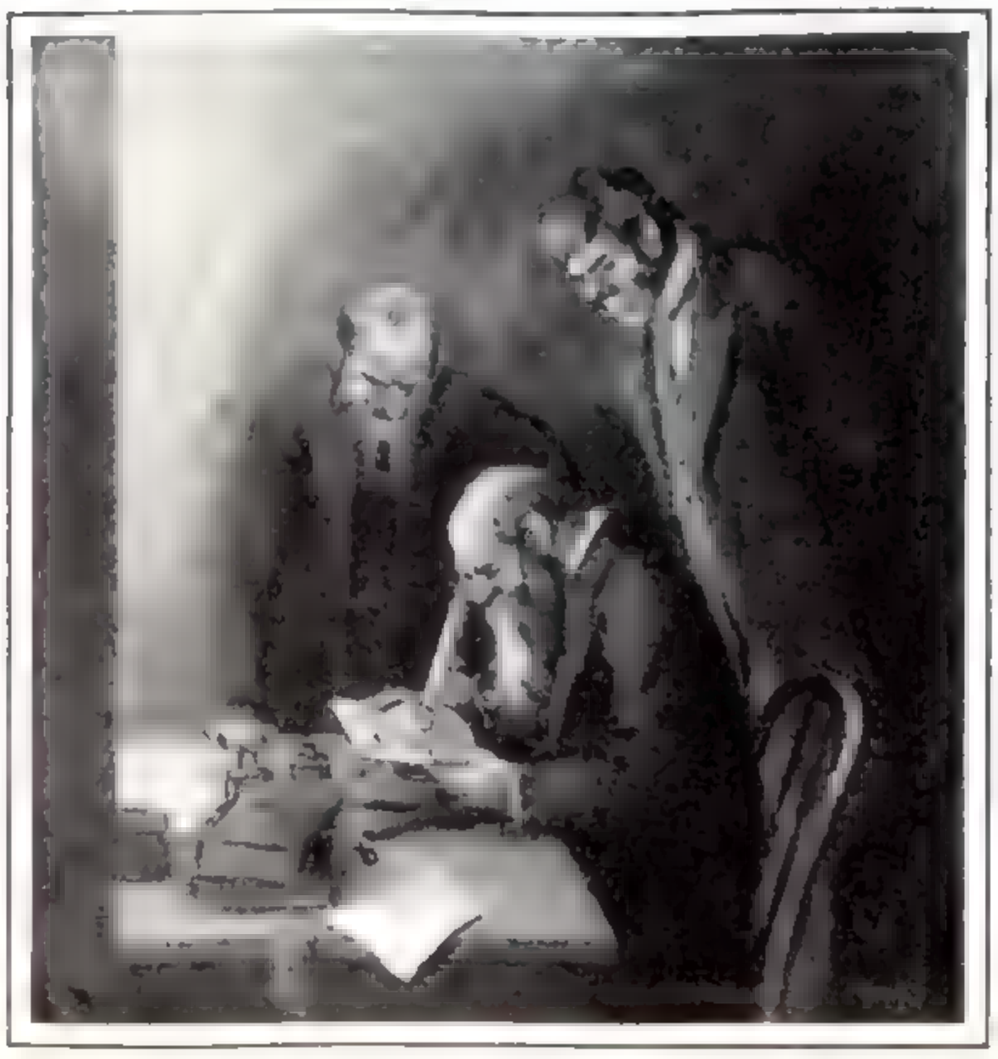

Microscopists Scanned it Through Powerful Lenses and Pronounced it Genuine

THE THREE TOOLS OF DEATH

By G. K. Chesterton

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

BOTH by calling and conviction, Father Brown knew better than most of us that every man is dignified when he is dead. But even he felt a pang of incongruity when he was knocked up at daybreak and told that Sir Aaron Armstrong had been murdered. There was something absurd and unseemly about secret violence in connection with so entirely entertaining and popular a figure; for Sir Aaron Armstrong was entertaining to the point of being comic and popular in such a manner as to be almost legendary. It was like hearing that Sunny Jim had hanged himself or that Mr. Pickwick had died in Hanwell; for, though Sir Aaron was a philanthropist and thus dealt with the darker side of our society, he prided himself on dealing with it in the brightest possible style. His political and social speeches were cataracts of anecdotes and loud laughter; his bodily health was of a bursting sort; his ethics were all optimism; and he dealt with the Derrik problem—his favorite topic—with that immortal or even monotonous gayety that is so often a mark of the prosperous total abstainer.

The established story of how he had been, when only a boy, drawn away from Scotch theology and Scotch whisky, and how he had risen out of both and become—as he modestly put it—what he was, was familiar.

He had lived on the rural skirt of Hampstead in a handsome house, high but not broad—a modern and prosaic tower. The narrowest of its narrow sides overhung the steep green bank of a railway and was shaken by passing trains. Sir Aaron Armstrong, as he boisterously explained, had no nerves. But if the train had often given a shock to the house, that morning the tables were turned—and it was the house that gave a shock to the train.

The engine slowed down and stopped just beyond that point where an angle of the house impinged upon the sharp slope of turf. The arrest of most mechanical things must be slow, but the living cause of this had been very rapid. A man clad completely in black, even—it was remembered—to the dreadful detail of black gloves, appeared on the ridge above the engine and waved his black hands like some sable windmill. This in itself would hardly have stopped even a lingering train; but there came out of him a cry that was talked of afterward as something utterly unnatural and new. It was one of those shouts that are horridly distinct even when we cannot hear what is shouted. The word in this case was "Murder!" The engine-driver swears he would have pulled up just the same if he had heard only the dreadful and definite accent and not the word.

The train once arrested, the most superficial stare could take in many features of the tragedy. The man in black on the green bank was Sir Aaron Armstrong's manservant, Magnus. The baronet in his optimism had often laughed at the black gloves of this dismal attendant, but no one was likely to laugh at him just now.

The Narrowest of Its Narrow Sides Overhung the Steep Green Bank of a Railway and Was Shaken by Passing Trains

As soon as an inquirer or two had stepped off the line and across the smoky hedge, they saw, rolled down almost to the bottom of the bank, the body of an old man in a yellow dressing gown with a very vivid scarlet lining. A scrap of rope seemed caught about his leg, entangled presumably in a struggle. There was a smear or so of blood, though very little; but the body was bent or broken into a posture impossible to any living thing. It was Sir Aaron Armstrong. A few more bewildered moments brought out a big fair-bearded man, whom some travelers could salute as the dead man's secretary, Patrick Royce, once well known in Bohemian society. In a manner more vague, but even more convincing, he echoed the agony of the servant. By the time the third figure of that household, Alice Armstrong, daughter of the dead man, had come already tottering and wavering into the garden, the engine-driver had put a stop to his stoppage. The whistle had blown and the train had panted on to get help from the next station.

Father Brown had been thus rapidly summoned at the request of Patrick Royce, the big ex-Bohemian secretary. Royce was an Irishman by birth; but Royce's request might have been less promptly complied with if one of the official detectives had not been a friend and admirer of the unofficial Flambeau: and it was impossible to be a friend of Flambeau without hearing numberless stories about Father Brown. Hence, while the young detective—whose name was Merton—led the little priest across the fields to the railway, their talk was more confidential than could be expected between two total strangers.

"So far as I can see," said Mr. Merton candidly, "there is no sense to be made of it at all. There is nobody one can suspect. Magnus is a solemn old fool—far too much of a fool to be an assassin. Royce has been the baronet's best friend for years; and his daughter undoubtedly adored him. Besides, it's all too absurd. Who would kill such a cheery old chap as Armstrong? Who could dip his hands in the gore of an after-dinner speaker? It would be like killing Father Christmas."

"Yes; it was a cheery house," assented Father Brown. "It was a cheery house while he was alive. Do you think it will be cheery, now he is dead?"

Merton started a little and regarded his companion with an enlivened eye. "When he is dead?" he repeated.

"Yes," continued the priest stolidly. "He was cheerful; but did he communicate his cheerfulness? Frankly, was any one else in the house cheerful but himself?"

A window in Merton's mind let in that strange light of surprise in which we see for the first time things we have known all along. He had often been to the Armstrongs' on little police jobs for the philanthropist; and, now he came to think of it, it was in itself a depressing house. The rooms were very high and very cold; the decorations mean and provincial; the drafty corridors were lit by electricity that was bleaker than moonlight. And, though the old man's scarlet face and silver beard had blazed like a bonfire in each room or passage in turn, it did not leave any warmth behind it. Doubtless this spectral discomfort in the place was partly due to the very vitality and exuberance of its owner: he needed no stoves or lamps, he would say, but carried his own warmth with him.

When Merton recalled the other inmates, however, he was compelled to confess that they also were as shadows of their lord. The moody manservant, with his monstrous black gloves, was almost a nightmare; Royce, the secretary, was solid enough—a big bull of a man, in tweeds, with a short beard—but the straw-colored beard was startlingly salted with gray like the tweeds. He was good-natured enough, also; but it was a sad sort of good nature—almost a heartbroken sort. He had the general air of being some sort of failure in life. As for Armstrong's daughter, it was almost incredible that she was his daughter—she was so pallid in color and sensitive in outline. She was graceful, but there was a quiver in the very shape of her that was like the lines of an aspen. Merton had sometimes wondered whether she had learned to quail at the crash of the passing trains.

"You see," said Father Brown, blinking modestly, "I'm not sure that the Armstrong cheerfulness is so very cheerful—for other people. You say that nobody could kill such a happy old man; but I'm not sure—*ne nos inducas in tentationem*. If ever I murdered somebody," he added quite simply, "I dare say it might be an optimist."

There Was a Quiver in the Very Shape of Her That Was Like the Lines of an Aspen

"Why," cried Merton, amused, "do you think people dislike cheerfulness?"

"People like frequent laughter," answered Father Brown, "but I don't think they like a permanent smile. Cheerfulness without humor is a very trying thing."

They walked some way in silence along the windy, grassy bank by the rails; and, just as they came under the farflung shadow of the tall Armstrong house, Father Brown said suddenly, like a man throwing away a troublesome thought rather than offering it seriously: "Of course drink is neither good nor bad in itself; but I can't help sometimes feeling that men like Armstrong want an occasional glass of wine to sadden them."

Merton's official superior, a grizzled and capable detective named Gilder, was standing on the green bank waiting for the coroner and talking to Patrick Royce, whose big shoulders and bristly beard and hair towered above him. This was the more noticeable because Royce walked always with a sort of powerful stoop and seemed to be going about his small clerical and domestic duties in a heavy and humbled style, like a buffalo drawing a go-cart.

He raised his head with unusual pleasure at the sight of his friend and took him a few paces apart. Meanwhile Merton was addressing the older detective respectfully, indeed, but not without a certain boyish impatience.

"Well, Mr. Gilder, have you got much further with the mystery?"

"There is no mystery," replied Gilder as he looked under dreamy eyelids at the rooks.

"Well, there is for me, at any rate," said Merton, smiling.

"It is simple enough, my boy," observed the senior investigator, stroking his gray pointed beard. "Three minutes after you'd gone for Mr. Royce's parson the whole thing came out. You know that pasty-faced servant in the black gloves who stopped the train?"

"I should know him anywhere. Somehow he rather gave me the creeps."

"Well," drawled Gilder, "when the train had gone on again that man had gone too. Rather a cool criminal, don't you think, to escape by the very train that went off for the police?"

"You're pretty sure, I suppose," remarked the young man, "that he really did kill his master?"

"Yes, my son, I'm pretty sure," replied Gilder dryly, "for the trifling reason that he has gone off with twenty thousand pounds in papers that were in his master's desk. No; the only thing worth calling a difficulty is how he killed him. The skull seems broken as with some big weapon; but there's no weapon at all lying about, and the murderer would have found it awkward to carry it away unless the weapon were too small to be noticed."

"Perhaps the weapon was too big to be noticed," said the priest, with an odd little giggle.

Gilder looked round at this wild remark and rather sternly asked Brown what he meant.

"Silly way of putting it, I know," said Father Brown apologetically. "Sounds like a fairy tale; but poor Armstrong was killed with a giant's club—a great green club, too big to be seen, which we call the earth. He was broken against this green bank we are standing on."

"How do you mean?" asked the detective quickly.

Father Brown turned his moon face toward the narrow façade of the house and blinked hopelessly up. Following his eyes, they saw that, right at the top of this otherwise blind back quarter of the building, an attic window stood open.

"Don't you see?" he explained, pointing a little awkwardly, like a child. "He was thrown down from there."

Gilder frowningly scrutinized the window and then said: "Well, it's certainly possible; but I don't see why you are so sure about it."

Brown opened his gray eyes wide. "Why," he said, "there's a bit of rope round the dead man's leg. Don't you see that other bit of rope up there, caught at the corner of the window?"

At that height the thing looked like the faintest particle of dust or hair, but the shrewd old investigator was satisfied. "You're quite right, sir," he said to Father Brown: "it is certainly one to you."

Almost as he spoke a special train with one carriage took the curve of the line on their left and, stopping, disgorged another group of policemen, in whose midst was the hangdog visage of Magnus, the absconded servant.

"By Jove, they've got him!" cried Gilder; and he stepped forward with quite a new alertness.

"Have you got the money?" he cried to the first policeman.

The man looked him in the face with a curious expression and said: "No." Then he added: "At least, not here."

"Which is the inspector, please?" asked the man called Magnus.

When he spoke every one instantly understood how his voice had stopped a train. He was a dull-looking man, with flat black hair, a colorless face and a faint suggestion of the East in the level slits of his eyes and mouth. His blood and name, indeed, had remained dubious ever since Sir Aaron had rescued him from a waitership in a London restaurant and—as some said—from more infamous things, but his voice was as vivid as his face was dead. Whether through exactitude in a foreign language or in deference to his master who had been somewhat deaf Magnus' tones had a peculiarly ringing and piercing quality; and the whole group quite jumped when he spoke.

"I always knew this would happen," he said aloud with brazen blandness. "My poor old master made game of me for wearing black, but I always said I should be ready for his funeral." And he made a momentary movement with his two dark-gloved hands.

"Sergeant," said Inspector Gilder, eying the black hands with wrath, "aren't you putting the bracelets on this fellow? he looks pretty dangerous."

"Well, sir," said the sergeant with the same odd look of wonder, "I don't know that we can."

"What do you mean?" asked the other sharply. "Haven't you arrested him?"

A faint scorn widened the slitlike mouth, and the whistle of an approaching train seemed oddly to echo the mockery.

"We arrested him," replied the sergeant gravely, "just as he was coming out of the police station at Highgate, where he had deposited his master's money with Inspector Robinson."

Gilder looked at the manservant in utter amazement.

"Why on earth did you do that?" he asked of Magnus.

"To keep it safe from the criminal, of course," replied that person placidly.

"Surely," said Gilder, "Sir Aaron's money might have been safely left with Sir Aaron's family."

The tail of his sentence was drowned in the roar of the train as it went by rocking and clanking; but through all the hell of noises to which that unhappy house was periodically subject they could hear the syllables of Magnus answer in all their bell-like distinctness: "I have no reason to feel confidence in Sir Aaron's family."

All the motionless men had the ghostly sensation of the presence of some new person, and Merton was scarcely surprised when he looked up and saw the pale face of Armstrong's daughter over Father Brown's shoulder. She was still young and beautiful, but her hair was of so dusty and colorless a brown that in some shadows it seemed to have turned to ashy gray.

"Be careful what you say," said Royce gruffly; "you'll frighten Miss Armstrong."

"I hope not," said the man with the clear voice. As the words were uttered and every one else wondered he went on: "I am somewhat used to Miss Armstrong's tremors. I have seen her trembling off and on for years. Some said she was shaking with cold and some she was shaking with fear; but I know she was shaking with hate and wicked anger—fiends that have had their feast this morning. She would have been away by now with her lover and all the money but for me. Ever since my poor old master prevented her from marrying that rapscallion blackguard—"

"Stop!" said Gilder very sternly. "We have not to do with your family fancies or suspicions. Unless you have some practical evidence, your mere opinions—"

"Oh, I'll give you practical evidence," cut in Magnus in his hacking accent. "You'll have to subpœna me, Mr. Inspector, and I shall have to tell the truth. And the truth is this: An instant after the old man was pitched bleeding out of the window I ran into the attic and found his daughter swooning on the floor, with a red dagger still in her hand. Allow me to hand that also to the proper authorities." He took from his tail-pocket a long horn-hilted knife with a red smear on it, and handed it politely to the sergeant. Then he stood back again and his slits of eyes almost faded from his face in one fat Chinese sneer.

Merton felt an almost bodily sickness at the sight of him and he muttered to Gilder: "Surely you would take Miss Armstrong's word against his?"

Father Brown suddenly raised a face so absurdly fresh that it looked somehow as if he had just washed it. "Yes," he said, radiating innocence, "but is Miss Armstrong's word against his?"

The girl uttered a startled, singular little cry; every one looked at her. Her figure was rigid, as if paralyzed, only her face within its frame of faint brown hair was alive with an appalling surprise. She stood like one of a sudden lassoed and throttled.

"This man," said Mr. Gilder, "actually says that you were found grasping a knife, insensible, after the murder."

"He says the truth," answered Alice.

The next fact of which they were conscious was that Patrick Royce strode with his great stooping head into their ring and uttered the singular words: "Well, if I've got to go I'll have a bit of pleasure first!"

His shoulder heaved and he sent an iron fist smash into Magnus' bland Mongolian visage, laying him on the lawn as flat as a starfish. Two or three of the police instantly put hands on Royce; but to the rest it seemed as if reason had broken up and the universe were turning into a harlequinade.

"None of that, Mr. Royce!" Gilder had called out authoritatively. "I shall arrest you for assault."

"No, you won't," answered the secretary in a voice like an iron gong—"you will arrest me for murder."

Gilder threw an alarmed glance at the man knocked down; but, since that outraged person was already sitting up and wiping a little blood off an eventually uninjured face, he only said shortly: "What do you mean?"

"It is quite true, as this fellow says," explained Royce, "that Miss Armstrong fainted with a knife in her hand; but she had not snatched the knife to attack her father—but to defend him."

"To defend him!" repeated Gilder gravely. "Against whom?"

"Against me," answered the secretary.

Alice looked at him with a complex and baffling face; then she said in a low voice: "After it all, I am still glad you are brave."

"Come upstairs," said Patrick Royce heavily, "and I will show you the whole cursed thing."

The attic, which was the secretary's private place—and rather a small cell for so large a hermit—had, indeed, all the vestiges of a violent drama. Near the center of the floor lay a large revolver, as if flung away; nearer to the left was rolled a whisky bottle, open but not quite empty. The cloth of the little table lay dragged and trampled; and a length of cord, like that found on the corpse, was cast wildly across the windowsill. Two vases were smashed on the mantelpiece and one on the carpet.

"I was drunk," said Royce; and this simplicity in the prematurely battered man somehow had the pathos of the first sin of a baby.

"You all know about me," he continued huskily; "everybody knows how my story began, and it may as well end like that too. I was called a clever man once and

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"In What Conceivable Intoxication Would Anybody Try to Put a Rope Round a Man's Neck and Finally Put It Round His Leg?"

The Story of a Yankee Farmer

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

WHAT is there in the story of a New England farmer—a man who wears overalls and cowhide boots, who drives his own plow, breaks his own colts, and who, like Lowell's hero, prides himself on the humble supremacy contained in the fact that "none couldn't quicker pitch a ton or dror a furrer straighter"—that would be likely to prove either interesting or instructive to the average reader? Be assured that if I did not think the story contained some interest I would not tell it. And in view of the many who, while grinding in the wearisome round of office or factory or shop, sometimes look longingly to the soil and wonder what it really gives to those who get their living by it—how much of labor and exposure and privation, and how much of comfort and independence and leisure—I believe my story can hardly be otherwise than instructive. For I, too, though born to a land inheritance, have known the land hunger that I refer to; and I also know something about the price that must be paid by those who elect to get their living from the soil. Is it worth the price? Is it really a good sort of life? Does the man of average ability and resolution, with the opportunities for wealth and advancement—perhaps even fame that the cities afford, who still chooses to live on a farm and to engage in a round of labor, apparently as monotonous and certainly harder than that which occupies the average city man, make a mistake? Or is he wise? These are questions that can never be answered offhand. Too much depends upon attendant circumstances and upon the kind of stuff of which a man is made. My story will, perhaps, answer them—at least as fully as they can be answered.

To begin with, then, I was born and raised on a New England farm. I had the fortune or misfortune—I have never been able fully to decide which—to be born of very well-to-do parents; and the farm, with its fine old mansion, commodious stables and other appointments of comfort and luxury, was much more of an estate than is usually meant by the word "farm." It was a genuine farm, however, and a large and fertile one; and my father always prided himself on being a good farmer. He worked the land to the top limit of its producing power and was intensely interested in raising fine horses, cattle and sheep. In the matter of stock breeding, indeed, I have rarely met a man who was so thoroughly familiar with the principles involved; and this science he continued to study almost to the day of his death.

I have said that I do not know whether I was fortunate or unfortunate in being born of well-to-do parents. In that it provided me with a good education and different associations from those that fall to the lot of most boys who grow up in the country, I was undoubtedly fortunate. I was, perhaps, also fortunate in seeing constantly the most charming side of country life. The abundant leisure that all of our family enjoyed; the fine horses and other livestock; the many table luxuries that the farm and garden provided; the frequency of guests and the ease with which they were entertained, were all very attractive things. A boy could hardly grow up in such an environment without considering the life the best and happiest that could possibly be had—as, indeed, it certainly is; but, on the other hand, the fact that our family spent so much money that did not come from the farm made it impossible for me to know how far straight farming, unaided by outside resources, would go toward providing the good things I beheld; nor could I realize the actual cost, in money and labor, of farming operations with whose details I was perfectly familiar.

In the North, in God's Country, There Was Ample Chance for Me to Begin Again

Bookkeeping That Told Nothing

MY FATHER'S books, it is true, told the story; for, with the pride that he took in all his farming, he kept carefully a set of books. It is quite possible, however, to know a thing and yet not have a "realizing sense" of it; and there were doubtless many boys, sons of neighboring farmers, whose fathers did not keep books, who yet realized far more keenly than I did the cost in money and muscle and backaching toil of producing a given farm result. I know these things now; no farmer's son can tell me anything about how one's back and arms ache after pitching hay all day or how it feels to get up in the morning and begin the day's work dead tired—but I learned them long afterward. With the influences among which I grew up, it was the most natural thing in the world, when I came to man's estate and married, to take up agriculture as my chosen vocation. I had inherited some property—enough to give any young man a flying start if invested wisely—and I decided to buy land. So I began on a large and very fine farm, not very far from the family homestead. On this farm I continued about twenty years and it was here that my children were born. In the main these years were happy ones, though marred in their latter part by the early and unexpected death of my wife. Of the success of the farming I need say little more than that it paid and paid well, though I often spent more than it yielded me.

We Still Kept Our Cows, Because It Was Necessary to Keep Stock of Some Kind to Feed Our Hay To

What seems to me now, looking back, the most important thing about it was the time that I spent in experimenting and otherwise studying the science of agriculture—for I found it fascinatingly absorbing and was ambitious to be a master of it. I was fond of horses and raised many fine ones, as well as sheep and cattle.

Soils and soil management I also studied diligently. I read all the best authorities I could obtain on the subject; and a much-worn and thumbed copy of that one-time most famous of all agricultural treatises, Liebig's Organic Chemistry in Its Application to Agriculture and Physiology, which stands on the bookshelves before me as I write, makes me smile as I think of the hours I spent over it and the comparatively small part of it that I now remember. For, when we once learn how to solve any problem in agriculture, we forget in large measure the various false trails that we followed up and remember only those things that had a direct and positive bearing upon its solution. Besides, agriculture has not yet been reduced to an exact science, and theories that are accepted as correct are often found, when given the test of time, to need amending or supplanting by new ones. And yet there is no question that we do advance. For we have learned, no less through Liebig than the authorities that have succeeded him, the great central truth in agriculture, that it deals wholly with natural forces that are governed by fixed laws. All that the most skillful farmer can do is to turn these forces to his own account; and, therefore, knowledge of the laws that govern them is highly essential to his success.

To return to my story. A sudden change took place in my affairs. It has been said that misfortunes never come singly and this often seems to be true—though doubtless it is less frequently the mere coincidence that it seems to be than that one misfortune, in some way not clearly perceived, is caused by another. However this may be, a string of misfortunes befell me. Concerns in which the family property was invested went wrong; others, after heavy sums were paid to bolster them up, failed utterly. With the carelessness which often characterizes those who have long been in easy circumstances, we had paid little attention to these concerns, and now, when we did, it was too late. I need not go into details, however. In two short years I was stripped of practically everything I had—the over-mortgaged real estate being the last to go.

I was now to learn some very bitter lessons—lessons which, bitter in any event, were the more so because my past experience had left me so unprepared for them. I had been trained up with very strict, not to say romantic, ideas of honor; and so every creditor was paid in full. This could very easily have been avoided; and a shrewd and well-known lawyer, with whom I chanced to be talking shortly afterward, asked me what possessed me to do such a thing. "Any good lawyer," said he, "with your affairs to settle, could have saved you at least twenty thousand dollars out of the wreck. You would have had that to begin over again with and your creditors would have been just as well satisfied. Credit is based upon good policy rather than upon good intentions. As things are now, your creditors attach no special significance to the fact that you settled squarely; they simply consider themselves lucky in having got their money, and not one of them would give you credit today."

It was not easy to believe this; but I very soon found that, certainly in regard to most of the people with whom I came in contact and as far as could be judged by external appearances, the old lawyer was right. No one was willing to give me credit nor did my cash trade seem to be valued very highly. I had the mortification, several times, when making some purchase of meat or groceries, to have the storekeeper abruptly leave me while he obsequiously attended to the wants of some wealthy customer who was running a book account—a performance that caused me some inward reflections upon grocerymen and meatmongers in general that would doubtless be blue-penciled

if offered now, in their full and original form, for print. I soon learned, too, that my stock had gone down in other ways; my opinion on agricultural matters, which had often been sought, did not seem to be wanted any more. Soon hints of other things came to my ears. I found that among my neighbors, many of them the very men I had taken so much pains to pay, I was rated as "extravagant"; as having "ways of spending money that were kept out of sight"—a dark hint that might mean almost anything in the category of wrongdoing; and, worst of all, as being "altogether too fond of horses."

The worst thing about all this was not its injustice—for some of it, doubtless, was deserved—but that it was painfully, sickeningly disillusioning. For, accustomed as I had always been to an outward show of respect and often even of deference, I had, almost unconsciously, assumed that this was a tribute to me personally—or, if not exactly that, a tribute to the family I represented, whose honor I had tried to keep unsullied. To learn now that this assumption on my part was all wrong—that I had never had the personal rating I had supposed and that the tribute of respect had been paid solely to the property I represented—was a medicine that, however clearing it might be to the mental vision, was hard to swallow. It engendered feelings of bitterness and cynicism that I was years in outgrowing, and made me feel that I could not put space enough between me and the country I had always lived in and loved—and that I should never care to see it again.

This feeling I immediately acted upon by putting my children into good educational institutions, which I was enabled to do partly by securing scholarships and partly by trusting to Providence to have money enough to pay the bills when they should come in. I then went to the nearest large city and began to look about for a new start. Although my plans were vague as regards details, my aim was, in such way as the thing might work out, to regain my former status—to make another fortune; and, considerable as this undertaking appeared, I felt confident of my ability to carry it out if I could find some way to get started in a part of the world where soil and climate were more favorable and labor cheaper than in New England.

A Trust in the Tropics

I HAD not been many days in the city before exactly such an opportunity as I wanted came my way. A company that had been formed for growing bananas in Venezuela, the president of which knew me by reputation, wanted me to go to that country, make a careful investigation of certain lands that had been opened up, and if in my judgment they offered a favorable field for its operations to remain in charge as its tropical manager and representative. I shall never forget how good it seemed, after my recent experiences, to find there were those who were still ready to trust important agricultural issues to my judgment. I soon contracted, for a very liberal salary, to make the investigation, and in less than a week was on my way.

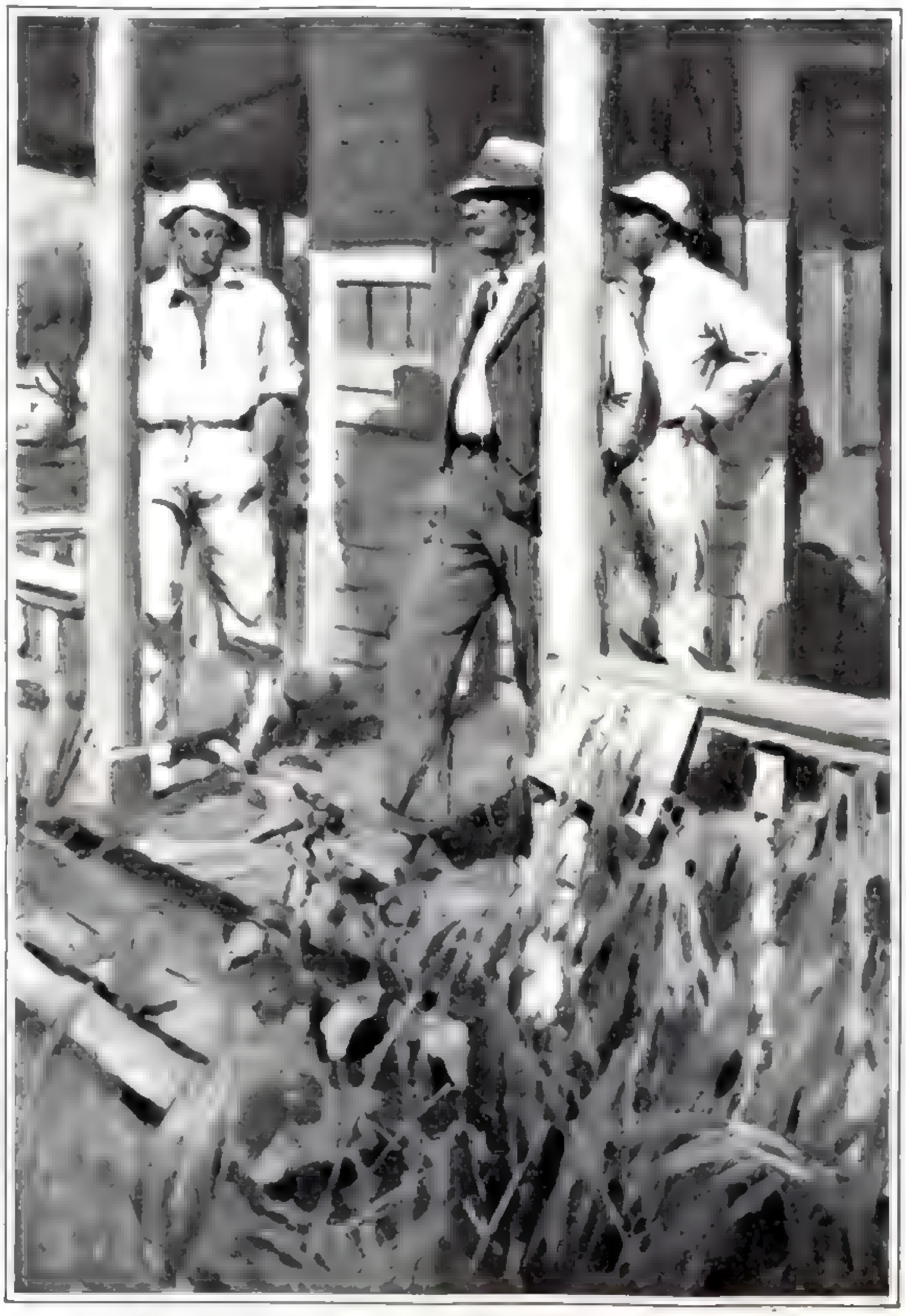
As we left New York and the city faded away in the distance my spirits rose. I had left behind me the terrible nightmare of events that had crowded the past year; I was clear of the blighting influences of my misfortunes; the whole world lay before me and I was still in the prime of life. Surely it would be an easy matter to make another fortune! For the first time in many moons I felt really happy, carefree and hopeful.

Of my stay in the tropics I need say little beyond the fact that the property was an exceedingly fertile one and promised great profits if properly managed. The investigation took rather longer than I expected, for it concerned not only the fertility of the soil but those equally essential matters of the labor supply and the means of getting crops to market. I returned to the United States to make my report, with my mind full of hope and with money in my pocket—enough to pay all the obligations I had assumed on leaving and much more; but a great disappointment awaited me. Our president, who was by far the wealthiest and most influential member of the company, had lost one of his factories by fire, which occasioned him a loss of over three hundred thousand dollars; and he thus felt unable to go ahead with this enterprise. Another member, who, next to him, was the strongest financially, had died. Without these men, the other members were powerless to carry out the undertaking; and so, after much fruitless talk about ways and means, the whole enterprise was dropped.

This did not look much like making a fortune and it looked still less like it as time advanced. The money that I had, after putting aside a certain sum for my children, dwindled to almost nothing. Meanwhile I was earnestly seeking another opportunity to engage in tropical agriculture, for I had been fairly caught by the glamour and lure of the tropics and felt certain that, for one who understands farming, the wonderful soil and climate of that region furnished the shortest road to fortune. And, indeed, in the abstract, this is true—though success in the tropics, as elsewhere, depends upon many things besides soil and climate. I had seen enough, however, to know that the two most frequent causes of failure are lack of knowledge of agriculture and lack of personal supervision; and I would be exempt from these at least.

One day a promoter, an elderly man—of the class that Mark Twain would call "notoriously substanceless" called on me and said that he could form a company for me, with banana-growing as its object, "if I only would not be too particular as to the members." I knew the old man by reputation and I had never heard of his being connected with any concern that was good for anything. I had reached a point, however, where I felt that I must take some chances or give up; and so, stipulating only that the thing should be done on the square, told him to go ahead. He did so; and in a few days I was asked to meet "the gentlemen with whom I was to be associated." They were truly a rare bunch. I had not expected much, but was hardly prepared for what I saw. There were several retail liquor dealers; one or two others called themselves brokers—all had reputations that were enough to damn any enterprise that they might be supposed to be even remotely connected with. I was about to explain to them that unexpected circumstances had arisen that would prevent my coöperating with them, when the old promoter pulled my coattail and whispered to me to keep still. Their money was as good as any one's, he said, and when we got the thing under way we could "reorganize" and get in some better men. This, though a trifle ambiguous, seemed to take off a little of the wire edge; and although I felt many misgivings, I sat still and let the business of the meeting proceed.

It went through with a rush and a whir. Officers were chosen, including a treasurer; the money for prospecting was paid in, and presently I found myself employed to select, in such locality as in my judgment seemed best, a suitable tract of land and to secure an option on it. Feeling as I did, I named a salary twice as large as I would otherwise have asked; but no objection was made to it or to the payment of six months' salary in advance, which I also insisted on.



We Stood on the Dilapidated Veranda and Looked Out Over the Sunny Meadows, the Bright Green of the Salt Marshes, the Gray Beach and the Shimmering Water

A Skin Game

I AT once took legal advice, telling my lawyer all I knew about the "company"; but, though he thought the men "needed watching," he could find nothing irregular in their proceedings thus far and advised me to "try them at any rate." So I again started for the tropics.

This time I went to the West Indies. I took much pains in my selection and in a few months had secured an option on a beautiful property in a British colony, where the government was stable and transportation and labor conditions as favorable as could be found. Then I received a letter from the barroom tough who officiated as our treasurer which, though evidently carefully worded, gave me some inkling of what was going on at home and filled me with alarm. I hurried north, not even waiting for the regular packet, but catching a small fruit steamer. As I feared, the whole thing was a scheme for selling shares and not bananas, and I could not discover that there was any intention of pushing the banana-growing end of the business or even of hastening the purchase of the land. Fortunately the scamps had not as yet violated any law, and I lost no time in severing my connection with them and in spoiling their little game.

I shall not weary the reader with the details of my further experiences in the tropics; for, feeling that my chances of making a fortune lay there if

anywhere, it was long before I was ready to give up the chase. I next associated myself with a man who knew something of the tropics, who had the requisite capital and was willing to put it in. This time success and fortune seemed fairly in sight; but, before the land I selected was bought, my associate died, thus bringing to nothing my third attempt.

This failure seemed harder to bear than either of the others because success was so nearly attained. Meanwhile, what with the time consumed in the several projects and the intervals between, the years had fairly flown. I was grayheaded; time began to look precious—and where was my fortune? I had made some money, it is true; for, realizing the precarious nature of the game I was playing, I had always insisted on being paid well for the work I did; but the little I had was not only a mere drop in the bucket to the fortune I had dreamed of, but was a poor showing for the time I had consumed in accumulating it.

A Farm Found by Accident

ALL these things passed in review before my mind as I sat smoking one evening on the inn balcony in the little West Indian town where I was staying. It was impossible to take a very cheerful view of the events I have narrated or to fancy that fortune was any nearer than when I started. Suddenly a thought came into my mind which, in the despondency I could not wholly ward off, was both sweet and compelling: Why not abandon the chase altogether? In the north, in God's country, where white men no less than the other races work with their hands, and where it is not thought necessary to have a thousand acres and a hundred serfs in order to be a tiller of the soil, there was ample chance for me to begin again. Nor would I have to depend upon coöperation for capital—I could myself command the modest sum that was needed. I would go back to the United States and begin again, this time as a working farmer.

It seemed curious, after the intensity with which I had followed up my plans, with what satisfaction I now gave them up and turned my back upon the land of my dreams for the last time—for I have never since revisited the tropics, though I do sometimes think of their wonderful agricultural possibilities. I have no doubt that some will say this was a lowering of the standard; but to me, wearied as I was of the long lane that apparently had no turning, it seemed rather the abandonment of a thing that might cost more than it was worth and the return to a saner and wholesomer ideal. I can claim little credit, however, for a decision that I arrived at only after such severe and repeated lessons.

My boys were now grown young men; and, on learning of my project, one of them decided to cast in his lot with mine. This made my plan doubly feasible, for one man alone can do little on a farm of any size unless he hires a helper, and this is a heavy expense in starting. Two strong men with the same interest more than double the chances of success. And now the search for a farm began.

Only those who have engaged in a similar search can form any idea of the number of farms we looked at, or how greatly they differed from their advertised descriptions. Often we read of a farm whose every feature seemed just what we were seeking; but when we saw it it would be so different, so far removed from the mental picture we had formed, as to make the very thought of living upon it depressing. However, we finally found our farm; and, as often happens in such cases, we stumbled upon it where least of all we expected to find it.

Among the few belongings of our palmy days that still remained to us was a little schooner; she was old now, but still stanch and seaworthy, and we had her put in commission. The boys and I often spent the week-end in cruising. One evening, before a rapidly increasing southeaster, we ran into a little cove where there was good anchorage and a snug harbor. In the night the storm cleared; and when I went on deck in the morning I thought I had never seen a prettier spot. An unbroken stretch of grassland, flanked on each side by low hills, sloped gently down to the water's edge; and nestled in its center were a wide-veranda farmhouse and a whole village of outbuildings, unpainted, weather-beaten and evidently unoccupied, but with a homelike look even in their shabbiness. We lost no time in going ashore and investigating. The soil was of excellent quality, though run down from long neglect; and the buildings, though in much worse condition than they appeared from a distance, were by no means beyond repair. We stood on the dilapidated veranda and looked out over the sunny meadows where the crickets were singing, the bright green of the salt marshes, the gray beach and the shimmering water. It was different—strikingly different—from any farm our imaginations had pictured, but we felt that we had at last found what we wanted and need look no further.

When we returned to the city we sought the owner, who, by the way, had never lived on the farm; and although it had belonged to his family for several generations, he had seen it only a very few times. He wanted to sell; but we found him quite aware of the natural beauty of the place and therefore unwilling to sell for the price that would buy an equally good "back-country" farm. With better means of access, he said, which would surely come in time, it would be wanted for other purposes than farming—and ten thousand dollars was the lowest price he would name. That it would appreciate in value seemed to me certain—a thing that was as good for us as for him; and that is always a great element of safety in buying land. Another feature I saw, which he did not see: the large acreage of salt marsh, which I estimated would cut about forty tons of hay—then selling at fifteen dollars a ton—would yield an immediate and continuous income, without any cultivation or any fertilizing whatever. This was an important consideration; for the beginner may be sure that, during the first year at least, his farming will yield him little or nothing, and an independent income of some sort will be very convenient. The difficulty in the situation was that, during the dozen or so years that had elapsed since I lost my property, I had been unable to save even the comparatively small sum needed to buy and stock this farm, and I did not want to start in debt. The manifest advantages of the farm, however, finally induced me to do so. My savings amounted, in round numbers, to fifty-five hundred dollars. From this I took out twelve hundred dollars for livestock and equipment and a small reserve fund, and paid forty-three hundred dollars on the farm, leaving the remaining fifty-seven hundred dollars, which the farm would cost, on mortgage.

I think I ought to say here that we could have begun farming entirely free from debt, and with an equal acreage of good arable land, had we been willing to buy a few miles back from the waterfront. On these back-country farms, too, to a greater extent than in the more attractive localities, a part of the purchase price can remain on mortgage; and these facts make it possible for a man to start with pretty small capital—though a certain amount is absolutely essential. However, when one can exercise the choice, I have always doubted the expediency of buying these cheap lands. They very rarely appreciate much in value; for, whatever the future may bring forth, at present, and undoubtedly for some time to come, beauty of location constitutes the greatest value in New England land. Besides, price is not the only thing to consider, for it will be seen on the farm that we bought that the salt marsh alone a good deal more than paid the interest on the amount left on mortgage; indeed, it has rarely failed to pay the interest on the full price of the farm.

It was clear to us in starting that, with the absolutely necessary repairs on the building and the general upbuilding of the farm before any considerable return from it could reasonably be expected, we must practice the most rigid economy. So we bought the smallest and most inexpensive outfit that would possibly serve our purpose. This was as follows:

Carpenter's tools	$ 31.50
Forks, hoes, baskets, haying tools and so on	22.00
Farm wagon—second hand	40 00
Light open wagon—second hand	25.00
Single harness—new	23.50
Double harness—second hand, with some new parts	25.00
1 plow	14.00
1 harrow	14.50
1 cultivator	15.00
1 small plow	8 00
1 mowing machine	45 00
1 rake	22.00
3 incubators	104.00
2 horses—an old, cheap pair	150.00
5 cows	200 00
100 pullets and 3 cocks	75.00
	$814.50

This list had to be supplemented a little from time to time; but, in the main, it constituted our outfit for the whole of the first year. Of our twelve hundred dollars it left us only three hundred and eighty-five dollars and fifty cents for running expenses and emergencies until some money should begin to come in. This was much too small a sum. No one should begin farming, even on a small scale, without at least one thousand dollars in hand after the first outlay for livestock and equipment has been made; but we realized this too late and so had to make the best of it.

A Bad Start With Stock

NOW there are several items in this list that I would not recommend, and which, in any case, are only advisable as a temporary makeshift to serve the purpose until the beginner can afford to buy better. The old horses, for instance, although they could and did do our work for a couple of years, had to be replaced by new ones; and young horses in the first place would have been more economical, as I well knew, had I the money to spare for them. The same thing holds good on all the second-hand stuff we bought. What we did simply shows how cheaply one can make a beginning if compelled to.

Most of the stuff was at least as good as could be had for the money; but in buying our cows we were not careful enough. Being busy with other matters, I commissioned a certain cow-dealer, on whom I thought I could safely rely, to get us five good cows, telling him I would pay him two hundred dollars for the lot. Three of them were good cows, but of the other two one was of very mature, not to say advanced, years, and one a "three-teater." I looked them over with chagrin, hoping meanwhile that I might sometime have a chance to fit out the gentleman of whom I bought them with a horse. And, in point of fact, this

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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

XI

CLEMENTINA motored to Lyons by herself, dined in gaunt and lonely splendor at the Grand Hotel, and met Etta Concannon's train very early the next morning. Etta, dewy fresh after her all-night train journey, threw her arms round her neck and kissed her effusively. She was a Heaven-born darling, a priceless angel and various other hyperbolic things. Yes, she had had a comfortable journey; no trouble at all; all sorts of nice men had come to her aid at the various stages. She had been up since five, standing in the corridor and looking at the country, which was fascinating. She had no idea it was so full of interest.

"And did one of the nice men get up at five, too, and stand in the corridor?" asked Clementina.

The girl flushed and laughed. "How did you guess? I couldn't help it How could I? And it was quite safe. He was ever so old."

"I'm glad I've got you in charge now," said Clementina.

"I'll be so good, dear," said the girl.

The luggage secured, they drove off. Etta's eyes sparkled as they went through the ugly, monotonous, tram-defaced streets of Lyons. "What an adorable town!"

As it was not even lit by the cheap glamour of the sun—for the sky was overcast and threatening—it looked peculiarly depressing to normal vision; but youth found it adorable. Oh, thrice blessed blindness of youth!

"What has happened to Mr. Burgrave?" she asked after a while. "I suppose his time was up and he had to go back."

"Oh, no," said Clementina coolly. "He's at Vienne."

"Oh-h!" said Etta with a little touch of reproach. "I thought it was just going to be you and I and us two."

"We'll put him in front, next to Johnson, and have the back of the car all to ourselves; but I thought you liked Tommy Burgrave?"

"He's quite harmless," said Etta carelessly.

"And he thinks of nothing in the world but his painting; so he won't bother his head much about you," said Clementina.

Etta fell at once into the trap. "I'm not going to let him treat me as if I didn't exist," she cried. "I'm afraid you've been spoiling him, darling. Men ought to be shown their place and taught how to behave."

His behavior, however, on their first meeting was markedly correct. The car, entering Vienne, drew up by the side of the quay where he had pitched his easel. He rose and ran to greet its occupants with the most welcoming of smiles, which were not all directed to Clementina. Etta had her share. It is not in the nature of two-and-twenty to look morosely on so dainty a daughter of Eve—all the daintier by contrast with the dowdy, elderly woman by her side. Tommy had spoken truly when he had professed his downright honest affection for Clementina; truly also when he had deprecated the summoning of the interloping damsel—but he had not counted on the effect of contrast. He had seen Etta in his mind's eye as just an ordinary young woman who would disturb that harmonious adjustment of artistic focus on whose discovery he had prided himself so greatly.

Now he realized her freshness and dewiness and goodness to look upon. She adorned the car—made quite a different vehicle of it. Standing by the door, he noticed how passers-by turned round and glanced at her with the frank admiration of their race. Tommy at once felt himself to be an enviable fellow; he was going to take a great pride in her; at the lowest, as a mere traveling adjunct, she did him credit. Clementina watched him shrewdly, and the corners of her mouth curled in an ironical twist.

"It isn't my fault, Miss Concannon, that I didn't come to Lyons to meet you. Clementina wouldn't let me. You know what a martinet she is. So I was here all last evening, simply languishing in loneliness."

"Why wouldn't you let poor Mr. Burgrave come to Lyons, Clementina?" laughed Etta.

"If you begin to pester me with questions," replied Clementina, "I'll pack you off to England again."

"All inquiries to be addressed to the courier," said Tommy.

"And you'll answer them?"

"Every one," said Tommy.

Thus the freemasonry of youth was at once established between them. Etta smiled sweetly on him as the car drove off to the hotel and Tommy returned to his easel with the happy impression that all—especially the intervention of interloping damsels—was for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

They met shortly afterward at *déjeuner*, the brightest of meals, whereat Etta talked her girlish nonsense, which Tommy took for peculiarly sparkling discourse. Clementina, wearing the mask of the indulgent chaperon, let the babble flow unnecked.

"Do you think Etta will spoil everything?" she asked him as soon as they were alone for a moment.

"Oh, no!" cried the ingenuous Tommy. "She's going to be great fun."

"H'm!" said Clementina, feeling as though she might make the historic reply of the frog at which the boys threw stones; but she had deliberately brought about the lapidation. Clementina winced; but she could not complain.

It must not be imagined, however, that Tommy transferred his allegiance in youth's debonair, thoughtless way to the newer and prettier princess. On the contrary, in all the little outward shows of devotion, he demonstrated himself more zealously than ever to be Clementina's vassal. In the excursions that they made during the next few days, keeping Vienne as a base—to La-Tour du-Pin, Grenoble, Saint-Marcellin—it was to Clementina that he turned and pointed out the beauties of the road, and her unsteady footsteps that he guided over rough and declivitous paths. To her he also turned for serious conversation. The flowers and a New York paper came to her room as unfailingly as the morning coffee. He manifested the same tender solicitude as to her possible sufferings from hunger, drought, dust or fatigue. He paid her regal honor. In this he was aided and abetted by Etta Concannon, who had her own pretty ways of performing homage; in fact, the care of Clementina soon became at once a rivalry and a bond between them; and Clementina, so far from being neglected, found herself the victim of emulous and sometimes embarrassing ministrations. As she herself phrased it in a moment of bitter irony, they were making love over her live body.

They left Vienne, Tommy having made sufficient studies for immortal studio paintings, and took up their quarters at Valence. There is a spaciousness about Valence rare in provincial towns of France. You stand in the middle of wide boulevards, the long vista closed at one end by the far blue tops of the mountains of the Vivarais, and at the other by the distant Alps; and you think you are dwelling in some sweet city in the air. In the clear sunshine it is as bright and as crisp as a cameo.

"I love Vienne, but I adore Valence," said Etta. "Here I can breathe."

They were sitting on the terrace of a café in the Place de la République in front of the great monument to Emile Augier. It was the cool of the evening and a fresh breeze came from the mountains.

"I, too, am glad to get out of Vienne," said Clementina.

Tommy protested. "That's treason, Clementina. We had such ripping times there. Do you remember the evening I fetched you out to see the Temple of Augustus and Livia?"

Clementina gave one of her non-committal grunts. She did, indeed, remember it. But for that night, the three of them would not have been sitting together at Valence.

"Tommy's so sentimental," Etta remarked.

"Since when have you been calling him 'Tommy'?" asked Clementina.

"We fixed that up this afternoon," he said cheerfully. "'Mr. Burgrave' suggests an afternoon party, where one carts tea and food about—not a chummy motor tour."

"We agreed to adopt each other as cousins," said Etta.

"We were kind of lonely, you know," laughed Tommy. "We happen to have no cousins of our own—and, besides, you deserted us today, and we felt like two abandoned Babes in the Car."

"I don't think you were much to be pitied," said Clementina.

In pursuance of her scheme of self-annihilation she had several times sent them out on jaunts together, while she herself went for a grim walk in the dust and heat. This afternoon Etta had returned radiant. She had had the time of her life and Tommy was the dearest thing that ever happened. Etta was addicted to the hyperbole of her generation. At dinner Tommy had admitted the general amenity of their excursion to Valence Crest—and now came the avowal of the establishment of their cousinly and intimate relations. The scheme was succeeding admirably. How could it fail?

Throw together two bright, impressionable and innocent young humans of opposite sexes and of the same social position; link them by a common tie; let them spend hours in each other's company; withdraw the ordinary restrictions that limit the intercourse of such beings in every-day society; bathe them in sunshine and drench their souls with beauty—and you have the Garden of Eden over again, the Serpent being replaced by his chubby and winged successor. The result is almost inevitable. But you can withdraw with certainty the qualifying adverb when one of the potentially high contracting parties has been suffering from heart-scratch and has announced her intention of becoming a hospital nurse.

I am quite aware that in the eyes of the world Clementina's conduct was outrageous. Etta was the only child of

a wealthy admiral; Tommy a penniless painter. Admiral Concannon had confidently intrusted his daughter to her care and had not the least idea of what was going on. When the disastrous story should reach his ears he would foam righteously at the mouth and use, with perfect justification, the most esoteric of quarterdeck language.

I do not attempt to defend Clementina. All the same, you must remember that in Tommy Burgrave she was giving to Etta, as a free gift, her most priceless possession. Tommy, in her eyes, was the real Prince Charming—at present, as often happens in fairy tales, under a cloud, but destined in real life, as in the fairy tales, to come, by a speedy wave of a magic wand, into his principality. As to the waving of the magic wand, she had her own ideas. She was quite prepared to weather the admiral's storm.

"There was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams" is Rosalind's startling description of the courtship between Oliver and Celia. These lovers, however, were Elizabethans, who did things in a large, splendid and unhesitating way. The case with Tommy and Etta, who were moderns, governed by all kinds of subtleties and delicacies, three centuries' growth, was not quite so instantaneous. The ordinary modern youth and maiden of such clean upbringing walk along together, hand in hand in perfect innocence, for a long time—never realizing that they are in love with one another till something happens. The maiden may be sent into the country by an infuriated mother. Hence, revelation with anguish. The indiscreet jesting of a friend, a tragedy causing both to come hard against the bedrock facts of life, may shatter the guileless shell of their love. I know of two young things who came by the knowledge through bumping their heads together beneath a table while searching for a fallen ring. A shock, a jar, is all that is needed. But with Tommy and Etta nothing yet had happened. They walked along together, sweetly imagining themselves to be fancy-free. If the truth were known it would be found that the main subject of their conversation was Clementina.

When the time came for them to leave the café Tommy helped both the ladies to put on their jackets. The human warmth of the crowded terrace, sheltered from the mountain breeze by the awnings, had rendered wraps unnecessary; but outside they discovered the air to be chill. Clementina first was invested—with the slightest hint of hurry. She turned and saw Tommy snatch Etta's jacket from a far too ready waiter's hand. In his investiture of Etta there was the slightest hint of lingering. In the nice adjustment of the collar their fingers touched. The girl raised laughing eyes, which his met tenderly. A knife was thrust through Clementina's heart and she closed her lips tightly to dissimulate the pain.

Etta came into her room that night under the vague pretense of playing maid and helping her to undress. Her aid chiefly consisted in sitting on the bed and chattering out of a birdlike happiness.

"It's all just Heaven!" she declared. "I wish I could show you how grateful I am. I've had nothing like it all my life. When I get home I won't rest till I've teased father into getting a car—he's so old-fashioned, you know, and thinks his fat old horses and a family omnibus make up the only equipage for a gentleman. I'll worry him into a car and then we'll go all over Europe; but it won't be quite the same without—without you, Clementina dear."

Clementina wriggled into an old flannel dressing jacket and began to roll a cigarette.

"I thought you were going to be a hospital nurse?"

"So did I," said the girl, a shadow flitting swiftly over her face; "but I don't seem to want to now. I should hate it."

"What has made you change your mind?" asked Clementina after the first puff of smoke.

Etta, on the bed, nursed her knee. Her fair hair fell in a mass about her shoulders. She looked the picture of innocence—a female child Samuel out of an illustrated family Bible.

"The sight of you, darling, at Lyons Station."

"Little liar!" murmured Clementina.

But she forbore to question the girl further. She had no intention of supplying the necessary shock above mentioned. The observance of the gradual absorption of these two young souls one in the other was far too delicious an agony to be wantonly broken. Besides, it hardened her nature—so she fondly imagined—dried up the newly found well-head of passion; reduced the soft, full woman back to the stony-hearted, wooden-faced, bitter-tongued, cynical, portrait-painting automaton—the enviable, self-mutilated Clementina of a few months ago. When a woman wants to punish herself she does so conscientiously. The offending Eve should be thoroughly whipped out of her.

"You Would Be Too Soft-Hearted—You Would Give Them Some of the Money"

The car of thirty-five million dove-power sped through the highways of sunny France—through enchanted forest glades, over mountains of the moon, through cities of wonderland—so, at least, it seemed to two young souls. For Clementina, alas, the glamour of sky and sunshine and greenery had departed. For Johnson, happy possessor of a carbureter in lieu of a temperament, it had never existed. From Valence they struck northwest, through Saint-Etienne, Roanne, Nevers, Bourges. It was at Bourges that she came upon the two young people unawares.

She had entered—not knowing where they were, for they had gone off together—the cloistered courtyard of the Maison de Jacques Cœur. Now the cloister forms an arcaded gallery a few feet above the ground, which is reached by a flight of steps. She heard voices; approached hidden from them, beheld the pair sitting on the bottom step in the cool shadow.

"I should never get the whole adorableness of this," said Tommy, "if I hadn't you beside me. You and I seem to be like the two barrels of a field-glass adjusted to one focus."

Clementina, hugging the wall, tiptoed out of the cloister. There was only one alternative—a whirlwind, a hurricane of a temptation which she was strong enough to resist—to descend then and there and box his ears soundly.

XII

WHILE Clementina, in her own fashion, was shattering an idyl to pieces, Quixtus, under the tutelage of Billiter, pursued the most distasteful occupation in which he had ever engaged. Had some Rhadamanthine arbiter of his destiny compelled him under penalty of death to choose between horse-racing and laborious practice as a solicitor he would unhesitatingly have chosen the latter. Course and stand and paddock and ring—the whole machinery of the sport wearied him to exasperation. Just as there are some men to whom, as the saying goes, music is the most expensive form of noise, so are there others to whom the racing of horses is merely the most extravagantly cumbersome form of gambling. Why train valuable animals, they ask, to run round a field, when the same purpose could be effected by making little leaden horses gyrate mechanically round a disk at a millionth part of the cost?

Of the delight of studying pedigree, of following form, of catching the precious trickles of information that percolate through the litter of stables, of backing their judgment thus misguided, they have no notion. They cannot even feel a thrill of excitement at the sight of the far-off specks of galloping horses. They wonder at the futility of it all as the quadrupeds thunder down the straight. An automobile, they plead, can go ten times as fast. That such purblind folk exist is sad; but after all they are God's creatures—just the same as jockeys and professional tipsters.

At first there was one feature of the racecourse that fascinated Quixtus—the ring. There he imagined he had come into contact with incarnate evil. Those coarse animal faces, swollen with the effort of bawling the odds; those hard, greedy eyes, bulging from purple cheeks; those voices, raucous, inhuman—suggested to his mild fancy a peculiarly depraved corner of Tophet. But what practical evil resulted from this Masque of Hades was not quite apparent. Nobody seemed any the worse. The bookmaker smiled widely on those who won, and those who lost smiled on the world with undaunted cheerfulness. So, in the course of time, Quixtus began to regard the bookmakers with feelings of disappointment, which gave place after a while to indifference and eventually to weariness and irritation.

Even Old Joe Jenks—thick-necked, fishy-eyed villain—to whom Billiter personally introduced him, proved himself in all his dealings to be a scrupulously honest man. The turf, in spite of its depressing ugliness, appeared but a maneuvering ground for the dull virtues. Where was its wickedness? He complained, at length, to Billiter.

Billiter seemed for the moment to be in a bad humor. He tugged at his heavy mustache.

"I don't see what fault you can find with racing. You're making a very good thing out of it."

Which was true. Fortune, who had played him such scurvy tricks, was now turning on him her sunniest smile. He was winning prodigiously, fantastically. Billiter selected the horses that he was to back; he backed them to the amount advised by Billiter and in most instances the horses won.

"If you think the mere gaining of money gives me any pleasure, my dear Billiter," said he, "you're very much mistaken. I have sufficient means of my own to satisfy my modest requirements; and to accept large sums of money from your friend Mr. Jenks is humiliating and repulsive."

"If that's the matter, you can turn them over to me," said Billiter. "I don't get much out of the business."

They were walking about the paddock between the races. Quixtus halted and regarded his morose companion with cold inquiry.

"You gave me to understand that you were betting on the same horses that I was."

Billiter cursed himself for an incautious fool.

"Only now and then," said he, "and for small stakes. How can I afford to plunge like you?"

"What is the dismal quadruped I am betting on for this next race?" asked Quixtus, looking at his card.

"Punchinello. Forty-five to one. Dead cert."

"Then," said Quixtus, "here are five pounds. Put them on Punchinello and if he wins you will have two hundred and twenty-five."

Billiter left him and made his way out of the paddock to that part of the racecourse where the outside bookmakers have their habitation. Old Joe Jenks, in a flaming check suit and a white hat adorned with his name and quality, stood on a stool shouting the odds, taking bets and giving directions to the clerk at his side. Business for the moment was slack.

"Another fiver for the governor on Punchinello," said Billiter.

Old Joe Jenks jumped from his stool and took Billiter aside.

"Look here, old friend," said he, "chuck it. Come off it. I'm not playing any more. I poured a couple of quarts of champagne over your head because you told me you had got hold of a mug; and instead of the mug you bring up a ruddy miracle who backs every wrong 'un at a hundred to one—and romps in. And thinking you straight, Mr. Billiker, sir, I've stretched out the odds—to oblige you. And you've damn well landed me. It's getting monotonous. See? I'm tired."

"It's not my fault, Joe," said Billiter humbly. "Look. Just an extra fiver on Punchinello. He's got no earthly—you know that as well as I do."

"Do I?" growled the bookmaker angrily, convinced that Billiter was overreaching him. "How do I know what you know? You want to have it both ways, do you? Well, you won't get it out of me."

"I swear to you, Joe," said Billiter earnestly, "that I'm straight. So little did I expect him to win that I've not asked a penny commission."

"Then ask it now—and be hanged to you!" cried the angry bookmaker; and leaping back to his stool he resumed his brazen-throated trade.

Billiter kept his five-pound note, unwilling to risk it with another bookmaker on the laughing-stock of a Punchinello, and sauntered away moodily. He was a most injured man. Old Joe Jenks doubted his good faith. Now, was there a single horse selected for his patron to back upon which any student of racing outside a lunatic asylum would have staked money? Not one. He could lay his hand on his honest heart and swear it. And had he staked a penny on his selections? No. He could swear to that too. He had not—fool that he was—asked Quixtus for a commission. Through his honorable dealing he was a poor man. The thought was bitter.

He had run straight with Jenks. It was not his fault if the devil had got into the horses so that every shocking outsider backed by Quixtus revealed ultra-equine capacities. What could a horse do against the Superhorse? Nothing. What could Billiter himself do? Nothing except have a drink. In the circumstances it was the only thing to do. He went into the bar of the grandstand and ordered a whisky and soda. It sizzled gratefully down a throat burning with a sense of wrong. His moral tone restored, he determined to live in poverty no more for the sake of a quixotic principle; and, proceeding to a ready-money bookmaker of his acquaintance, he pulled out his five-pound note and backed Rosemary, a certain winner—such was his private and infallible information—at eight to one. This duty to himself accomplished, he went to the grandstand to view the race, leaving Quixtus to do that which seemed best to him.

The bell rang, the course was cleared, the numbers put up—the horses cantered gayly past. At the sight of Rosemary, a shiny bay in beautiful condition, Billiter's heart warmed; at the sight of Punchinello, a scraggy crock that had never won a race in his inglorious life, Billiter sniffed scornfully. If Old Joe Jenks was such a fool as to refuse a free gift of five pounds the folly thereof lay entirely on Old Joe Jenks' head.

The start was made. For a long time the horses ran in a bunch. Then Rosemary crept ahead. Billiter's mustache beneath the leveled field-glasses betrayed a happy smile. Rosemary increased his lead. At the turn into the straight something happened. He swerved and lost his stride. Three others dashed by, among them the despised Punchinello. They passed the post in a flash, Punchinello first. Billiter murmured things at which the world, had it heard them, would have grown pale—and again sought the bar. Emerging thence, he went in quest of his patron. He had not far to go. Quixtus sat on a wooden chair at the back of the grandstand reading a vellum-covered Elzevir duodecimo edition of Saint Augustine's Confessions. When Billiter approached he rose and thrust the volume into the tail pocket of his frock coat.

"Was that a race?" he asked.

"Race? Of course it was. *The* race. Didn't you see it?"

"Thank goodness, no," said Quixtus. "Did any horse win?"

The sodden and simple wit of Billiter rose like a salmon at this gaudy fly of irony. He lost his temper.

"Your damned spavined, bowlegged, mule-begotten crock of a Punchinello won!"

Quixtus regarded him mildly; but a transient gleam of light flickered in his china-blue eyes.

"Then, my dear Billiter," said he, "I have won nine hundred pounds, which, in view of my opinion of the turf based on experience, I think I shall hand over to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to be earmarked for the conversion of the Mohammedans in Mecca. As for you, Billiter, you have won two hundred and twenty-five pounds"—Billiter quivered with subaspirate anathema—"which ought to satisfy the momentary cupidity of any man. Let us go. The more I see of it, the more am I convinced that the racecourse is no place for me. It is too good."

Billiter glanced at him with wrathful suspicion. Was he speaking in childish simplicity or in mordant sarcasm? The grave, unsmiling face, the expressionless blue eyes, gave him no clue.

Thus, however, ended Quixtus' career on the turf. To stand about wearily in all weathers, in order to witness what to his fastidious mind was merely a dull and vulgar spectacle, was an act of self-sacrifice from which he derived no compensating thrill. The injured Billiter, having patched up a peace with Old Joe Jenks—convincing him of his own ingenuousness and of the inevitable change in his patron's luck—in vain persuaded Quixtus to resume his investigations. He offered to introduce him to a fraternity of so-called commission agents and touts, in whose company he could saturate himself with vileness.

"I have no taste for disgusting society," said Quixtus.

"Then I don't know what the deuce you do want," exclaimed Billiter in a fume.

"You can't touch pitch without being defiled."

"I thought that was just what you were trying to be."

"In one way, yes," replied Quixtus musingly; "but I loathe touching the pitch."

In spite of his confessed belief in the altruistic purity of the turf, he regarded as an unspeakable defilement the checks he had received from Old Joe Jenks. He had kept them in his drawer; and the more he looked at them the more did the bestial face of Old Joe Jenks obtrude itself before his eyes and the more repugnant did it become to his now abnormal fastidiousness to pay them into his own banking account. To destroy them, as was his first impulse, merely signified a benefit conferred on the odious Jenks, who would be only too glad to repocket his filthy money. What should he do? At last a malignant idea occurred to his morbidly and curiously working mind. He would cast all this pitch and defilement upon another's head. Some one else should shiver with the disgust of it. But who? The inspiration came from Tartarus. He indorsed the checks, to the value of nearly two thousand pounds, and paid them into the banking account of his nephew, Tommy Burgrave.

He would be as diabolically and defiledly wicked as you please, but the intermediary pitch he would not touch.

That was his attitude toward all the suggestions for wickedness laid before him by his three counselors. They, for their part, although they recognized great advantage in fostering the gloomy humor of their mad patron, began to be weary in evildoing. After they had taxed their invention for an attractive scheme of villainy they found that it either came within the tabooed category of crime or, by its lack of refinement, failed to commend itself to the sensitive scholar. They were at their wits' end. The only one to whose proposal Quixtus turned an attentive ear was Huckaby, who had suggested the heart-breaking expedition through the fashionable resorts of Europe. And, to the credit of Huckaby be it here mentioned, beyond certain fantastical and mocking suggestions—such as the devastation of old women's wards in workhouses by means of an anonymous Christmas gift of nitroglycerin plum puddings—this was the only serious proposal he submitted.

Anxious, however, lest the idea should lose its attraction, he urged Quixtus to start immediately. It is not every day that a down-at-heel wastrel has the opportunity of luxurious foreign travel, to say nothing of the humorous object of this particular excursion. But Quixtus very sensibly pointed out to his eager follower that the fashionable resorts of Europe—save the great capitals—are empty during the months of May and June, and that it would be much better to postpone their journey until August filled them with the thousand women waiting to have their hearts broken.

Vandermeer, unemployed since his embassy to Tommy Burgrave, unsuccessful in his suggestions and envious of Billiter and Huckaby, at last hit upon an ingenious idea. He brought Quixtus a dirty letter. It ran:

Dear Mr. Vandermeer: You, who were an old friend of my husband in our better days and know how valiantly I have struggled to keep the home together—can't you help me now? I am ill in bed; my children are starving. The little ones are lying now even too weak to cry out for bread. It would break a wolf's heart to see them. If you can't help me—for I know how things are with you—can't you bring my case before your rich friend, Mr. Quixtus, of whose kindness and generosity you have so often spoken?

Yours sincerely,
EMILY WELLGOOD.

It bore the address: "2, Transiter Street, Clerkenwell Road, N. W."

"Why do you bring me this?" asked Quixtus as soon as he had read it.

"I am satisfying my own conscience so far as Mrs. Wellgood is concerned," replied Vandermeer, "and at the same time giving you an opportunity of being wicked. It's a genuine case. You can let them die of starvation."

Quixtus leaned back in his chair and gave the matter his consideration. Vandermeer had interrupted him in the midst of a paper that he was writing to controvert a new theory as to the juxtaposition of the paleolithic and neolithic tombs at Solutré, and he required time to fetch back his mind from the Quaternary Age to the present day. The prospect of a whole family perishing of hunger by an act of his will pleased his fancy.

(Continued on Page 41)

Quixtus Sat on a Wooden Chair at the Back of the Grandstand Reading a Duodecimo Edition of Saint Augustine's Confessions

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 24, 1911

What the Sherman Act Has Done

THE anti-trust act of 1890 reads: "Every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade, is illegal." Deciding the trans-Missouri freight case in 1896, the Supreme Court said: "The plain and ordinary meaning of such language is not limited to that kind of contract which is in unreasonable restraint of trade; but all contracts are included and no exception or limitation can be added without placing in the act that which was omitted by Congress. . . . In other words, we are asked to read into the act by way of judicial legislation an exception that is not placed there by the lawmaking branch of the Government. . . . This we cannot and ought not to do." If the act were to apply only to unreasonable restraints of trade, the court added, "Congress is the body to amend it, and not this court by a process of judicial legislation wholly unjustifiable."

Fifteen years passed, during which Congress refused to amend the act; but in deciding the Standard Oil case the court did read in the word "unreasonable"—thereby, as Justice Harlan says, not only reversing its former decision but practically amending the act by judicial legislation.

This, then, is one thing the Sherman act has accomplished—caused the Supreme Court to reverse itself and to exercise a legislative function that belongs to Congress. It has also assisted powerfully in the matter of flooding Wall Street with watered stock. The device of a New Jersey holding company was resorted to primarily in order to circumvent the anti-trust law, and vast issues of watered stock have been the most conspicuous by-product of that device. If we had had in the last twenty years an intelligent law permitting and regulating industrial combinations—instead of this Sherman act, which merely prohibited such combinations—hundreds of millions of dollars of watered stock would never have been issued.

And in twenty years this prohibitory Sherman act has not checked the growth of a solitary industrial combination theretofore formed; nor in a solitary instance has it prevented the formation of a new combination. The Supreme Court decisions in the Oil and Tobacco cases hold out no promise whatever of effectual prohibition of, or control over, industrial combinations. Here and there such a combination, after several years of litigation, may be adjudged illegal and forced to reorganize; but the actual trust problem will not be touched until Congress passes new and intelligent legislation on the subject.

An Historical Enigma

"THE most vital of all questions in the early social history of England," observes Professor Ashley, "is still in dispute—namely, whether it began with a population of freemen or a population of serfs." He was speaking of the condition that the Normans found over a greater part of England—that is, the country divided into manors, each manor having a lord who owned the land, while all the rest of the people worked for him. How did it come about that all over England a hundred men were working for one man no larger than themselves?

We have the high authority of the Declaration of Independence that all men were created free and equal. The majority's fall from that happy state is usually explained on the theory that men of exceptional intelligence and ability gradually gained ascendency over the others. Probably, however, the typical lord of the manor at the Conquest was simply Fielding's Squire Western, minus seven centuries of civilization—if you can subtract seven from nothing.

Our own theory is that Britain was originally peopled with free and equal savages in strict accordance with the Declaration; but as agriculture slowly developed they were put to the crucial test of regular work. Then some savages began to shirk, drink, sit up nights and get into debt; they indulged themselves in oversleeping, in clothes and amusements they couldn't afford. They thus not only became serfs but fixed their descendants in that condition. We know the processes referred to will make a serf of a freeman in the twentieth century and handicap his immediate descendants. We don't see why they wouldn't have worked the same way in the early times.

Arbitration and Honor

IF NATIONS, as Mr. Roosevelt insists, should not submit to arbitration those questions that concern their honor, then the whole arbitration program might as well be thrown overboard; for, with nations as with individuals, honor, in this respect, is simply whatever you happen to feel like fighting about. Fighting-honor is merely a makeweight. The less justification for belligerence one can find in any other direction, the more heavily he draws upon honor to justify him; hence the rule that the worse the cause, the more deeply honor is involved and the more peremptorily it impels one to fight. No matter what barefaced villainy a nation or an individual may commit, it or he loses thereby nothing whatever of that honor which one must fight for instead of submitting to arbitration. Usually it is only for the sake of his honor that a white man sneaks up behind an unarmed person and murders him in cold blood—after which he is just as fightingly honorable as he was before. Having stolen Silesia, for example, by methods resembling a midnight raid upon a soporific neighbor's silverware, Prussia had just as much honor as before and must fight seven years in defense of it. Not only should questions of honor be submitted to arbitration, but any nation raising that question should be fined on the presumption that it was unable to find any solid ground upon which to base its claims.

The Democrats and Wool

WHETHER the Democrats stood for free raw wool, as a minority of the House caucus demanded, or for a reduction in the duty to twenty per cent ad valorem, as the majority decided, was not very material; nor is it material whether their bill cuts the duties on wool manufactures fifty-five per cent or only forty-five.

Schedule K was correctly described by Senator Aldrich as the "citadel of protection." With the exception of less than three years under Cleveland's second Administration, when the Democrats threw it out of gear with the Wilson act, it has been in operation very much as at present for more than forty years; and during all that time it has been one of the main pivots of the high protection.

Since the passage of the Dingley act the average duty on raw wool has been about fifty per cent and on wool manufactures more than ninety per cent. If the Democrats can cut these duties in half, and prune away the thicket of jokers which characterizes Schedule K above every other section of the tariff law, they will have done well enough. The "citadel" will then be a less insurmountable obstacle to tariff reform.

The Country's Stocking

IN WAYS that are easily traced, this country puts in its stocking over a billion dollars a year. The items consist of the average annual issue of municipal bonds, the bond issues by railroads, street railroads and other corporations that are listed on the New York Stock Exchange—excluding, however, refunding bonds that are put out to retire older issues—and loans on real estate by savings banks.

This represents mainly surplus income of persons who can by no means aspire to the "swollen fortune" class: it is an incomplete index to the steady thrift of the country. The average return to owners of this capital probably does not exceed four per cent. Last year the railroads issued and sold at par, or above, two hundred and sixty millions of new stock, a considerable part of which also was absorbed by capital of the sort referred to above. The stocking is steadily enriched also in many ways that are not easily traceable—as by individual loans on real estate, investments in unlisted securities, accretions of interest-bearing bank deposits. In the last three years more than two and a half billions of railroad bonds have been sold on the Stock Exchange; and this in part represents investments in old bond issues by persons of moderate means.

The average annual investible savings of France—the country of thrift par excellence—are estimated at rather under half a billion dollars. Our annual investible savings appear to run much above that figure. This is the capital that really finances the country, the fund from which permanent extensions and improvements are made; and it is often not taken into account at all when conservative statesmen talk about how this or that measure will affect "capital"—by which term they really mean the big manipulators of capital, for whom the modest four per cent or so which the owners of capital receive has no attraction.

How to Stop a Panic

THE testimony of the chairman of the Steel Corporation, before a committee of the House, reminds us that in the interests of historical accuracy it ought to be settled whether Mr. Morgan stopped the panic of 1907 by advising the banks to pretend to loan some money which they didn't have, or by advising the Steel Corporation to relieve the monetary tension by swapping some of its second-mortgage bonds for the stock of one of its principal competitors. It was money that Wall Street was short of in that crisis, and not stocks and bonds. Of the latter it had, indeed, a quite superabundant supply. So when the Steel Corporation told the President that it had to purchase the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company—paying the entire purchase price in its second-mortgage bonds and not a dollar in money—in order to stop the panic, we suspect that it was acting like a bad trust and unduly befogging the light of reason which burned in the President's intellect. Whether or not Mr. Roosevelt's intellect is an instrumentality of interstate commerce, so that this unreasonable restraint upon it would make the trust amenable to the court's condemnation, we cannot decide. All these questions ought to be cleared up, and also the further question: Why didn't the panic stop when Mr. Morgan stopped it?

A Logical Inference

A RULE of the Senate provides: "No Senator in debate shall, directly or indirectly, by any form of words impute to another Senator or to other Senators any conduct or motive unworthy or unbecoming a Senator."

At the last session of Congress and during this extra session a considerable part of the Senate's time was devoted to debating the question whether the election to that body of the junior Senator from Illinois was procured by bribery.

Answering a question by Senator Cummins the other day, the presiding officer held that if a Senator, in debating this subject, should declare his conviction that the junior member from Illinois had guilty knowledge of, and guilty participation in, bribery and corruption, the Senator would not be violating the rule above quoted.

The only conclusion we are able to reach is that, under the rules of the Senate, bribery is not conduct unworthy or unbecoming a Senator.

A little while before that several Senators indulged in a learned debate—occupying several columns of the Congressional Record—concerning the price of cows in various localities. The only result of this debate was to prove that none of the debaters had any exact knowledge on the subject. A common effect of "senatorial courtesy" is that any member may disclose at large how little he happens to know of any subject that chances to pop into his head.

The Merciful Man of Today

TO ENGINEERS, automobile contests of speed and endurance may be useful in the way of revealing defects and suggesting improvements; but to thousands and thousands of persons in this country details of such contests are unavoidably painful. The bare notion of slamming a brand-new tire over a vitrified-brick track at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour provokes a shudder which gooseflesh es the Atlantic seaboard, passes over the Mississippi Valley and dies away only in the gasless reaches of the Pacific. The thought of all the loose connecting rods, cracked spark plugs, short circuits and sprung axles that must accumulate in such a contest presents itself to the sensitive mind as a kind of waking nightmare.

Many so-called automobilists are perfectly callous to these things, not because they are brutal by nature, but because they have never sustained intimate and tender relations with their machines. They leave everything to a chauffeur. The pants, groans, gasps and squeals of an abused engine mean no more to them than the sufferings of Cortez' horses did to the Aztecs, who had never before seen a horse. They will permit a beautifully washed and burnished car to run through a mudpuddle with the same indifference that a prodigal son displays in spending money he doesn't know how to earn.

How different from this is the real autoist, who would no more send his clean car into a mudpuddle—if he could help it—than a fond mother would send thither little Tommy in his Sunday clothes! To him, "engine trouble" is like sickness in the family, and he can scarcely contemplate even a sand blister with dry eyes. We expect there will shortly be a national society for the prevention of cruelty to gasoline wagons.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

As We See Ourselves

DEPRIVED, quite mercifully, of the power of seeing ourselves as others see us, we still retain the consolation of seeing ourselves as we see ourselves which, in various circumstances, helps some.

At that, the extreme clarity of vision that enables us to diagnose our own dispositions and the dispositions destiny has made of us in exact accordance with the facts is given to few. Most of the race, when estimating personal attributes, err on the side of compliment and congratulation. We think we are better and bigger and braver than we are really. We are puffed up, mistaken in detail, dishonest in deduction. We are no stern critics of ourselves, but pleasant backpatters, rarely getting at the personal truth.

Bearing this in mind, how refreshing it is to stumble across a man who knows himself; a man who appreciates himself at his real worth, who sizes up himself as he is, who modestly but comprehensively sets down his intimate attributes as he has found them, so all the world may see; a man who is under no delusions, who has studied himself, and who, without waste of language or striving for effect, says: "Have a look! This is myself as observed by myself. Here I am, gentlemen—a pretty smooth piece of work, as you will observe."

Modesty and greatness go hand in hand. Quibblers may say every modest man is not a great man, nor is every great man modest; but neither claim proves anything, for to be truly modest is to be great and to be truly great is to be modest. And, out of the welter of biographical detail in the Congressional Directory, which records, in its first hundred-and-odd pages, such facts concerning the lives and achievements of the distinguished statesmen and patriots who go to make up our Congress as those statesmen and patriots think should be confided to an eager world, there looms at this writing an autobiographical statement that marks its writer as one of those few but favored mortals who have adequate conceptions of themselves; who reads himself as an open book and, having read, sets down his reading, to the shame of others who undoubtedly, having something to conceal, merely recite their ages, birthplaces and the dates of their elections to Congress.

I call your attention to the Honorable Adam Littlepage, Representative in Congress from the Third District of West Virginia, which comprises the counties of Clay, Fayette, Greenbrier, Kanawha, Monroe, Nicholas, Pocahontas, Summers, Upshur and Webster, of some considerable territorial extent and having at the time of the last census a population of two hundred and fifty-eight thousand six hundred and forty-nine, including Mr. Littlepage himself, who surely must count for at least a dozen. Here is a man who knows about himself and who, knowing, inscribes on the imperishable pages of this official volume those salient circumstances of his career that shall forever serve as a guide to struggling youth—a beacon for the young as well as an illumination for Mr. Littlepage himself that shall not fade away.

Here Is a Man Who Knows About Himself

Beams From a Beacon Light

IT IS well that this is so. Possibly, if Mr. Littlepage had not written thus of himself, none other would have so written and we should have been in darkness concerning his own clear, unprejudiced estimate of himself, which must inevitably be the mature judgment of the historian. Writing of himself, Mr. Littlepage informs us that his first name is Adam and his second name Brown. He was born in West Virginia in 1859 and his father was killed in a duel in 1862, leaving a fortune. The armies of the North and South confiscated everything but the land of the paternal farm and one stone house, which fortunately would not burn, and reduced the family to want.

"Adam," says Adam, "was the youngest of five boys." He gives us no account of the making, but contents himself with the statement: "He is a selfmade man, has been a hard student and faithful worker all his life; a consistent Democrat, never wavering in his political convictions." His faithful work brought him a lucrative law practice in Charleston, and his unwavering Democracy brought him to the State Senate in 1906, although the district was largely Republican. He served four years in the Senate, making, as he says himself, "a fine record."

In 1910, although he was in another state at the time trying a law case, he was nominated for Congress against Joe Gaines, regarding the nomination as a party call. At this point in his autobiography we begin to discover the real Littlepage—the Littlepage who dragged the colors of the militant Joe Gaines in the dust. How could it have been otherwise? for, as Mr. Littlepage writes, "in that campaign Mr. Littlepage made one hundred and three speeches—sometimes three speeches a day—and waged the most determined contest that has ever been witnessed in West Virginia." A hundred and three speeches—and sometimes three speeches a day! It is a wonder Joe Gaines got any votes at all.

All this is merely preliminary. Having set down these achievements, Mr. Littlepage then becomes entirely introspective and tells us about himself exactly as he conceives himself to be—and a kindly and flattering showing he makes, albeit not an exaggeration creeps in; nor can there be found any of that egoism that is the bane of these blatant days. Simply and sincerely Mr. Littlepage recites his own virtues out of the fullness of his self-knowledge and his self-appreciation. His is a very wealthy district, he says, and then: "Mr. Littlepage stands very high as a lawyer and a citizen throughout his district and state."

Having established his position, Mr. Littlepage lets us into a political secret that is important. It seems he was defeated two years ago in the convention by the Honorable Lewis Bennett for the nomination for governor. He cherishes no rancor over this defeat, but points out that the subsequent defeat of Mr. Bennett at the polls might have been averted had the convention acted more wisely; for he says: "The sentiment is now prevailing throughout the state that had Mr. Littlepage been nominated he would have been elected." The regret, as can be seen, is not personal. It merely voices the sentiment in the state that the Democratic convention did not choose more wisely, especially as Mr. Littlepage was willing to be the standard-bearer.

And just what the Democrats of West Virginia missed, and especially those Democrats in that convention who voted for Bennett instead of Littlepage, follows immediately. Although Mr. Littlepage does not say so, he lets it be known that if those Bennett Democrats had voted for him theirs would have been the reward. "He bears the reputation of being a very grateful man," he says of himself—"never forgetting a kindness, faithful in his friendships and thoroughly reliable." That is likely to give those West Virginians pause when they find it out. Mr. Littlepage would have taken care of them had they made him governor—that is certain.

The closing sentences of his autobiography round out Mr. Littlepage's most appreciative sketch of himself in a pleasant and illuminating manner. I quote the passage in its chaste but discerning simplicity: "He stands for the under man in life. Works hard, late and early as a Congressman, and is reflecting credit on the country by his manly, conservative and wise course in Washington as Representative of all the people. He is a patriotic man of ability and has fine qualities of mind and heart."

Thus we see Adam Brown Littlepage as limned by Adam Brown Littlepage; thus is a grateful, faithful, industrious, manly, conservative, wise, patriotic and able West Virginian, of fine qualities of mind and heart, discovered to us—and by himself, the man who knows. Of course when he wrote the sketch he hadn't served a minute in Congress; but he knew—he knew! Grown a bit cynical, mayhap, over the constant exploitation of self by self by men in public life, these tolerant annals of Adam Brown Littlepage by Adam Brown Littlepage must excite our admiration and command our attention. Reflecting credit on the country, he is no less reflecting credit on himself. A good reflector, I should say, of fine qualities of mind and heart.

Nor is he unappreciated; for we find in the Congressional Record of May ninth a speech Mr. Littlepage delivered in the House on May fifth, on the subject of the farmers' free list, he having withheld the speech for revision for four days. A hard worker, as Mr. Littlepage truly said of himself, for we find in the speech, occupying three printed pages, no less than thirty-eight places where Mr. Littlepage was able to put in, while revising the speech, bracketed evidences of approval, ranging from the simple "Applause!" to "Long and tumultuous applause!"—no small task, I assure you.

Sidetracked

COLONEL JOHN H. CARROLL, the Burlington railroad lawyer, was in Washington last winter and, needing the services of a man to travel with him in his private car, hired a good-looking and well-recommended young fellow from Virginia whom he happened to meet.

The man's name was Gilbert, and he never had been on a railroad train except to come up from his Virginia home to Washington. He traveled with the colonel back and forth between Washington and New York, New York and Chicago, and Chicago and St. Louis, and rode a good deal on the observation end of the car. All the roads the car went over were two-track or four-track roads.

Not long ago the colonel had his car switched off on a sidetrack road in Ohio during the night. When Colonel Carroll awoke in the morning and went out to the observation end of the car he found Gilbert contemplating the single track with much interest.

"Colonel," he said, "this here railroad seems to run only one way. How are we goin' to git back?"

Wells at the Well

ORT WELLS, traveling comrade of George Ade, made his fortune as a broker in Chicago. After he had got enough money he quit and announced that he never intended to do another stroke of work as long as he lived.

Recently Wells was visiting Ade at Ade's farm in Indiana.

"Ort," said Ade, "take that bucket and go out to the well and get a bucket of water."

Wells took the bucket, walked to the well, pumped the bucket full and walked back to the house, leaving the bucket standing by the curb.

"Where's the water?" asked Ade.

"Out there in the bucket."

"Why didn't you bring it in?"

"No, sir!" said Wells. "Not on your life! I was willing to take the bucket out and fill it, but I'll never bring it in. It's exercise to fill it, but to tote it back is work. Go and get it yourself if you want it!"

The Hall of Fame

¶ President Taft's official golf handicap is eighteen strokes.

¶ The first name of Representative Mays, of Florida, is Dannitte. He gets very angry if any person inadvertently writes it with two m's.

¶ Senator O'Gorman, of New York, got his autobiography in the Congressional Directory in six lines and a half, which is very modest for a new Senator.

¶ Representative Charles M. Stedman, of North Carolina, is one of the twelve soldiers who were engaged in the first battle of Bethel in 1861, and who surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.

¶ Representative William Kent, of California, is the richest Insurgent. He owns much property in Chicago and California, deals in cattle and real estate, and has large chunks of land in Nebraska, Nevada, Michigan, Kansas and North Carolina. He smokes a pipe.

"Yes, but it is!"

"BOUGHT at the grocer's; ready-prepared. Think of it!

"I wouldn't believe it any more than you do, until I tried it.

"I couldn't see how it was possible for a ready-prepared soup to be as good as home-made. But here it is:

Campbell's
TOMATO
SOUP

"Better than I could make if I took all day over it. Yet I have this all ready to serve in three minutes.

"Isn't it perfect? Look at the tempting *natural* color. Notice how fresh and spicy it tastes. And how rich it is!

"And it is just as pure and wholesome as it is delicious!

"Wouldn't I be foolish to bother with making tomato soup—to take all the time and trouble, and pay the retail price for materials when I can buy such soup as this?

"Why not enjoy it on *your* table, too?"

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

"'Twould be utter folly
If me and my dolly
On *Campbell's* fine diet
Were not fat and jolly."

The Autobiography of a Jailer

(Continued from Page 5)

home with me, unfettered, my triumph would be unparalleled and my stock would go bounding up in the eyes of both the prisoners and the authorities. Moreover, the story of my victory would not only be recounted locally but would find an audience in half of the jails and penitentiaries of the country by way of that mysterious underground channel that runs from one penal institution to another. I thought quickly and resolved to take him at his word and leave his wrists free.

Although the train was crowded—the exposition at St. Louis was in full swing at the time—I allowed him the liberty of passing through from car to car as suited his restless whims. Nothing happened to worry me in the least until we reached East St. Louis, his former home, where the tender associations of youth proved too much for him and he suggested blandly: "I'd like to step off here and get a drink. I'll be shoved in the prohibition district for a long time to come."

I feared the consequences of a refusal, but after a second's consideration I answered firmly: "No, I know what you're like now. I may not after you've a drink in you."

"I guess you're right," he replied at once, and there the matter ended. For the rest of the journey he was content to sit beside me and chat.

The next morning, when I stepped off the train with my companion and took him to the jail without manacles, all sorts of wild rumors immediately became current. There was one to the effect that I had doped my man, another that I had hypnotized him, a third that I had gone insane and that, in the goodness of his heart, he had taken pity on me and helped me to find my way back home. There was a fourth, too absurd to deserve repetition, that was a mixture of the other three. One and all of these, however, he himself corrected with the vigorous statement: "Rather than take advantage of him after the square deal he gave me, I would have lost two legs and an arm."

My success with men who supposedly were amenable to nothing except a treatment compounded of brute force and violence began to attract more and more attention in the big world outside the prison bars. I was talked about in the newspapers—not always favorably, however—and I was commended by the women's clubs, by the judges and by certain other influential and justice-loving citizens. And this feeling brought golden results, for when there was another change in administration the pressure of the powerful was brought to bear in my behalf on the new sheriff and I was made jailer-in-chief by him. Moreover—and this was greatly to my advantage—this sheriff was an eccentric politician: he preferred to make appointments according to ability and merit. The vagary was responsible for his untimely death—it killed him politically. He always has had one sincere mourner.

A Plot Confessed

I was now in a good position to test the value of the various reforms I had thought to inaugurate if ever I were given a free hand and absolute power over the institution I had been serving for several years in a subordinate capacity. Let me describe the conditions that led me to introduce the most radical of all the changes I made.

Long confinement, the complete surrender of all liberty of action and volition and the awful monotony of jail life result, naturally enough, in a morbid, brooding state of mind. From this state there springs the sufferer's discontent with no matter what may be done in his behalf—a suspicion of the kindest of motives that may underlie the efforts made for his welfare. Out of it, also, grows the mad resolve to use violence in an open revolt against the iron hand that has exacted strict obedience. If the prisoner is bold enough to stop at nothing, yet cautious enough to consider everything, inventive enough to plan and slowly perfect a scheme that he must be equally quick to execute, his restiveness will end at least in an attempted escape.

I hadn't been jailer very long before I learned by accident that there was a widespread conspiracy among my children in the house of bondage to fly from my roof. A number of files, saws and even firearms, I discovered, had been slipped to the leaders of the movement through a hole cut in the wires of the visitors' cage. I sent for the inventive mind that had planned this particular escape and told him what I had learned. He confessed his own share in the enterprise, but refused to reveal the names of any of the others connected directly or remotely with it. The methods of my predecessor under those circumstances would have been, I presume, to have the man beaten and mauled until he was ready to admit that loyalty to one's comrades is an old-fashioned and obsolete idea. But, in my case, I couldn't conscientiously knock out of a man's head ideas that I really approved of, so I merely told him that, out of self-protection, I should have to separate him in some obscure corner of the jail and proceed to learn the facts myself. This more humane attitude struck a responsive chord in his tough heart; he volunteered to compromise by bringing me the contraband if I would let him go back to his old cell and put no watch over him. The terms seemed about fair and so I accepted them. As good as his word, he appeared at the appointed time, looking for all the world like a plumber and a traveling arsenal.

"And now what are you going to do with me?" he asked, as he deposited the tools, weapons and ammunition on the desk of my office.

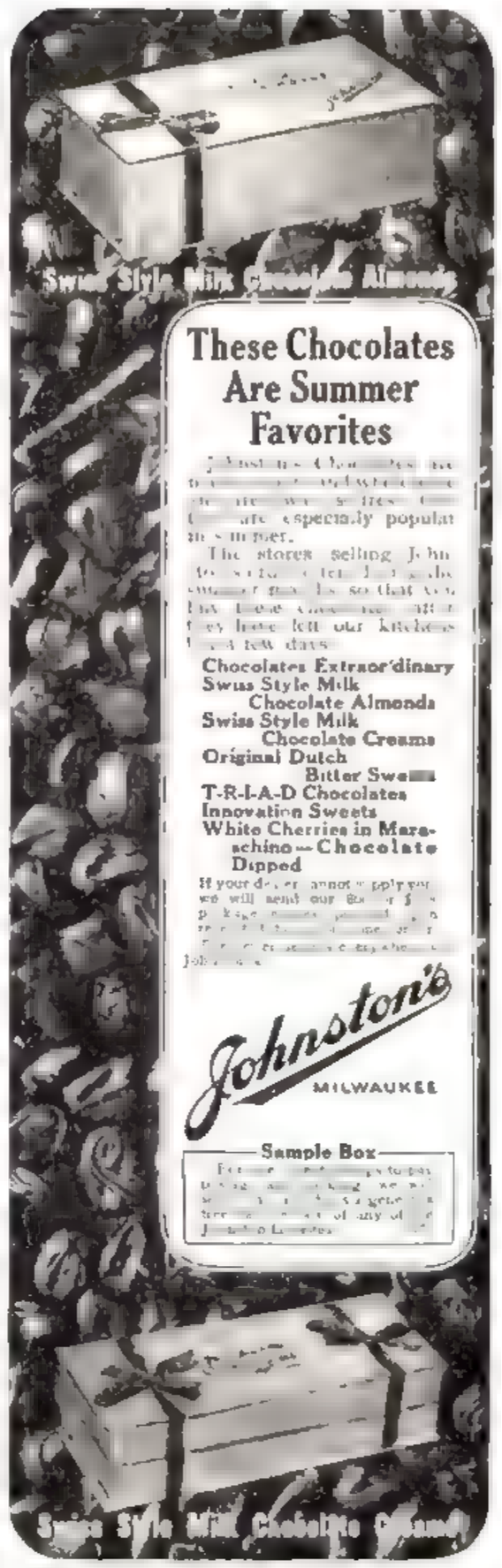
"Nothing," I answered. "You have proved to me that you are more worthy of trust than ever. When your trial comes nobody in court is going to know anything of your attempt to break out of here."

A Loyal Prisoner

"I didn't think any jailer could be as square as that, Mr. Latham," he said; and, still looking as if he were not quite convinced, he walked back to his cell. At the end of a few days he sent word that he wanted to see me. When I granted the interview he told me that, inasmuch as I had treated him so squarely, the other men who had had a hand in the plot would feel better if they were permitted to come to me and make a clean breast of their sins. Of course I was more than willing to hear their several confessions. One of these penitents, who was in the jail for many months afterward, became more loyal to me than any of my officers. When his trial came and he was convicted and sent to the penitentiary for four years I gave him a recommendation to the warden that won a "trusty's" job for him. Not once did he violate the confidence reposed in him; and this, he afterward assured me, was far less because faithlessness would have counted against him than because it might have reacted against me.

On public holidays the restlessness and dissatisfaction of which I speak are most pronounced, and the most reckless breaks for liberty are made when such occasions draw near. It is only natural that, at times when the world outside gives itself over to enjoyment and recreation, those immured behind the bars should by contrast find their confinement the more cruel and oppressive. Other jailers relieved this tension and made the holidays memorable by dividing the rations and multiplying the application of clubs and billies to the heads and shoulders of the malcontents. It was obviously their idea to cure the irritation by aggravating the causes of the disease. Reflection made me a convert to the notion that, if I could find a harmless outlet for natural impulses, I could do away with the symptoms by curing the disease. Accordingly, when the Fourth of July came around I induced six amateur musicians to give the prisoners a concert. There are those who may say that this was taking a mean advantage over the helpless. Indeed, one professional musician, locked up on the charge of theft, howled scornfully: "When those amateurs spiel I stay in my cell. If you force me to attend I'll prefer charges of cruelty against you. I don't have to put up with everything just because I'm a burglar."

But his case, needless to say, was exceptional. The great majority, hungry for amusement, for change, for a break in the dread monotony of their unnatural lives, welcomed the performance rapturously. In fact, several of the men came to me and, expressing a fear that order could not be maintained when the throng of malefactors filled the loft upstairs—I had turned it



A Real Cadillac Dress For the Doll

A reproduction in miniature of full sized Cadillac Garment—just to show you the beauty, the character, the sterling quality of garments for children, juniors and misses, bearing the Cadillac trade mark.

A beautiful dress reproduced in doll size, 12½ inches long, and packed in neat box, will be sent by mail

Post Paid For 25 Cents

Cadillac Garments are made in a light, well ventilated sanitary factory by well paid operators. Materials are imported, fast colors—Designs are right up to the minute and workmanship is just the kind you get at home. Ask your dealer if he sells Cadillac Garments—If he doesn't send direct. You can't afford to wait.

Style No. 730

Price $2.50.

Look for the Cadillac trade mark on every garment

Cadillac Garment Mfg. Co., 57 Farmer St., Detroit, Mich.

Best grade cedar canoe for $20

We sell direct, saving you $20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 113 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

No, nothing to sell. I have no old furniture—I keep it like new with Jap-a-lac

I USED to let you second-hand men buy it for about a tenth of its real value, take it to your workshops, brighten it up and re-sell it for almost as much as it cost me new.

But now I keep a few cans of Jap-a-lac in the house all the time and never let my furniture get into a run-down condition.

When I think of all the money I have thrown away in the past, just because I did not know about

JAP-A-LAC

Made in 18 Colors and Natural (Clear)

Renews Everything from Cellar to Garret

I get into a perfect temper.

No, this is not a new book-case, it is the very one you wanted to buy for five dollars last fall—the idea of offering me five dollars for a book-case which cost me fifty; I'm mighty glad that I didn't let you have it. All I had to do was to touch it up and it looks as spick and span as the first day I bought it.

When all women have learned as much about Jap-a-lac as I have, you second hand men will have to go into a different business.

Ask your dealer—anywhere

All sizes, 20c to $3.00; in Canada (Imperial Measure) 25c to $3.50

The Glidden Varnish Company

Cleveland, U. S. A. BRANCHES Toronto, Canada

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She Can See Him but He Can't See Her

Vudor Porch Shades give seclusion and privacy, permitting the free use of the porch as an outdoor room

Vudor Porch Shades

keep out the sun and glare, but let in the breeze and sufficient light for reading, sewing or games. They are made of wide strips of light wood firmly bound with strong seine twine. They are artistically stained with weather-proof colors in greens and browns. You can put them up in ten minutes *with only a screwdriver*, but they last for years. Vudor Porch Shades must not be confused with flimsy bamboo or imported screens. Vudor Porch Shades cost from $2.50 up, according to width, and a porch of ordinary size can be completely equipped with them at a cost of from $3.50 to $10.

Write for Beautiful Booklet in Colors

We will send you, free, upon receipt of a postal card request, the beautiful Vudor booklet fully describing and illustrating, in actual colors, Vudor Porch Shades and Vudor Hammocks. With the booklet we will send you name of dealer in your town.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION, 228 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

into a sort of hall—volunteered to help me squelch the unruly. I rejected their offers politely, saying that should there be any breach of discipline the entertainments would have to cease for all time to come. My words spread through the jail; and those who wished to preserve music for an imprisoned posterity threatened to break the necks of the more selfish if they raised the slightest disturbance. The affair was a model of decorum; the men entered and left the hall more quietly than the average throng of church-goers. And still I had been nervous throughout it all. A crowd of hold-up men, known as The Long and Short Gang, had just been confided to my keeping. One of the Shorts had taken the state's attorney into his confidence regarding the Longs, and the Longs had expressed themselves as not caring so much for the music as for the opportunity of making the Shorts dance and howl in time to it.

An Ingenious Revenge

The success of the concert being so complete, I decided to make entertainments a permanent feature. In the study of how this might be done best, I evolved the plan of seeking the coöperation of the prisoners themselves in arranging and diversifying the programs. To this end I called in consultation a man from each tier of cells. The amount of home talent we discovered was bewildering. One might have thought that genius was the chief cause of crime and that only the ordinary folk could keep out of jail. We held meetings of one kind and another twice each week, and the men formed themselves into an organization that they dubbed The Moral Improvement Association. Years afterward I was told by the author of the title that he had been arrested through the efforts of a society of the same name, and this was his way of getting even.

After The Moral Improvement Association had been running a while and proved its right to exist, I saw that I had been wasting certain of its by-products that could be made exceedingly valuable if shrewdly used. The pleasant hours passed in debate, recitations and entertainment always lured the members out of their surly, stubborn, antagonistic mood and put them in a receptive state of mind, in which they would be willing to listen to sound advice concerning the wisdom and practicability of reform and decency. This I turned to account by asking ministers of various denominations to address my charges and exhort them to lead better lives. None ever refused the invitation, although one gentleman of the cloth hesitated to speak when he learned that a vaudeville performance was to precede his talk. However, the trick banjoist and the comedian that preceded him put the audience in such good humor for listening to his sermon that the good man afterward expressed himself to me as almost favoring the adoption of vaudeville by the churches.

Often, for want of a better speaker, I addressed the prisoners myself on points that men more cultured and better educated but less acquainted with the needs of these unfortunates failed to touch. Nine-tenths of nearly all the arrested and sentenced will declare themselves the martyrs of injustice; but in reality there are only very few of them who do not in the secrecy of their hearts acknowledge their guilt. And this pretense of innocence is assumed not out of crude hypocrisy, but rather out of the desire to vindicate their stubborn resolve "to get even with society"—a favorite phrase—when once their term is served. This being so, it became apparent to me that if imprisonment were to be corrective I must uproot these misguided sentiments of revengefulness. I confined my poor powers of persuasion, therefore, to the single aim of trying to make the men see that their thirst for vengeance was founded on the mistaken notion that they were in duty bound to punish society for the wrong it had done them, rather than to make restitution after their release for the wrongs they themselves had perpetrated on the social whole.

However, if it is true that most of the guilty think themselves the victims of injustice, it does happen now and then that the convicted are really innocent. But only now and then, at intervals rare indeed. In the half of a lifetime that I have devoted to jails, penitentiaries and bridewells, only three or four cases of a serious miscarriage of justice have come under my personal observation. One of these, which may serve as a typical case, concerned a civil engineer. This man had, during a long illness, consumed his savings; and he had come to town, unacquainted and poverty-stricken, to seek work. Several railroads answered his applications for employment by letters, stating that they had investigated the references he had left with them and, having found them satisfactory, would notify him of the first vacancy. But the poor fellow's luck seemed to look on vacancies as Nature on a vacuum. He wandered the streets, hungry and dejected. At last, not knowing from where his next morsel of food was to come, he approached a policeman to ask what the community as such would do to relieve a man in his deplorable condition. "A great deal," answered the bluecoat, and he proved the assertion by promptly running him in. He was fined by a stupid justice of the peace for vagrancy and insulting an officer of the law, and he was sent to me for safekeeping. After hearing his story and convincing myself of its truth, I called on the president of one of the railroads and insisted that if a vacancy didn't exist for this engineer one should be created. Today he is a modestly successful and reasonably happy man.

I see that my discussion on the psychology of guilt and innocence has dragged me farther afield than I wanted to go. Let me stop right here to say that my efforts to open the doors to justice and kindness and to make out of my jail a corrective rather than a punitive institution did not escape ridicule and cutting criticism on the part of the public and the press. My own relatives and best friends came to me and begged me with tears in their eyes to stop what they called my tomfoolery and monkey business. Friendly politicians suggested that I retire before I was fired. But I paid attention to none of them, consoling myself with the reflection that I was doing pioneer work and must pay the penalty. Moreover, I was making a few converts as I went along. Results were gradually and surely speaking for themselves.

The Amateur Penologist

One of the most bitter antagonists of my policies was a country cousin, who, ever since I had been made jailer, had devoted all his spare time to the study of penology, so he could help me "make a success of it." He sent me long letters on how the jails were run in Russia, Spain and other advanced European countries, and he underscored such lines in the correspondence as referred to the restoration of the whipping-post, the treadmill and the stocks. He also spent hours praying that the bandage would be lifted from my eyes, so that I might see the evil of my ways in debauching the minds of the innocent with a saturnalia of vaudeville performances. The prayers and the letters having failed to move me, he at last determined to pay me a visit. He came and talked and talked, and finally, when I saw the impossibility of getting in a word sidewise, I arose and said: "Ed, I've got to go out; supposing you put on your hat and come with me."

"Not to a vaudeville show," he gasped expectantly.

"No, absolutely not," I answered.

Before he recovered from his disappointment I had him in the center of the downtown district, and within an hour I introduced him to four or five of my former patrons, who had become worthy citizens simply through turning their naturally good brains in the right direction. Each one of these in my cousin's presence acknowledged that his change of heart and mind was due to the good influence I and my methods had exerted over him.

"Well," grunted Ed on the way back, "it only goes to show what has been done in spite of those vaudeville shows of yours. Throw out their corrupting influence, put in their place the whipping-post, the stocks and ——"

I cut him short, but nevertheless he had the last word. A week or so later he sent me a marked copy of his home paper containing the personal notice: "Ed Whipple, our esteemed and learned townsman, last week visited his cousin, Burt Latham, the famous jailer, and reports that many of his advanced ideas concerning the management of penal institutions, of which Ed has made a profound study, will be adopted by Burt in the near future. Good work, Ed."

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers giving the experiences of a jailer. The second will appear in an early issue.

MISPLACED Manufacturers

6 BIG BUFFALO FACTS FOR YOU

Buffalo has grown so fast since its great Pan-American Exposition that very few people realize how vast a metropolis it is today.

There are now in the Buffalo District 700,000 people, so that Buffalo is one of the 25 great cities of the world.

There are 3,000 manufacturers in Buffalo, producing $600,000 worth of products a day.

Buffalo has the best possible power, with the absolute guarantee of continuance, from the greatest electrical development in the world.

It has more manufacturing capital than Berlin, more tonnage than Liverpool, and more paved streets than Paris.

Buffalo's location is supreme for assembling raw materials, and for reaching the best of domestic as well as foreign markets.

With 17 railroads and 10 steamship lines, Buffalo's traffic situation is strategic. Buffalo's waterways reach 17 States. The U. S. Government is spending over seven million dollars and the State over one hundred million in making Buffalo's transportation facilities even greater than now.

If you are not prospering as well as you should, why not

Move to Buffalo

and get your fair share of its Big Business?

Write for our new FACT-BOOK. It is free. Better still, come to Buffalo and let us show you more Big Buffalo Facts.

Chamber of Commerce and Manufacturers' Club, Buffalo

Be one of our million visitors this summer

Fill out and send the coupon printed below

Chamber of Commerce and M'f'rs' Club
Buffalo, N. Y.

Please mail to me (free) new FACT-BOOK.

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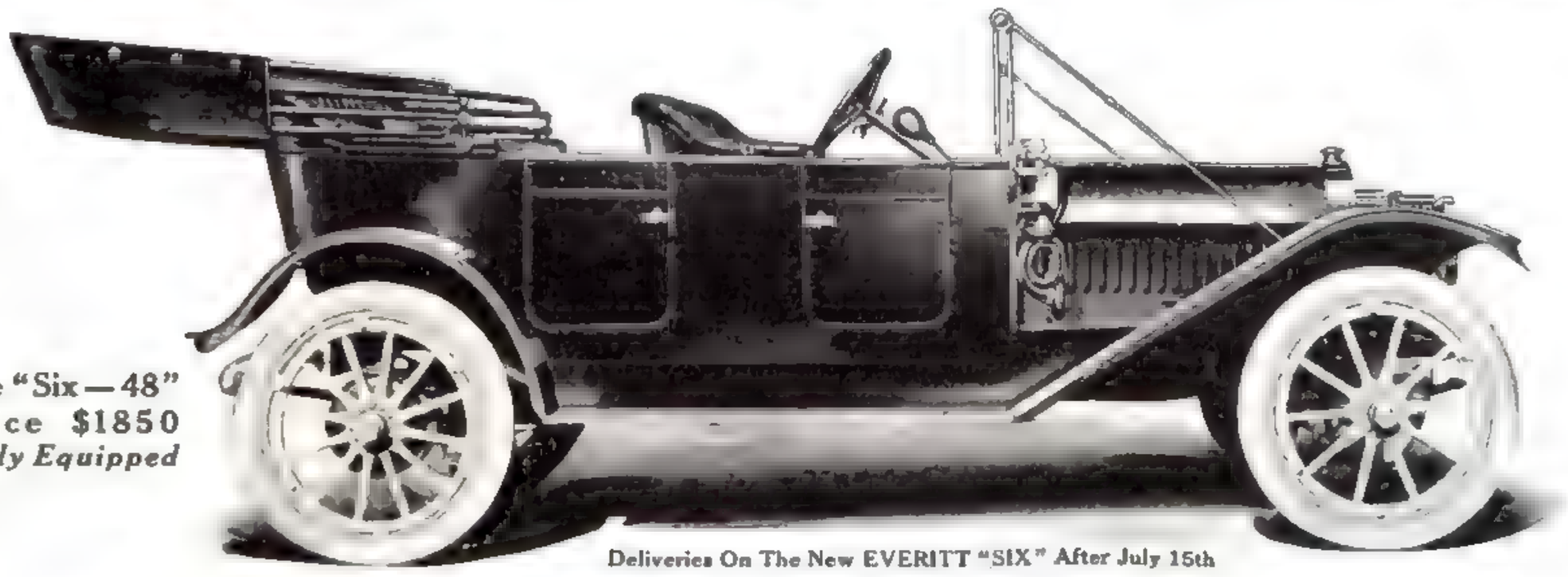
FIRST ANNOUNCEMENT

The Car that has Bridged the Gap betwee

Two Wonderful Models — a "Six" and a "Four" — of

This is more than a mere advertisement. It is a statement of astounding facts — absolutely true, and of a nature so remarkable that their publicity will startle the automobile world. ¶ For more than eleven years the builders of the Everitt have manufactured successful cars. Their names are famous wherever automobiles are known. Their cars — by the tens of thousands — are running today in every corner of the world; each new model a little better than the last, and nearer the t start. ¶ Two years ago "The Everitt" prominence in a moment. Of radica experience of three great makers ar throughout in a single factory by a "jigs and fixtures," this new car was i

THE 1912 SIX-CYLINDER EVERITT (6-Cylinder, 48 H. P.; Long-Stroke Motor; Chrome-Nickel Steel Throughout; 36 x 4 inch Tires; Demountable Rims; Cellular Radiator; 126½ inch Wheel Base; Top, Windshield and Speedometer Included; Dual Ignition; Manufactured Complete in One Factory.) **PRICE $1850**



The "Six — 48"
Price $1850
Fully Equipped

Deliveries On The New EVERITT "SIX" After July 15th

The Search for Perfection

In the planning of the New Everitt, price-consideration was eliminated. Master minds were centered on the finest automobile possible to build. Instructions were given to William Kelly — that dean of Automobile Engineers — to produce the very best that his great experience, judgment and ability knew.

Every good car of note was minutely examined. Desirable features, proven by years of test, were adapted to the new design. A hundred details were improved, strengthened, simplified. And yet not one untried experiment was considered; for this car could not afford a single feature of unproved value.

An ideal size was chosen — long enough for easy spring-action, compact enough for convenient handling. The motor — already a whirlwind of power and a marvel of simplicity — was given a full third more power, and refined improvement added where improvement had seemed impossible. Every minute detail of the Everitt was gone over again and again for possible betterment.

Then it was quickly seen that one more barrier separated this car from the $4,000 quality. Higher-grade steels were required. "We will use the best that money can buy" — was the decision. The steel-markets were searched; the finest alloys known to metallurgy were chosen. And so came into being the "All-Chrome-Nickel Car," the materials of whose making are to the ordinary, in strength and in value, *as three is to one.*

With the Everitt's extraordinary tire equipment, in comparison to its weight, the purchaser secures a freedom from tire troubles, and a far greater mileage than has heretofore been possible.

How Such a Car is Possible

To realize how such a car as the New Everitt is possible, one must fully understand the circumstances. These are personal business matters with us, applying peculiarly to the present situation, but there is no reason why you should not know them. The facts are these:

The most important detail of automobile manufacture by automatic machinery is what is called "auxiliary equipment." This includes the automatic machine tools themselves, the jigs and fixtures — and hundreds of various devices — all of them especially designed — which ensure microscopic accuracy to one-half a hair's breadth or even less. This equipment, in the Everitt factory, has cost us more than $250,000, and is standard.

This means that for nearly all the major operations of Everitt manufacture the tools are in place, adjusted and ready for immediate use without further expense or delay. So far as design, dimensions and methods of construction are concerned it is impossible to improve on the standard already set. Furthermore, this equipment has been entirely paid for by the profits on the cars we have already built. It is estimated that $50,000 will cover the cost of the additional equipment for the new models.

Thus it becomes evident that the problem of manufacturing the New Everitt has practically resolved itself into one of men, materials and labor, with a fair allowance for "overhead" and interest. Furthermore, by a splendid example of scientific management — in which experts have been employed at our factory for many months — waste has been eliminated, losses stopped and corners cut in every possible way. We believe that our expense of doing business is less than that of any other manufacturer building a comparable car. You begin to see now why the New Everitt is possible.

The First Chrome-Nickel Steel Car

The Marvelous Chrome-Nickel Steel

In looking about for some way to really improve the Everitt for 1912, we were forced to this conclusion:

The one great intrinsic difference between this car and the best $4000 car in the land was in the quality of its steel. Like other good automobile manufacturers, we had been using selected "open hearth" or "carbon steel." There is one thing better — immeasurably better — but far more costly, the price-ratio being about four to one. As compared with *common* automobile steel, its value is as six to one. And its name is famous — for it is nothing less than "Chrome-Nickel" Steel.

If you are not familiar with this alloy, any good engineer will tell its unparalleled properties, how it indemnitely resists crystallization, and has breaking and breaking limits of three times over ordinary steels, how in an automobile, it is practically unbreakable and unwearable. Everyone knows, of course, that it has been adopted by the American, British and German governments for battleship armor and high-powered rifles, as the only known material capable of resisting the shock of modern projectiles.

Conceive if you can what it *means* to a car to be manufactured throughout, like the New Everitt, of this peerless steel! To have every shaft, every gear, every axle, every connecting-rod, every crank-pin, every propeller-shaft and every similar part of this well-nigh indestructible, unwearable material!

You see now what has been that the best of the high-priced cars not only *looked* good the first year, but *stayed* good. On the word of a great motor expert, no car in the world selling below

Send Today For Advance Catalog **Metzger Motor Car Co**

OF THE 1912 EVERITT

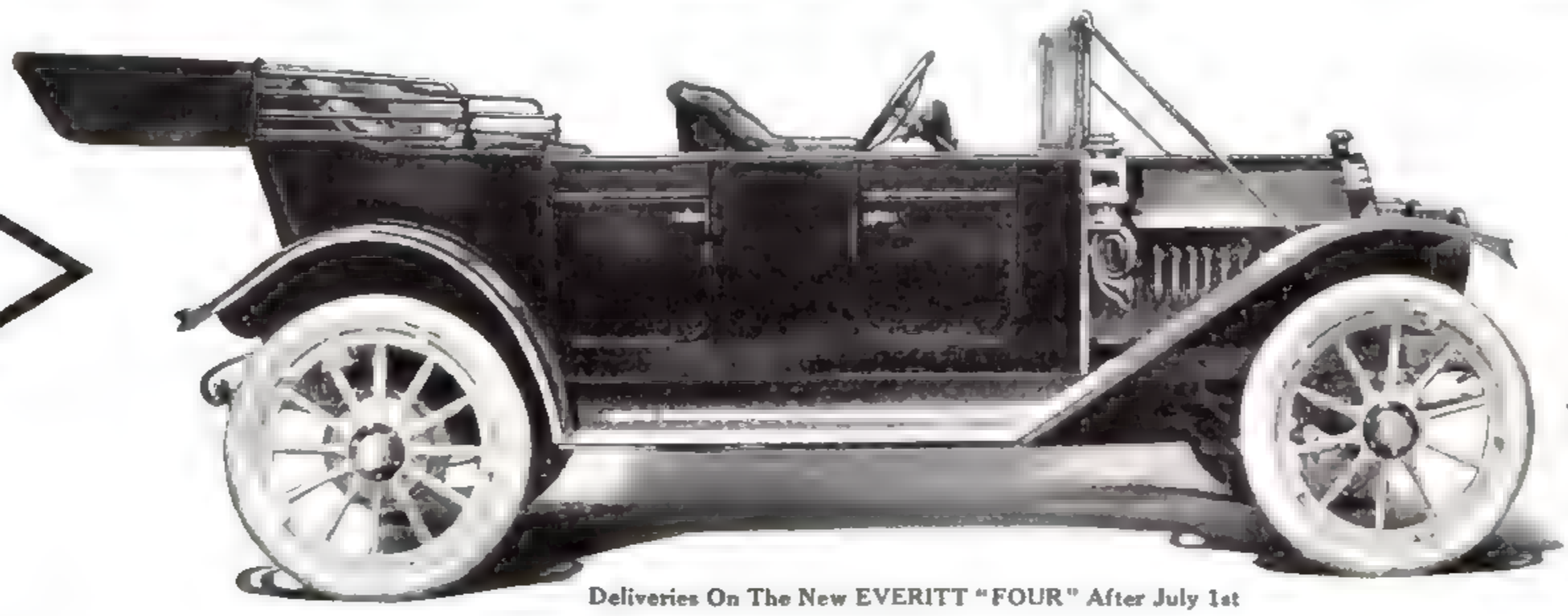
n the $1,500 Price and the $4,000 Quality

he Very Finest Materials and Construction Known

timate perfection sought from the as first brought out. It leaped into new design, its features the focused a hundred dealers, manufactured nderfully exact system of infallible tantly regarded, by men who knew, as one of the foremost cars of the day. ¶ In 1911 further great improvements were made. In the "New Everitt" was offered an intrinsic value impossible to excel in any $1500 car. But still the makers were not satisfied. The very finest automobile possible—regardless of price—was their ultimate goal. ¶ How this has been attained—and what is now available in this marvelous 1912 Everitt—we will try to tell you here in as simple language as we can.

THE 1912 FOUR-CYLINDER EVERITT (4-Cylinder, 36 H. P.; Long-Stroke Motor; Chrome-Nickel Steel Throughout, 34x4 inch Tires; Demountable Rims; Cellular Radiator; 115 inch Wheel Base; Top, Windshield and Speedometer Included; Dual Ignition; Manufactured Complete in One Factory.) **PRICE $1500**

ITT



The "Four—36"
Price $1500
Fully Equipped

Deliveries On The New EVERITT "FOUR" After July 1st

Ever Offered at a Moderate Price

3000 uses an amount of chrome-nickel steel equal to the Everitt. You see now how it is literally *true* that the Everitt is *The Car That Has Bridged the Gap Between the $1500 Price and the $4000 Quality.*"

The Everitt Six

The Six-Cylinder type is now regarded as the very highest development of automobile building. It has long been considered the special province of high-priced builders, just as a few years ago any car of more than two cylinders was thought to be impractical except at a high price. "Sixes" will be in great demand this coming year.

In the New Everitt Chrome-Nickel Six we present a car which has no competition below $3000. On it Mr. Kelly and his associates have spent the best of their time and study for more than a year. It is as thoroughly a designed car as it is a *manufactured* car. Its severe and long-continued factory road-trials have shown that it will prove an even greater success than the Everitt standard "Four," to which it is similar in many details.

No one who has ever driven a "Six" will question the remarkable flexibility, power and smoothness of operation offered in this type. Owing to the arrangement of the cylinders, there is an overlapping of power impulses between each revolution and a consequent production of energy as uninterrupted as the flow of water from a pipe.

There is no vibration in an Everitt Six, no need of gear-changing in traffic or on a hill, never any lack of speed or power for an emergency. Note the size, power and equipment of the Everitt Six. Never in the history of the automobile business has such a value been offered in any car.

The New "Everitt Four"

In the New Everitt Four is presented one of the most desirable medium-sized Touring Cars ever built at any price. A larger and more powerful car than the 1911 model, it represents the best ideas of keen engineers who have followed the trend of automobile development for eleven years.

No maker uses better materials or methods of construction than are found in the new Four and Six, for the best that money can buy goes into these cars. The Motor in the new Four—though rated as "36"—has shown 46 actual horsepower for a long continued brake test. The body lines of the new model have been greatly improved and beautified. Larger Tires and Demountable Rims have been added, and a Top, Windshield and Speedometer are all included in our standard equipment for 1912.

We have recently made notable additions to our factory organization, securing the best expert talent to be found in the industry with the one idea of perfecting the quality of the Everitt line to a point never before reached in automobile production. And yet the selling prices have been all but reduced in placing the 1912 Everitt models. We claim that the materials, design, construction and inspection of these cars are as perfect as skill and money can make them.

You are invited—urged—to compare the new Everitt "Four" and "Six" with what you consider the best cars of their type, regardless of cost.

The Everitt 30 for $1250

(Top and Windshield Included)

The success of the standard "Everitt 30" has been so marked that at the new price of $1250 this car is bound to be one of the big sensations of the season.

In appearance, size and power it will be practically unchanged, although a number of refinements and improvements have been introduced in the new model. By [illegible] made possible by changed conditions, however, it has been found possible to lower the price to $1250. This includes the Top and Windshield. There are few cars on the market selling at $1500 which offer the features of reliability, economy and service provided in the standard "Everitt 30."

At the new price of $1250 this car offers a value never before obtainable for anywhere near its cost.

Get Your Orders In Early

The Everitt factory is now booking orders for the 1912 models, these to be filled as fast as possible. Deliveries on the "New Four" will begin after July 1st and on the "New Six" after July 15th. Immediate action is necessary to reserve one of these models. Deliveries on the standard "Everitt 30" will also be made July 1st.

Advance literature is available and will be sent promptly on request. Please use the coupon.

In addition to the phenomenal values offered above, there will be incorporated in the new 1912 models still another startling innovation. Every well-posted automobile dealer in the country will be in possession of this information on July 1st. Watch for this announcement.

Every Everitt car carries with it the most liberal factory guarantee ever offered.

COUPON "A"

Metzger Motor Car Co., Detroit

Please send me your 1912 Advance Catalog, and name of nearest dealer

mpany, Detroit, Mich. Send Today For Advance Catalog

A NEW SANDWICH

CUT thin slices of fresh white bread. Spread them thinly with Underwood Deviled Ham. Close them together over crisp crinkly leaves of lettuce or green sprigs of fresh water cress. Then—Taste the Taste!

It's one of those hankering tastes that you can't seem to ever get enough of. For it's the taste of good boiled ham, flavored with salt and sugar and hickory smoke.

TASTE THE TASTE

We cook it *en casserole* to keep in all this delicious ham seasoning. Then we grind it up fine and mix it with the Underwood Deviled Dressing of mustard and 42 spices, and pass the taste right on to you in handy little cans that keep it ever fresh.

It's *not a packing house product*, but made in a clean, white, sunlit New England Kitchen. *Genuine* Deviled Ham bears the Underwood trade mark of the Little Red Devil.

Serve it at any meal, or for picnics, spreads, luncheons, etc. We'll give you dozens of recipes—omelets, croquettes, salads, sandwiches—in "Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News," our free book, if you'll send us your grocer's name. Or, for 15c and your grocer's name we'll send small can to try.

And while you're thinking of it, just get down your grocery list, and put on some Underwood Deviled Ham and some Underwood New England Sea Foods to order today.

William Underwood Company, 52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

Branded with the Little Red Devil

HOW'S BUSINESS AND WHY

LATELY a trade report said that "hogs and eggs are at the lowest price in years," also that "cotton has struck new high levels." Much less than six months ago hogs and eggs were at or near maximum prices, with cotton not far below the best. Thus it happens that in this country, at least, commodity prices are frequently inconsistent, are, in fact, very much mixed, and to that extent are typical of business conditions at the present time. Prices are out of harmony; and, broadly speaking, no two men will agree as to the real condition of business or trade. The declaration that trade is "very good" or "very bad" or in any of the intermediate stages depends upon the man with whom you talk.

There is a theory, fortified by forcible argument, that the easy and natural way to effect business recovery is to encourage consumption by adjusting prices to slackened demand; and it must certainly have been noticed how, at times, a concession in prices, after prolonged adherence to a high level, has induced consumers to stock up. Be that as it may, conditions in the steel industry approach more nearly what Mr. Carnegie was pleased to style the "pauper" condition than the "prince" condition, and the fact is unquestionably discouraging to people who conduct other lines of industry. That improvement is shown in certain business lines is a fact beyond question. How much of this is seasonal and the result of climatic changes and how much of it springs from the completion of readjustment of supply to demand is beyond saying.

Wall Street is given to assuming many things in this connection. It was manifest in early May—not to say earlier—that certain manipulators of stocks and their capitalistic friends were prepared, as soon as the United States Supreme Court should dispose of the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases, to make a demonstration in the share market. Sundry preliminary attempts had been made in the winter and spring to affect market prices by assuming that the decision in these cases would be favorable or unfavorable to business interests; and when the day for the decision actually drew near it was evidently determined that there should be a forward movement in the security markets. What it accomplished need not be pointed out here. The point to be noted is that, simultaneously with this movement in stocks, there was rumored improvement in sundry business lines, notably those of corporations whose securities were being made favorites with speculators. This movement in industrial shares was likewise attributed in some part to the interpretation given by Wall Street to the decision in the Standard Oil case. Mr. J. P. Morgan's characterization of the decision as "satisfactory," though rather ambiguous, carried great weight with Wall Street stock operators.

The Congestion of Orders

The opinion had obtained that general business had been held back in some part by the delay of the court in deciding these important anti-trust cases, and that the rendering of a satisfactory opinion in one of the cases should be the signal to proceed with the speculative movement in anticipation of the trade revival that would probably follow. More or less orders and contracts, said to have been held up by fear of seriously adverse finding in the anti-trust cases, have since been given out; but whether these in the aggregate will suffice to stimulate a general revival of business is open to question. It is good opinion that the readjustment of the relationship of supply to demand in prices and products, though possibly completed in some directions—as in the price of hogs and eggs, above alluded to—has not been carried far enough in other instances, as in the copper industry and the steel industry, for notable examples.

Interesting evidence relating to price readjustment is found in the foreign-trade exhibits of the country. The Government's latest estimate is that the value of the country's exports for the year to end on June 30, 1911, will cross the two-billion line, and exceed that of the previous fiscal year by about three hundred millions. The increase in the last reported month of this year, compared with the same month last year, was very satisfactory, while for ten months the excess over like months of the previous fiscal year was two hundred and sixty-eight millions. It is calculated, therefore, that the requisite thirty-two million dollars for bringing the excess for twelve months up to three hundred million dollars will be forthcoming. The chief causes of the gain in exports this year over last season have been the increase in the shipments of raw cotton and manufactures. It is worth remarking, further, that the average export price for cotton in the first ten months of the current fiscal year was the highest per pound for twenty-five years. The value of manufactures for use in manufacturing increased for ten months by twenty-five million dollars, while manufactures ready for consumption increased nearly seventy million; and there has been considerable gain in the exports of corn, meat and dairy products, export prices being such as to induce foreign buying.

Foreign Trade and Bank Clearings

The key to the gain in certain exports is probably to be sought in the diminished domestic consumption and consequent fall in price; while the gain in cotton exports, as above remarked, is to be credited to the high price, which arose from various causes, and notably to the prior crop deficiency and shortage of foreign mill supply. Favorable to the improvement in the balance of trade between this and other countries has been the rather steady decline in imports to this country. So considerable has this decrease been, while exports have increased, that there is an indicated excess of exports for the fiscal year of five hundred and forty million dollars—the third largest excess in the history of the country's export trade. Combining exports and imports, indications favor a probable trade for the fiscal year of rising thirty-five hundred million dollars, which will establish a new record for the country, moderately exceeding that of 1907.

Since there is no risk in saying that commodities, like money, seek the market that pays the best, the fact of large and increasing exports witnesses rather to an unfavorable state of business and trade at home than to a prosperous state. At the same time there is compensation in the thought that a foreign market is found for surplus home production, and that the wheels of industry can be kept moving to a fuller extent than would be possible except for this outlet for excess production.

Advices from different sections of the country indicate a spotted condition of business—the East reporting a considerable decline when comparison is made with last year, the South considerable improvement, and the rest of the country conditions about the same as last year. Though this is true as regards the different parts of the country viewed as sections, there is some revival of activity in particular localities and cities, due to crop conditions.

The very latest bank clearings at hand show fair gains in many cities compared with a year ago, the largest being 242 per cent at Macon, Georgia, 124 per cent at Lexington, Kentucky, 45 per cent at Augusta, Georgia, 29 per cent and 27 per cent at Cedar Rapids and Topeka, respectively, while the largest declines are 38 per cent at Salt Lake City, 35 per cent at Akron and 35 per cent at Billings. Such extreme variations probably reflect local and perhaps transitory conditions, and should not be received for anything like the value normally attached to the figures. The bank clearings of New York City are greatly augmented or diminished by the activity or absence of activity of the share market, and therefore it becomes necessary to review a large area and a period longer than a week or a month in arriving at a just conclusion as to the worth of bank clearings as a general business index. The latest published bank clearings, however, are considerably poorer than for the same month in 1910 and 1909, and are less than for almost any like month—except in 1908—back to 1904. Bank clearings for the broad range, therefore, indicate a decline in business.

The testimony regarding building construction as a business factor is in harmony with that of bank clearings, the latest building permits published being comparatively small. The troubles that beset the building industry are several, including chiefly the high cost of materials and the short hours and high cost of labor. There are other and serious difficulties in particular localities. Of the situation in Chicago a trade paper of that city says: "The labor situation in the building trades in Chicago is about as bad as it can be. The labor unions are at loggerheads one with another, and the completion of contracts is made impossible temporarily."

The labor problem is one of the most serious problems that confront the country, and with it is associated the wage problem. Given the surety of securing building materials, for example, and the possibility of ascertaining in advance the probable price of labor, there still remains the liability—if not likelihood of strikes being ordered for a trivial cause. A sympathetic strike may occur at any time and for reasons only remotely related to the building trade. This trade is mentioned as an example only. Every industry has its labor troubles, and they seem to multiply rather than diminish. How to deal with these troubles is something that the intelligence and enlightenment or statesmanship of the future and a just judiciary will have to determine.

In these troubles is to be found the cause for a certain paralysis of enterprise, and the situation is the more complicated because of the power of the laborer and the labor union in politics, and because of the chance that a distinct labor party may be organized in the country. Business men dread possible developments of the labor factor in the nation, and are deterred—probably more than is supposed—by the possibilities in that direction. Without taking sides with either laborers or manufacturers, it may be said here that business men receive nothing like the equivalent for the wages paid that they formerly received, and this is a fact of fundamental consequence in its effect upon business. However, there is no doubt of an ultimate happy solution of the grave labor problem, as of all other problems. It is a comforting philosophy that the world will solve all problems of its own raising, albeit the solution may not always come speedily or in the precise age in which the problem arises.

The Important Crop Factor

The crop factor is of immense consequence for its near influence upon business. It is trite to remark that out of the soil comes the bulk of prosperity. Whether this is literally true is immaterial. Agriculture is a business of the foremost importance, as was evidenced by the recognition given it in the organization of the Government. It was, perhaps, of larger relative importance in the earlier days of the nation than it is today. The dwindling exports of agricultural products and growing outflow of manufactures are eloquent in witnessing to this fact. Though the country may have less of these products to send abroad it should be observed that the estimated value of the crops from year to year is increasing, and new records in the volume of the crops in important instances are being made. It is not, then, debatable that the crop factor is among the greatest of factors affecting general business.

This is the season when great claims are made for the growing crops, and men are to be heard already telling how many bushels of wheat, both winter and spring, how many bushels of corn and how many bales of cotton will be harvested this year. These estimates mostly are made to serve speculative ends in the grain and security markets, where exaggeration in one direction or the other is common. The winter wheat harvest is now so near that an estimate of the probable crop can be made. As to the spring wheat variety, it is too early to venture a conservative opinion of the results of the threshing, while the estimates of the corn and cotton yields are wholly unwarranted by the present condition of the crops. These crops, however, will be farther advanced by next month, when we can more conservatively discuss them. Natural conditions of the soil, cultivation and the sequence of rain and sunshine are all to be reckoned with. The element of moisture is among the most important, and it is a serious fact that this country has been short of normal rainfall for eighteen months to two years.

Lately there have been irregular rains in the country, and operators in the speculative markets have been loudly claiming assurance of the crops and a complete relief from the drought. There is no doubt of the complete relief from the drought in the Northwestern section of the country, where rain has fallen heavily though not incessantly; but as to the rest of the United States there remains a considerably too large deficiency. The South and East have been complaining loudly of the lack of moisture and of growing weather. Truck farming in New England has been seriously delayed by untoward weather conditions, and replanting has been somewhat common; while pasturage, on which the dairy interests depend, has been very poor. Whatever hurts spring feed in pastures likewise shortens the hay crop, one of the most important in the dairy districts, East and West. A shortage of pasturage and of hay means a short supply of milk and dear prices to customers.

The value of occasional showers is apt to be overestimated, especially in speculative markets. Showers serve when nothing more is to be had; but they cannot fill the place of slow and continued rains—termed storms, in common parlance. Heavy showers may, in fact, do a great deal of damage. The winter-grown grains are close to the harvest and will not require very much more moisture; but as to other crops, their success or failure is largely a question of sunshine and moisture from this time forth. The winter wheat crop is progressing splendidly and should help business sentiment; but it will be many weeks—indeed, some months—before it will be possible to measure with any reasonable degree of accuracy the probable effect of the other crops in relation to general business.

In this talk on the business situation no mention has yet been made of the political and tariff revision factors. Both are very important, especially since 1912 will be a presidential election year. Attempted tariff revison is always disturbing. A presidential election is sometimes a deterrent and again a stimulant to business, usually the former. The question as to whether it will prove a deterrent or a stimulant next time since there is more than the ordinary chance that a change may occur in the political complexion of the national administration—will be discussed in a later article. These things should for this reason be reckoned with in seeking explanation of the somewhat lethargic condition of business in the United States.

Over the Northern border there is a more assuring business condition and different crop conditions. Canada is a virgin country, with a great influx of capital and free expenditure of money, which makes for prosperity beyond what happens in the older countries. Canada is gaining what the United States is losing—to wit, a host of farmers. Railway officials at Montreal say that forty-five thousand farmers are preparing to quit the United States to settle in Canada, and it is estimated that they will take with them in cash and otherwise twenty million dollars. Nearly two hundred trains are reported chartered on Northwestern United States railroads to convey the farmers and their effects to Canada. There can be no complaint of lack of business activity in a country favored by this influx of men and money.

Therefore, it will be seen that there are bright spots in the general business outlook of the United States and British America, and these may be—doubtless will be—enlarged and intensified as time passes. On the other hand, there has been no year for some time when conditions are so uncertain and when our readers should find it so important to keep in closest touch with the real situation. It is in view of this peculiar state of affairs that this new department has been opened, wherein each month's record and changes will be frankly discussed.

June Clams

JUNE is a happy month for clams. It is then that the mother clam, of the "soft" species so popular at clambakes, produces some millions of eggs, microscopic in size, which are thrown out upon the waters to take their chance of being fertilized. Only a small percentage of them are hatched, and of these but a relative few escape, as free-swimming larvæ, the many dangers to which they are exposed and obtain security at length by burrowing in the sand.

From this time on the survivors are pretty safe unless the clamdigger arrives—so long as the sand remains stationary. Sandbanks have a way of shifting, however, owing to tides and other such influences; and occasionally their bivalve tenants are wiped out wholesale by a big storm. Less than three years ago a populous clambank at Duxbury, Massachusetts, was laid utterly waste by a cataclysm of this kind, the luckless mollusks being smothered to death by eelgrass and sand.

Thus it has been found important, in the artificial planting of clams, to choose localities which afford as little prospect of shifting as possible. The soft clam dwells in a burrow of considerable depth—often as much as a foot and a half—and depends for food and oxygen supply upon an uninterrupted communication with the surface, maintained through the medium of its "neck," or siphon.

If this communication is cut off the clam is quickly asphyxiated.

The food of the soft clam, like that of the oyster, consists mainly of the microscopic vegetable organisms which scientists call "diatoms." Experiments have shown that the animal grows very rapidly under favoring conditions, gaining fifteen hundred per cent in weight during the first year.

Valuable data on the subject have been got together by the Rhode Island Fish Commission, which has already undertaken to farm the mollusks on a considerable scale.

To find out the rate of their development, large numbers of them were planted in beds carefully laid out for the purpose after being individually measured. Those planted in each bed were all of the same size, so that, when dug up a year later, their growth for the twelvemonth could be accurately ascertained.

Business and the Supreme Court Decision

By Charles G. Dawes

FORMERLY COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY

THE Supreme Court of the United States has held that contracts which unnecessarily and unduly restrict competition or unreasonably restrain interstate trade are prohibited by the Sherman Law. The question that immediately confronts the business man is—What constitutes a reasonable contract in restraint of trade that would not come under this prohibition? He cannot be certain of the reasonableness of a contract without a judicial determination of the question in each particular case. The business world, therefore, must still be in doubt, with this advantage only as compared with the past: that whereas, heretofore, under the strict reading of the statute, a business man was certainly a criminal if he made a contract in restraint of trade, he is now one only if the courts should say his contract was unreasonable after it was made.

What the business man wants is to know what kinds of contracts in restraint of trade are reasonable and what kinds are unreasonable before he makes them, and in this the decision does not materially help him. If dealers in meat, fruit, butter and other perishable commodities agree that they will not ship ten carloads a week to a community that can consume only five carloads, since by so doing they save the five extra carloads from being spoiled, which would have resulted in a loss to them—and in the long run to the community, which always pays the eventual cost of such waste—they might expect such a contract in restraint of trade to be held as reasonable. Yet might it not be attacked on the ground that, had the extra five cars not been diverted, the immediate effect of selling an over-supply competitively would have meant lower prices to the community for the time being, and that the agreement, therefore, was one to extort higher prices?

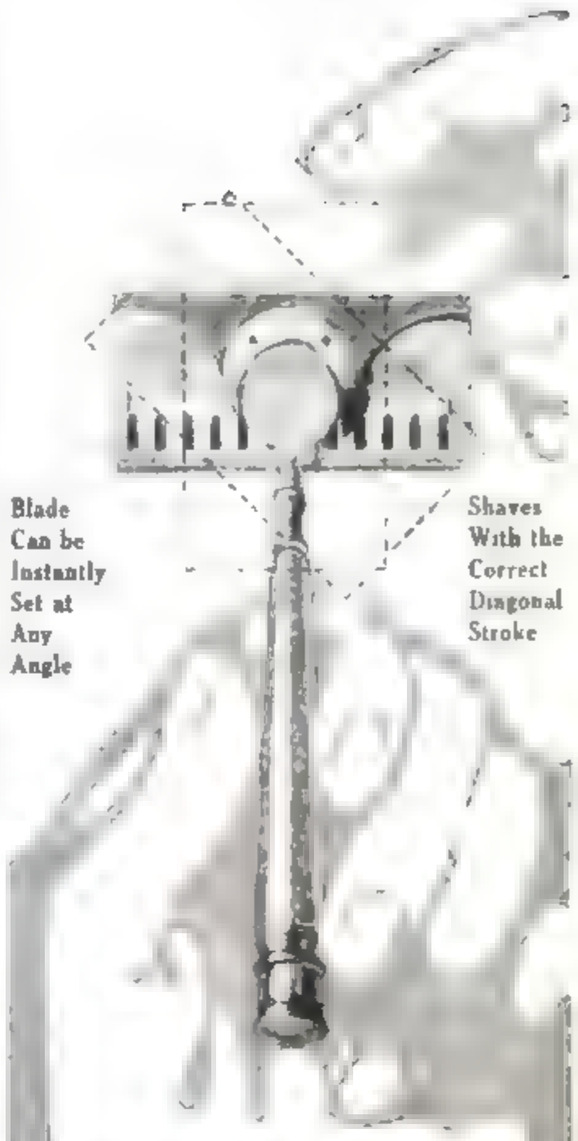
It is easy to understand that the making of such contracts still involves risk to the business community, for the courts might ascribe either a good or a bad intention to such contracts according to the standpoint from which the court viewed their results. A prudent and scrupulous business man is still in a quandary, for he wishes to take no risks of violating the law. In regard to offenses other than those against the Sherman Law our statutes governing business are reasonably specific. The truth is, we are in a transition state in business, and the managers of great industrial corporations are of necessity in a dangerous situation.

Take the case of the United States Steel Corporation, which is said to advocate the policy of stable prices and undoubtedly at times in the past has sold steel at a lower price than was justified by the demand and the general condition of business. It has been generally called a good trust while this was going on. It has, until very recently, maintained its prices, I understand, in a time of slack demand; and, in consequence, unquestionably lost considerable business to competitors. Suppose it should change its policy and, though still selling steel at a profit, reduce its price to the community to a point where many of its smaller competitors would have to close shop. Would it then be a bad trust? Suppose it maintains its prices until it commences to lose so much business that self-preservation compels it to go into the market and take the business at a price that, owing to the lesser cost of large production, enables it to outsell its competitors and drive them to the wall, will not such an action immediately place it, as a corporation, and its managers personally, in jeopardy, by raising the question as to whether its past absorption of plants was not for the purpose of crushing competition and establishing eventual monopoly? The truth is that the Supreme Court decision still leaves the country with its greatest question unsolved; and my own idea is that the plan of making the Sherman Anti-Trust Law effective as an agent of commercial and industrial reform is a mistaken one.

The test of reasonubleness leaves a wide discretion with the executive department of the Government in the instituting of suits. The operations of certain large corporations may be assumed to be within reasonable limits and the companies relieved of defending themselves against attack; whereas other corporations, assumed by the Administration to be acting unreasonably in restraint of trade, may be subjected to repeated suits. This would seem to imply an injustice as long as the distinction between reasonable and unreasonable restraint is so uncertain; and the situation continues to be a dangerous one, especially on account of the criminal penalties of the statute. The fixing of crime should be a matter of administrative duty and not of discretion. The solution of the question, if we depend on this law, must require an indefinite amount of litigation and an indefinite time.

Does not our hope for a satisfactory solution of the problem lie in the direction of the establishment by law of business tribunals, before which business men, desiring to make contracts in restraint of trade, can come and publicly submit proposed contracts? Such contracts could then be considered in relation to the public welfare and, if adjudged reasonable, be authorized, or, if considered unreasonable, be rejected.

With such tribunals, empowered to cancel such contracts upon complaint if after trial they proved harmful to the public contrary to the first opinion of the tribunal, surely we should be better protected as a people and as business men than we are today when, under the decision of our highest court, contracts in restraint of trade may be made at the risk of both the maker and the community. For today, if the contract be unreasonable, the community suffers until this contract is judicially checked, and the maker is left in doubt as to whether or not he is a lawbreaker until such adjudication.



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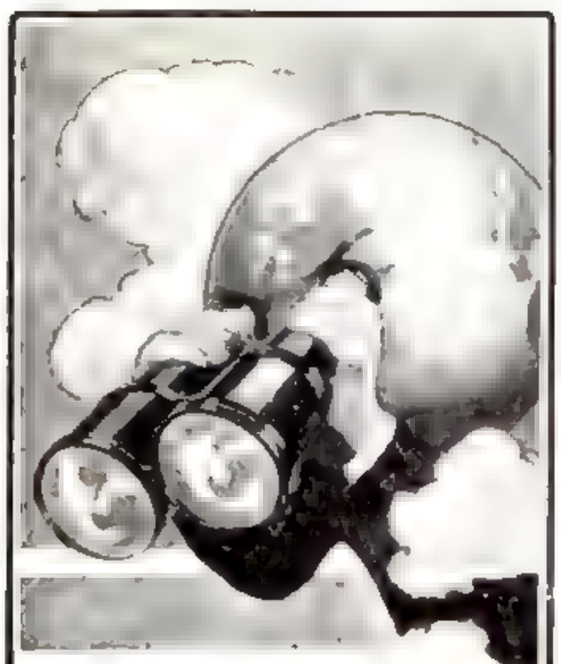

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The Senator's Secretary

THERE has recently come to hand an interesting and instructive brochure entitled Expenses of the National Monetary Commission, bearing the well-known imprint of the Government Printing Office and carrying on its title page the name of that sterling writer on financial affairs, Franklin MacVeagh, at present Secretary of the Treasury, as its author.

Authoring, in these days, is a universal trade; and the person who has not written a book or a story or an article is an oddity. Likewise, there are various reasons for authoring—and excuses. Some write for fame, some because of inspiration, some to instruct—and a few for money. It is apparent, however, that none of these reasons caused Mr. MacVeagh to take his pen in hand and write this pamphlet. He was not inspired, nor had he fame in mind. He wrote it because he had to. It was necessary. Had not the necessity been apparent, it is probable we should never have known what a really gifted and facile author Mr. MacVeagh is, for his annual reports must be statistical, and his speeches and monographs deal with dry and uninteresting subjects.

It was this way: On May eighth the House of Representatives, now in control of the Democrats, evinced a certain curiosity as to how much former Senator Aldrich's pet monetary commission was costing the people and embodied that curiosity in a resolution that requested Mr. MacVeagh to furnish the information, he having paid the vouchers for the commission for some years from June 5, 1908, to be exact, until the present time—but covering in his book the expenses to March 31, 1911, only; reserving the further expenditures for another volume. Thus urged, Mr. MacVeagh sat down and on May twelfth had completed his work, which he forwarded to the curious Democrats.

Currency for Currency Books

It is a fascinating volume—rather abrupt in style, undoubtedly, but with interest well sustained, an exciting plot, and characters sharply drawn. It is highly literary in tone, as most of it consists of descriptive references to authors and their compensation; and it displays a comprehensive grasp of world finance inasmuch as it refers to books treating of all countries and in all languages. Mr. MacVeagh is to be congratulated. His work shows individuality and strength. We may hope for other similar volumes from his pen as soon as the Democratic House gets its investigations in good working order.

We find, on reading the volume, that the National Monetary Commission is insatiable in its desire for information. It not only maintains a library, but it has employed a large force of writers to fill that library, thus extending an encouraging hand to literature and getting exactly the kind of a library it desired. Too many people, when fitting up a library, buy books that others have written without regard to especial conditions, hoping to find what is needed. Not so the National Monetary Commission. Needing a library, it did not go to the marts of trade for it. Instead, it hired its own authors and had its own books written, thus getting precisely the kind of books it wanted.

This literary feature of the work of the commission is, perhaps, the most interesting part of Mr. MacVeagh's book, although the stirring chapters relating to salaries and expenses are not without merit. In recapitulating the amount spent from June 5, 1908, to March 31, 1911, on the corps of authors it enlisted in its service, Mr. MacVeagh first shows that this literary work has cost $86,861.92, and that there has been a library expense of $8795.70 in addition, which must have put a good deal of unexpected but meritorious money in circulation in literary circles.

Nor were the authors compelled to do all their own authoring, as many are, but had clerical assistance and traveling expenses, and were, in general, very classy authors—no doubt deserving all they received. Glancing casually at Mr. MacVeagh's description of this magnificent library, we find, for example, that a neat little volume of three hundred and fifty-four pages on the absorbing subject, Statistics for Great Britain, Germany and France—1867-1908, was procured by the payment to Sir R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F. R. S., and some others, of $7265.27 for the authoring, $2666.38 for clerical assistance and one hundred and thirty-four dollars for translation making the volume cost $10,065.65 when completed.

Statistics for the United States came cheaper. These were compiled by A. Piatt Andrew, who apparently got nothing for being an author—apparently—but who paid for clerical assistance $4040.29; and there is a Special Report on the Banks of the United States for 1909, compiled by Charles A. Stewart, in ninety thrilling pages, which cost for clerical assistance $7254.96. Clerical assistance seems to have been extremely available, for we find in another chapter that, though Dr. David Kinley was paid $697.50 for writing The Use of Credit Instruments in Payments in the United States, he used $535.93 worth of clerks in his labors. Dr. Joseph French Johnson seems to have needed little assistance, for, though he was paid five hundred dollars for his work on The Canadian Banking System, his clerks cost him only seventy-five dollars; but the travel incident to the production of this work amounted to $403.40. Then, again, the author fares badly; for we find that E. Vidal, who contributed a monograph on The History and Methods of the Paris Bourse, received only a beggarly two hundred dollars for his work, though it cost $1666.45 to translate it.

The commission seems to have neglected various German and Italian authors, as the only expense connected with their works is for translation, except when some miscellaneous authors garnered $2088.65 for material that cost $1902.98 to translate. However, they were not so successful with Sweden. Thrifty folks, the Swedes! Mr. A. W. Flux has a work on The Swedish Banking System, and you can rest assured the commission didn't get that for nothing. Mr. Flux took over twelve hundred dollars for his work and $138.25 for travel. Not caring much for Belgian authors, Mr. Charles A. Conant, of this country, was employed to describe the National Bank of Belgium, and was given twenty-four hundred dollars for the work, together with $423.37 for clerical assistance and $30.95 for translation. The authors of Banking in Russia, Austro-Hungary, Holland and Japan got but $433.35 for their work, though the clerical assistance cost eight hundred and twenty-eight dollars and translation two hundred dollars.

An Artist-Statistician

Mr. A. Piatt Andrew appears as an artist too. He prepared some financial diagrams in color at an expense of three hundred and thirty-nine dollars, and $33.59 was paid for materials. In order that the busy commissioners might not be made to work too hard, summaries and digests of these works were prepared by Charles A. Conant and others at an expense of twenty-four hundred and eighty dollars, with two hundred and fifty dollars for clerical assistance. The versatile Mr. A. Piatt Andrew, who was special assistant and editor of publications, drew down $8366.66 for his labor in all fields.

Thus fortified—really more fortified than is apparent here, for these comments include but a small portion of the literary part of Mr. MacVeagh's work—the commission set about its labors in an intelligent manner, by meeting at Narragansett Pier, in July, 1909, at an expense of $3493.73, and by taking a jaunt abroad at an expense of $19,250.18. It engaged clerical assistance to the extent of $29,791.82; spent, all told, in traveling expenses $35,412.34, and in salaries for commissioners $43,750. The total expense, in the time written about by our author, was $207,130.48.

The National Monetary Commission was created by an act of Nelson W. Aldrich—that is to say, an act of Congress—on May 30, 1908. Its object was to reorganize and readjust the financial system of the United States. It was composed of eighteen members, originally—all but two or three—members of Congress. However, Mr. Aldrich is a crafty person and sees far into the future. He stipulated in his act that the salaries of civilians on the commission should be seventy-five hundred dollars a year, but that members of Congress should receive no other compensation than their Congressional salaries. "You never can tell," said Mr. Aldrich, "when some of the boys may fall by the wayside politically, and it will be a nice thing to have them on the salary list." Congress fixed it that way.

It has so fallen out that, of all the financial experts originally on that committee or recently added thereto, only Senators Burton and Bailey and Representatives Weeks, Padgett, Burgess, Pujo and Prince remain in Congress. The others are former members who, after their defeats or retirements, slid gracefully into the salary-drawing class and are now getting, with every evidence of satisfaction, their six hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. At the close of the last Congress, on March fourth, Senators Aldrich, Burrows, Hale, Money, Flint and Taliaferro, all highly qualified financial experts, began to draw their six hundred and twenty-five dollars a month from the commission instead of from the Senate and so did James McLachlan, who was in the House from California. The real fixtures on the commission, however, are former Senator Henry M. Teller, who has been getting his seventy-five hundred dollars a year for two years, and former Representative Bonynge, both of Colorado.

Back to the Pay Window

It is expected that some day the commission will report out a financial bill. It is not certain just when, for other books for the use of the commissioners are being written, and it is necessary to have much information before acting. Nothing can be done hastily in this matter. As Mr. MacVeagh shows, more than two years' time has been used in having a library written to order and in having that library summarized and digested. Probably it will take another two years to read it. Also, travel was necessary. Notwithstanding the scholarly publications in the library on the banking systems of the various European and Asiatic countries, personal inspection and first-hand information was desirable—and it was obtained, costing the mere bagatelle of $19,250.18. Travel broadens the viewpoint. Now there is Henry M. Teller, for example, who needed travel, for his last recorded financial conviction was expressed some years ago when he walked out of the Republican National Convention and declared himself immutably for the doctrine of the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one without the consent of any other nation on earth whatsoever. Like as not it took a good deal of travel and quite a lot of reading to bring Mr. Teller into accord with the well-known gold views of Mr. Aldrich.

As for the other experts on the commission, Senator Burton has written a book on finance. Mr. Burrows and Mr. Hale are well qualified, having been on the Government payrolls since boyhood and knowing the way to the disbursing officer's window; and there are various others who are equally well grounded. Though Mr. MacVeagh, in his little work, does not say so, he paves the way for the reader to form the conclusion that the commission is doing a great and an important work—also expensive; but Mr. MacVeagh, being a man of the highest integrity, could not leave that feature out of his book, no matter what the criticism of the Democrats of the House might be.

Mr. Aldrich, being accustomed to lead, is the leader of the commission both in his capacity as chairman and as financier. Indeed, it is not too much to say that Mr. Aldrich is the whole commission, except on payday, with the possible exception of A. Piatt Andrew. Mr. Andrew, it appears, gets three thousand dollars a year from the commission and five thousand dollars a year for acting as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Before he became an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury he was Director of the Mint. Mr. Andrew has the making of a great financier in him. Any man—of his youth—who can repose on two Government payrolls at one and the same time, surely ought to graduate into a New York bank, the haven of all young financiers who get the finishing touches on their educations in the Treasury Department and who can maintain their sources of information therein after they leave.

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Clothes fitted to you in the making by a good merchant tailor are bound to make you look and feel better than the man who is less fortunately dressed.

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INS AND OUTS OF MUNICIPAL BONDS

By Roger W. Babson

THE eminent founder of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Benjamin Franklin, is reported to have said on a prominent occasion something to the effect that "nothing in life is sure except death and taxes." According to some of the articles on municipal bonds that have been published in current periodicals, it would appear that Franklin committed a grave error when he failed to mention municipal bonds in the above statement. Surely municipal bonds are founded on taxes—so if taxes are sure municipals should be sure. How then do we account for the defalcations on municipal bonds that periodically take place? Certainly there is a loophole somewhere; and it is the purpose of this article to show where this loophole exists.

The word "municipal" comes from the word "municipality," which is a general term referring to a city, a town and possibly a county. Originally it was supposed to refer only to a city, but it is now a general term; and dealers are tending toward the practice of applying the name municipal bonds to all bonds that are not corporation bonds. Moreover, as every municipality is in reality simply a corporation, deriving its authority from a charter received from the state just like every other kind of corporation, municipal bonds might be called corporation bonds. However, there is one great theoretical difference—namely, that corporation bonds are dependent upon the earnings of a corporation, which may or may not be sufficient to pay the interest thereon; while municipal bonds are dependent only upon the taxes of the community, which may be increased to any amount necessary to pay the interest on any municipal bonds legally issued. Moreover, not only may these taxes be arbitrarily assessed but this assessment comes before the earnings of any corporation.

Public and Private Corporations

For instance, assume that you own one of the Boston Terminal Company first mortgage three-and-a-half-per-cent bonds, due February, 1947, secured by a first mortgage on the great South Station in Boston, Massachusetts. These bonds are issued by a corporation known as the Boston Terminal Company, the stock of which is owned by large railroad interests using the terminal. If these railroads fail to pay the interest on these bonds all that the bondholders need do is to foreclose their mortgage and take this terminal property, erecting thereon office buildings, apartment houses—or anything that may be desired. In other words, holders of these Boston Terminal bonds have an "absolute" first mortgage on this most valuable property in the heart of Boston, subject to one exception. This exception is that the holders of the City of Boston four-per-cent bonds theoretically have a prior lien on this great terminal property, as well as on all other property in the city of Boston; and if at any time the City of Boston should default on its own bonds, the holders thereof theoretically could unite and assess the Boston Terminal Company and all the owners of other Boston property for a sufficient amount to pay the principal and interest on the City of Boston bonds. Moreover, if the Boston Terminal Company should fail to pay such taxes and assessments, the Boston Terminal bondholders must voluntarily assess themselves for the payment of the principal and interest due the holders of the City of Boston bonds. So much for the difference between corporation bonds, which should properly be called "bonds of private corporations," and municipal bonds, which should properly be called "bonds of municipal corporations."

Like any private corporation, a municipality is obliged to borrow money. In making permanent improvements, such as building schools, erecting firehouses, purchasing land for streets, and many other purposes, a city is justified in borrowing money by selling bonds. Moreover, a city is justified in refunding certain of these bonds when they become due. For other purposes, such as paving, buying firehorses and making other purchases that rapidly depreciate, a city is also often justified in borrowing money for a short period of time; but in such cases the bonds should be serial bonds and arrangements should be made to pay up a portion of the principal each year from the regular tax budget as the bonds mature.

Every year there are about three hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of municipal bonds sold, and less than ten per cent of them are for refunding purposes. This means that about three hundred and fifteen million dollars of new money is borrowed every year by the municipalities of our country for municipal improvements; or, in other words, the total net indebtedness of our municipalities is increasing about three hundred and fifteen million dollars each year. The following table shows the various purposes for which municipal bonds are issued in an average year, and the average sum of money that goes to the different purposes:

		Ap
Water Supply	$50,000,000	15
Streets and Bridges	75,000,000	25
Sewers and Drainage	30,000,000	9
Schools and School Buildings	50,000,000	15
General Building	35,000,000	10
Parks and Museums	12,000,000	5
Lighting	8,000,000	2
Miscellaneous	30,000,000	10
Funding and Improvement	30,000,000	9
Total	$315,000,000	100

During the past few years municipal borrowing has greatly increased and it is a subject that deserves most careful consideration. Although I do not feel, as some bankers do, that our increased municipal indebtedness, expanding at such a rapid rate, will jeopard the safety of certain municipal issues, yet I do feel that it is a subject worthy of careful consideration; certainly the rate of increase should be diminished. In short, the sales for each year average about forty per cent increase over those of each preceding year, which is, of course, stupendous and worthy of the most careful thought. Personally I do not object to the amount so much as to the purposes of certain issues. In other words, I care not how much land a city buys for park purposes or for laying out new streets, or for additional water or sewerage purposes. For every dollar spent for such permanent improvements the city is five dollars better off.

Unwise City Financing

I do, however, strenuously object to bonds being sold to raise money for macadamizing roads, for removing snow, or for Fourth of July celebrations. Although theoretically such bonds are as good as bonds sold for any other purposes, yet the ultimate effect upon the financial situation—and especially upon the city—is vastly different. Of course, any abnormal increase in the issue of municipal bonds tends to depress the price thereof, and this is the reason why City of Boston bonds at times sell more cheaply than Boston Terminal bonds, although theoretically the former are much better. In practice, however, municipal bonds are not always better than high-grade corporation bonds. Although theoretically our homes can be sold to pay the bonds of our town, unhappy will be the men who attempt to do this; and bondholders know that holding the power is entirely different from being able to enforce it. Thus they are wary of cities and towns that are borrowing too heavily.

When a municipality desires to raise money for any of the above purposes a vote is passed by the aldermen and common council if it is a city, or the citizens if it is a town, authorizing the treasurer to borrow a certain amount of money at a certain rate for a certain length of time, for certain purposes. This means that the treasurer will have some bonds printed and sell them in the market by advertising for bids. If the treasurer is authorized to raise one hundred thousand dollars at four

Over ½ Million

THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY paid in 1910 over half a million dollars to its policy holders for accidents peculiar to the vacation season.

These enormous benefits, paid by this largest of all accident companies for vacation injuries, should impress you with the necessity of accident insurance.

Now is the time when many people are injured in hunting, boating, fishing, bicycling, baseball, golf, riding and driving, automobiling and travel. Every year one in eight of the population is injured, and one death in every ten is from accident. There are more people disabled every year in this country by accident than were killed and wounded in any year of the Civil War.

Such is the life we must live. Its density of population—its feverish activity—its desire for rapid transportation—its diversity and mechanical complexity—its increasing desire for hazardous sports, make protection by insurance an absolute necessity.

The benefits are so broad and the cost so small, that if a man does not carry accident insurance it is generally because he does not know the facts. Let us tell you how much insurance $25 a year will buy.

USE THIS COUPON

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How much accident insurance will $25 a year buy?

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6% BONDS

For Investing July Dividends

OR TO COMMENCE SYSTEMATIC SAVING

¶ These two forms in which the 6% Gold Bonds of the American Real Estate Company are issued—

6% COUPON BONDS
For those who wish to invest $100 or more

6% ACCUMULATIVE BONDS
For those who wish to save $25 or more a year

—offer to careful investors a time-tried and conservative plan to increase their income, or to place their savings where they will secure the greatest *safety*, pay the highest *interest-return* consistent with safety, and include the privilege of *cash convertibility*.

¶ A-R-E 6% Gold Bonds are *safe*, because, being the direct contract obligations of this Company, they are backed by its Surplus of nearly $2,000,000, and Assets of over $23,000,000 invested in New York realty.

¶ A-R-E 6% Gold Bonds have paid 6% for 23 years—more than $7,000,000 in principal and interest. They merit and invite *your* investigation.

¶ Booklet describing Bonds and properties on which they are based, map of New York City showing location, and financial statement sent on request.

American Real Estate Company
Capital and Surplus, $2,011,247.80
Founded 1888 Assets, $23,026,889.67
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Running Water Without Pumping Cost

If there is a stream on your land install a Niagara Hydraulic Ram. It will give you running water in any part of your house or outbuildings, and unlike a gasoline engine or steam boiler it runs AUTOMATICALLY. Write for catalogue AD

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO.
715 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia. Factory, Chester, Pa.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

We Sell 2,200 Per Day

Please think what that means. Enough of these tires are now sold every day to completely equip 550 automobiles.

Our mammoth plants, with three shifts of men, are run 24 hours per day. Yet we are, at this writing, weeks behind our orders.

About 650,000 No-Rim-Cut tires have already gone into use. Inside of two years the demand for them has multiplied six times over. The sale this year, beyond any doubt, will reach $12,000,000.

This patented tire, with amazing rapidity, has changed the whole tire situation. It has altered all old-time opinions. The most popular tire in America today is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Again we suggest—if you are a tire buyer—that you learn why these tires cut one's upkeep in two.

Their History

Up to two years ago, about nineteen tires in each twenty sold were the old-style clincher type—the tires which hook to the rim. This type was a relic of bicycle days, but motor car tire makers found no way to improve it.

Even when quick-detachable tires came into vogue they were largely made in this clincher type. And rim-cutting remained one of the worries of motoring.

Then our patented tire—the No-Rim-Cut tire—began to be chosen by experts. This tire at that time had been out for four years. Some 200,000 had been put into use.

But No-Rim-Cut tires then cost one-fifth more than standard clincher tires. That 20 per cent difference made men slow to adopt them.

Still, at the start of the season of 1910, forty-four leading motor car makers made contracts for Goodyear tires. Last year our tire sales suddenly mounted to $8,500,000. They trebled in a single year.

The increasing demand cut the cost of production. A few months ago No-Rim-Cut tires began to be sold at standard clincher prices.

Then sixty-four leading motor car makers made contracts for Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires on their 1911 models. We built enormous factory additions.

Soon users woke up, and the swelling demand grew to an avalanche. Our present output is twice that of last year—six times that of two years ago. Yet we cannot keep up with our orders.

The new ruler of tiredom—the dominant tire of the world today—is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire

Ordinary Clincher Tire

The No-Rim-Cut tire fits any standard rim. When you change from clinchers simply reverse the removable rim flanges. It is done in ten seconds.

The rim flanges then are set to curve outward, as shown in the picture. The tire when deflated comes against a rounded edge, and rim-cutting is made impossible.

We have run these tires flat in a hundred tests—as far as twenty miles. In all the 650,000 sold there has never been an instance of rim-cutting.

With the clincher tire—the ordinary tire—the rim flanges are set to curve inward. See the picture. These thin flange edges dig into the tire when deflated. Thus a punctured tire is often wrecked in a moment—ruined beyond repair.

No Hooks—No Bolts

No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. They do not, like clinchers, need to be hooked to the rim. Not even tire bolts are needed.

The reason lies in the flat tapes of 126 braided wires which are vulcanized into our tire base. These wires make the tire base unstretchable. The tire can't come off without removing the flange because it cannot be stretched one iota.

This braided-wire feature is controlled by our patents. Others have tried twisted wires—others a single wire. But these flat tapes of braided wires which need no welding—which never can break or loosen—form the only safe way yet discovered for getting rid of the hooked-base tire. That is the reason why other makers advise you to cling to the clincher tire.

10% Oversize

When the rim flanges curve outward the sides of the tire get an extra flare. This enables us to make the tires 10 per cent oversize without any misfit on the rim. We give you this oversize without extra charge, to avoid the blow-outs caused by overloading.

This oversize means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent greater carrying capacity. And that adds, under average conditions, 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

This oversize takes care of the extras—the top, glass front, gas tank, etc. Without this oversize, nine tires in ten are given too great a load.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—with the average car will cut tire bills in two. Yet these patented tires now cost no more than other standard tires. This means a clear saving of millions of dollars to owners of motor cars.

Men who know these facts won't pay the same price for tires that rim cut—tires just rated size.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Our Tire Book is full of facts which motorists should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Seneca Street, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 of the Principal Cities *We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires*

Canadian Factory: Bowmanville, Ont. **Main Canadian Office: Toronto, Ont.**

(336)

per cent for twenty years, he advertises one hundred thousand of four-per-cent twenty-year bonds for sale, and the bondhouse that will pay him the most therefor gets the bonds. The following is a list of the bidders and the prices that were offered, when one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars City of Cleveland bonds were recently advertised for sale by the treasurer of that city. The report read as follows:

The one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollar issue was purchased by Hayden, Miller & Co., of Cleveland; and the other issue of sixty thousand dollars was disposed of to a syndicate composed of the Tillotson & Wolcott Company, of Cleveland; Stacy & Braun, of Toledo, and the Western-German Bank, of Cincinnati. A list of the bidders follows:

BIDDERS	$175,000 BONDS	$60,000 BONDS
The Tillotson & Wolcott Company, Cleveland		
The Western-German Bank, Cincinnati	$178,250.25	$60,342.00
Stacy & Braun, Toledo		
Hayden, Miller & Company, Cleveland	178,300.00	60,067.00
The First National Bank, Cleveland	178,279.50	
New First National Bank, Columbus	178,100.00	60,312.00
Davies-Bertram Company and Provident Savings Bank and Trust Company, Cincinnati	177,680.00	60,163.00
Otis & Hough, Cleveland	177,790.00	60,093.00
Seasongood & Mayer, Cincinnati		
E. E. Denison & Company, Cleveland	177,451.80	60,085.80
The Cleveland Trust Company, Cleveland	176,882.50	60,087.50
E. H. Rollins & Son, Chicago		
The Fifth-Third National Bank, Cincinnati	177,940.00	
Mansfield Savings Bank, Mansfield	177,510.00	
The Security Savings Bank and Trust Company, Toledo	177,327.50	
The Central Trust and Safe Deposit Company, Cincinnati		60,324.00
Harris, Forbes & Company, New York		60,258.00

This means that the city received one hundred and seventy-eight thousand three hundred dollars for its one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollar issue and sixty thousand three hundred and forty-two dollars for its sixty thousand dollar issue; or, in other words, a premium of three thousand six hundred and forty-two dollars for these two issues. There also was another and larger issue sold at the same time, but figures on this are unnecessary. When money rates are low and bonds are in great demand cities receive more for their bonds than when money rates are high and bonds are not in great demand.

Once there was a time when municipal bonds could be sold at almost any price or to bear almost any rate, and sales were made privately. Any old bond-salesman has many most interesting tales to tell of those days when they "worked" our city treasurers more than they worked themselves; and if some of our magazines had been then so keen for graft articles as they are today they could have found some most interesting material in connection with the sale of municipal bonds. As a rule, however, bonds can very seldom be sold now below par, although there still are methods of avoiding this restriction. A city finds it absolutely necessary to issue bonds and the law forbids a higher rate than four per cent; and yet four-per-cent bonds cannot be sold at par. In such a case the state sometimes passes a special act, enabling the municipality to issue four-and-a-half-per-cent bonds; but, if this is not done and the discount is not too large, a city may agree to pay a bondhouse a large attorney's fee for passing upon the legality of the issue, and the attorney in turn may divide his fee with the bondhouse. In some cases the blank bonds are purchased by the city from the bondhouse at an unreasonably high price, and therefore the bondhouse receives its profits from the printing end of the proposition rather than from the selling end.

After the bondhouse has purchased the bonds, it then has the "proceedings" carefully examined by counsel. As a mortgagee employs lawyers experienced in real-estate law to examine the title and proceedings in connection with the preparation of mortgages, so the municipal bondhouse employs lawyers trained in investigating the legality of municipal bonds to pass upon each issue before it pays for it. In the cases of some of the larger cities the treasurer himself employs prominent counsel, whose word is known throughout the land, to pass upon the proceedings connected with the issuance of the bonds before the bonds are offered for sale. This, in a way, makes the sale more attractive and enables municipalities to receive a higher bid for the bonds than they otherwise would.

Great strides have been made in the preparation of bonds as well as in their sale, and many states have provided very careful regulations for their issue. I believe that Texas was the first state to prepare comprehensive laws on this subject; and, when purchasing a Texas municipal bond, one is supposed to find a certificate on the back of said issue stating that the legal proceedings have been properly complied with and that the bonds have not exceeded the debt limit. In other words, the attorney-general's office in Texas appears to assume a certain responsibility in checking up the legal proceedings in connection with issues of all Texas bonds. The last legislature of Massachusetts also enacted a law whereby certain municipal obligations should be registered at the state treasurer's office before being sold to the public. Briefly, this law is as follows—and it is one that other states would do well to copy:

CHAPTER 616, MASSACHUSETTS ACTS of 1910

AN ACT RELATIVE TO THE FORM OF NOTES TO BE ISSUED BY TOWNS FOR MONEY BORROWED

SECTION 1. The director of the bureau of statistics shall furnish to the treasurer of every town within the commonwealth a book of forms for the issue of notes for money borrowed by the town. The note shall state the amount thereof, the date of issue, the interest which it bears, and the date when it will become due for payment, and a record of every note so issued shall be kept by the treasurer of the town in such form as the director of the bureau of statistics may designate.

SECTION 2. Whenever a town votes to raise money otherwise than by the issue of bonds to be paid for from a sinking fund or by the serial method, so-called, the treasurer shall make a note or notes for the amount of the proposed loan, and shall use one or more in serial order of the forms furnished as hereinbefore provided, with the blank spaces properly filled in, and shall sign the same in the space or spaces provided, and a majority of the selectmen shall countersign and approve each note in the presence of the town clerk, who shall certify to the fact on the face of the note and affix thereon the town seal in a space to be provided therefor. The treasurer, after making a record of the transaction in accordance with the provisions of section one, shall forward every such note to the director of the bureau of statistics, together with a copy of said record, and a copy of the vote authorizing the loan, certified by the town clerk, and a certification by the town clerk that the person whose signature appears upon the note as that of the treasurer was the duly authorized treasurer of the town at the date when such signature was made, and that the persons whose signatures appear upon the note as those of a majority of the selectmen were duly qualified selectmen when such signatures were made, and he shall at the same time forward the fee provided for by section four of this act. If upon examination said director finds that the note appears to have been duly issued in accordance with the vote of the town, and to have been signed by the duly qualified officials thereof, as herein provided, he shall so certify, and the director shall thereupon return the note by registered mail to the treasurer of the town.

SECTION 3. Whenever any note issued by a town within the commonwealth, whether such note was issued before or after the passage of this act, shall have become due and shall have been paid, the town treasurer shall immediately notify the director of the bureau of statistics of such payment, stating the source from which the money to pay the same was obtained.

SECTION 4. The director of the bureau of statistics shall establish a reasonable fee to be charged for every note certified, and shall turn over monthly to the treasurer of the commonwealth all such fees.

SECTION 5. A town treasurer who violates any provision of this act shall be liable to a fine of not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars.

SECTION 6. This act shall take effect on the first day of January in the year nineteen hundred and eleven.

It is true that this law does not include bonds and other city obligations, but that will be the next step

Another very satisfactory method that city, town and county treasurers may adopt is to have a bond issue prepared by a prominent trust company, as in several of the largest cities there are trust companies that specialize in this work. For instance, when a town has voted to sell one hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds and the treasurer has advertised for bids, and the issue has been sold, the treasurer can then turn the matter over to one of these trust companies, which will have the bonds printed on specially prepared paper—which is very difficult to counterfeit—and arrange the other details. The trust company will have the legal proceedings checked up by its attorneys and will then certify on each bond that said bond is authorized and, in its opinion, is legally and properly issued Except in certain states like Texas, where the state authorities attend to certain details, I believe that all town officials should work through one of these prominent trust companies and thereby save money for their own municipality and improve its credit, as well as protect the investors and prevent any possible suspicion from falling upon themselves.

The reason why I so strongly emphasize this matter is because not all municipal bonds are good; and when they are not good they are very bad. Sometimes they are not good from bad faith and sometimes from changed conditions or other causes; but usually the reason is due to an error in the original legal proceedings or because they were issued in excess of the debt limit. Relative to this subject, Mr. Arthur M. Harris, a well-known authority on municipal bonds, is reported substantially as follows:

Assessed Valuations

"The common term, in speaking of constitutional limitations, is that of the constitutional limit of debt—that is, we find in a very large number of cities that the constitution provides that no municipality shall create a debt in excess of a given percentage of the assessed valuation, which percentage varies. We find it in some states as low as two per cent. We find it in Kansas as high as thirty per cent. The assessed valuation, of course, may be a small percentage of the actual value or it may be a large percentage of the actual value, which is supposed to be the selling price of the property. Taking these different ratios of assessed valuation as compared to actual values, we find it on real estate in New York one hundred per cent; Philadelphia, one hundred per cent these are according to the latest statistics obtainable—Boston, one hundred per cent; Baltimore, one hundred per cent; Detroit, one hundred per cent; Buffalo, seventy-five per cent; New Orleans, sixty per cent; St. Louis, sixty per cent; San Francisco, fifty per cent; while Chicago has a very low assessed valuation

"Now the percentage of issue allowed in the constitutions varies in different states, from two per cent in Indiana to thirty per cent in Kansas. Here are a few of the different limitations: New York, ten per cent of the real-estate assessment; Pennsylvania, seven per cent of real and personal; Ohio, eight per cent of real and personal; California, fifteen per cent; Missouri, five per cent of taxable property; Indiana, two per cent; North Carolina, no limit each issue requires legislative enactment; Michigan, subject to any limitation passed by the legislature; Kansas, thirty per cent; and in some cases higher than that. We also find in some cases that a popular vote is necessary in order that a bond may be legally issued—a vote in many cases of all citizens entitled to vote; then, again, we find in some cases that only taxpayers can vote and that it requires the male and female vote. Moreover, in issuing a municipal bond, it must be issued for strictly municipal purposes."

It is, moreover, very important that all these legal features be complied with; for, if the bonds are not legally issued, the city or town can at any time stop paying the interest and refuse to pay the principal. This is not the only way, however, that investors lose money by municipal bonds; and this was especially brought home to me in the case of a small city in Minnesota, which was called to my attention a while ago. The bonds of this city had been sold by a prominent bondhouse and the money was to be used to build a bridge over a river. The total issue amounted to about one hundred thousand dollars, the bridge being quite expensive; but it was not erected where the leading business interests wished it. The fact that the city had only one important business industry was at the bottom of the whole trouble. In short, at the beginning of this affair, some of the politicians of the town voted for certain reasons to build this bridge, issued these six-per-cent bonds in payment therefor and the bridge was built. After the bridge was built there was a change of administration; and the new city officials, who were said to have been elected by the owners of this certain industry, refused to pay the interest on the bonds. As the bonds had been legally issued, the bondhouse that sold them immediately took the matter in charge and started legal proceedings against the city to force its officials to pay the interest. The courts upheld the bondholders, but still the bondholders were helpless and agreed to compromise. To an innocent investor this seems very strange, yet the reason is very simple.

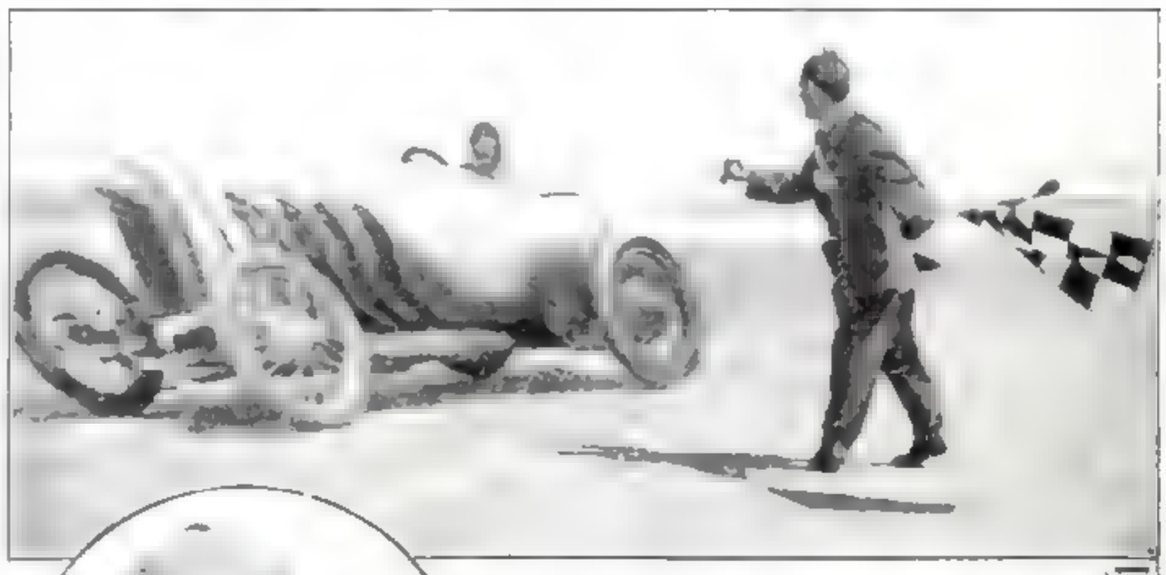
Why the Bondholders Compromised

The great industry mentioned above was then practically the only industry in the city and the value of the city property depended on this one industry. When this bondholders' committee won its case in the courts the directors of this industry simply announced to the committee that it would remove its plant elsewhere. As this plant amounted to about the total indebtedness of the town, the committee thought that such an event would cause the city to default on all its issues; and it immediately withdrew its case, compromised with the municipality, and the bondholders accepted their loss.

I well remember the chilly reception given me as I alighted from the railroad train in that little Minnesota "city" of only twenty-five hundred people on a cold February morning, when the thermometer was thirty degrees below zero. The entire assessed valuation was only about one million five hundred thousand dollars and the taxrate was now over forty dollars a thousand. The city consisted of this one plant, surrounded by some houses, a pretentious city hall and this famous bridge.

Although I visited this city determined to agree to no compromise and to insist upon the bondholders' legal rights, yet, after standing an hour on that cold, dismal prairie, I quickly succumbed and concluded that the bondhouse was wise in deciding to compromise. I do, however, wish that there was some way by which our bondholders' committees could visit these places before purchasing the bonds, as no Eastern man would ever have bought those bonds if he had first visited this lonely, forlorn settlement.

However, municipal bonds, as a class, should be safer than any other kind, although they are somewhat on the same principle as a note of your father or some dear friend. Probably said friend's note is absolutely good; but if for any reason he should not volunteer to pay it, you would never sue him or force him to settle. It is the same with municipal bonds. Theoretically they form the ideal permanent investment; and in the case of such municipals as Massachusetts and New York savings banks are allowed to buy, this is practically true. However, the same rule does not apply to all bonds of new and small cities or to "special assessment" or "improvement" bonds of even larger cities; but of this feature I will treat in my next article.



How Polarine helped Burman to break two world's records

"141 miles an hour is going some," as Bob Burman remarked after his record-breaking drive over Daytona Beach in the Blitzen Benz car.

It is. And a man out after the world's record doesn't take chances on his equipment. The car, the gasoline, in fact practically everything Burman used except the oil, were especially prepared for this event.

For lubrication he used Polarine Oil, Polarine Transmission Lubricants and Polarine Grease—the identical Polarine you can buy in the open market.

In his trial spins Burman satisfied himself that Polarine was the most efficient lubricant. Read what he says:

"I used Polarine in practice and in final trials and it helped me break records. Nothing but Polarine for me from now on."

It was a supreme test, and Polarine proved itself.

Polarine

Our experience in the manufacture of lubricating oils for many purposes enabled us to develop in Polarine the most efficient gas engine oil yet produced.

Polarine Oil gives practical freedom from carbon deposit, yet unimpaired viscosity is preserved.

It does not break up nor lose elasticity under severe friction.

It holds its "body" under extreme heat.

It flows freely down to zero.

The Polarine brand covers:

Polarine Oil (in gallon and half-gallon sealed cans);

Polarine Transmission Lubricants;

Polarine Cup Grease and *Polarine Fibre Grease.*

These lubricants cover the needs of every part of the car.

Send to our nearest agency for our booklet, "Polarine Pointers," which includes helpful hints on the care of motor cars.

Standard Oil Company

(Incorporated)

This
Kelly Motor Truck
Supplanted 14 Horses

Look at this picture—and then read this letter

E. H. SCOTT
GENERAL TEAMING, MOVING OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND PIANOS.
Erie, Pa., May 4, 1911

THE KELLY MOTOR TRUCK CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Gentlemen: I am sending you a photograph showing my three-ton Kelly truck pulling trailer with full load, and would say that trailer weighs forty-one hundred pounds without load. I have been using this machine for the past few months hauling trailers, and find that same is most satisfactory. I am able to negotiate any grades here in Erie pulling the trailer. I figure that it does the work of seven teams, and that I am able to save a considerable amount of time by the use of trailers. By the use of the Kelly truck and several trailers I have sold fourteen horses.

The machine has proved most satisfactory in every way and has never caused me any trouble to date. I am using my old wagons and have been put to no additional expense in converting them into trailers. The machine pulls a load equal to its own carrying capacity, loaded on trailers, without any trouble whatever. I am well pleased with the blower-cooled motor, and from my own experience I would not consider the purchase of any other make but the Kelly.

E. H. SCOTT.

Before you consider further the purchase of a motor truck, don't you think you ought to know all there is to know about the truck that brings forth a letter like this?

Don't you think you ought to know all about the truck that won the trophies for low operating cost in the great motor truck contests at Philadelphia, Boston and New York?

Don't you think you ought to know all about the exclusive Kelly (Frayer-Miller) Blower-cooled Motor—one of the chief *reasons why* Kelly Motor Trucks are showing the same superiority in every branch of industry—in your own line of business—that they showed in these great contests?

Write us today for complete particulars and specific data regarding the work of the Kelly Motor Truck in the field in which you are interested.

The Kelly Motor Truck Co., 200 Burt St., Springfield, O.

Barker Collars are Linen

Linen Collars at 2 for 25c are Full Collar Value

Linen or not linen—that is what decides whether you get full collar value. Unless a collar is plainly stamped linen, you may be reasonably sure that it is not linen. The Barker Bull Dog trade mark always means linen.

BARKER BRAND COLLARS
are plainly stamped
"WARRANTED LINEN"

Look for the Bull Dog trade mark. It is your protection as it guarantees in collar making a guide to the most approved styles, shapes and sizes.

Pin the Barker and dealer down. Don't be deceived. Insist on the linen. It's what decides whether you get value for your money's worth. Not only are Barker Brand Collars made of linen, but with workmanship that is as good as the cloth is.

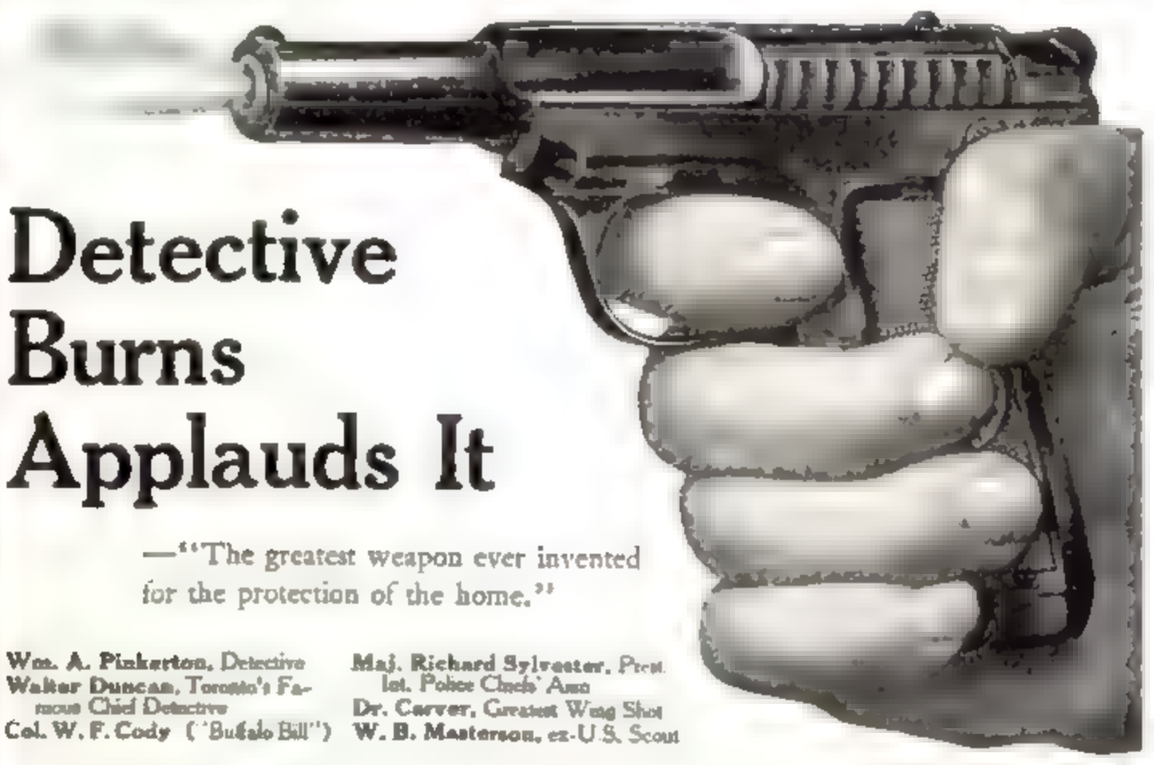
Barker Brand Linen Collars talk *quality* and show *style* and will outwear the cotton kind. Above are illustrated some new popular styles. Have your dealer show you the style you like best.

If your dealer cannot supply you send $1.00 for 8 collars which will be delivered prepaid to you.

If you have collar troubles, write us. We have had 45 years experience and may be able to advise you.

Send for Booklet

WM. BARKER CO., Makers, TROY, N. Y.



Detective Burns Applauds It

—"The greatest weapon ever invented for the protection of the home."

Wm. A. Pinkerton, Detective
Walter Duncan, Toronto's Famous Chief Detective
Col. W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill")
Maj. Richard Sylvester, Prest. Int. Police Chiefs' Assn
Dr. Carver, Greatest Wing Shot
W. B. Masterson, ex-U. S. Scout

IN the whole history of firearms, no invention ever received such endorsements. Practically every expert in the country has proven to his own satisfaction in private contests that the Savage Automatic is the only automatic which makes any man or woman a crack shot. They have found that it aims easy as pointing your forefinger.

Don't let the women folks in *your* home live in fear of burglar attacks another night. 'Phone your dealer now to send you a New Savage Automatic for inspection.

For your dealer's name we'll send you a fascinating book by "Bat" Masterson, telling why the Savage Automatic makes *anyone* a crack shot.

FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

Send today for new free book about the famous "303" Featherweight Takedown rifle ($25), the Model 1909, 22 cal. Takedown rifle ($10) and other Savage rifles. Address, Savage Arms Co., 76 Savage Avenue, Utica, New York.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

A HARLEY - DAVIDSON WILL DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURES

EVERY MOTORCYCLIST finds near by lakes or streams that are not fished out. Inadequate tram service has prevented it. The owner of a *Harley-Davidson* is not dependent on tram service. He can come early and stay late, every night if he wishes, returning in the cool ozone laden air of the early morning, refreshed and invigorated for his day's work.

THE HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLE

holds the world's record for economy and can be operated for a fraction of a cent per mile. Its use means a great saving of time, energy and transportation expense. It is cheaper to operate a *Harley-Davidson* than to walk. Nearly one-third of all the motorcycles sold in America, are *Harley-Davidsons*. Let us tell you what one will do for you.

"The Silent Gray Fellow"

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
759 L St., MILWAUKEE

MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON CYCLES

THE COLUMBIA Shirt GARTER

Holds the Hose *Up*
Holds the Shirt *Down*
Does not *Bind* the Leg

One of the most complete, simple, efficient and comfortable Man's Garter ever devised.

Keeps the Sox without a wrinkle, the Shirt from bulging back or front, or the Collar from riding up.

Ask your dealer—or send price and receive a pair postpaid. Lisle, 50 cents. Silk, 75 cents. Stamps accepted. Address

THE SHIRT GARTER CO., Columbia, Tennessee

A New Umbrella In Three Minutes

Use your favorite umbrella till the cover is worn out. Save the valuable part—the handle and frame—and get a new umbrella at one-third the cost of your old one, by attaching a durable, water-proof, silk and linen re-cover—the

SHALER Umbrella-Roof

No expense of sending your old umbrella to us put on the Shaler Roof yourself like any make—black or colors—prices 65c and up, prepaid sold for 20 years.

Write for description and name of nearest dealer now, stating whether gent's or lady's.

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DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient. Lasts all season. Made of metal. Cannot spill or tip over. Will not soil or injure anything it may come in contact with. Guaranteed. Of all dealers or sent prepaid for 30 cents.

HAROLD SOMERS
150 DeKalb Ave.
Brooklyn N. Y.

The Proud Coat of Aloysius Pankburn

(Continued from Page 7)

Grief struck him with bare knuckles, punched him and punished him—gave him the worst thrashing he had ever received.

"For the good of your soul, Pankburn," was the way he emphasized his blows. "For the good of your mother. For the progeny that will come after. For the good of the world, and the universe, and the whole race of man yet to be. And now, to hammer the lesson home, we'll do it all over again. That, for the good of your soul; and that, for your mother's sake; and that, for the little children, undreamed of and unborn, whose mother you'll love for their sakes, and for love's sake, in the lease of manhood that will be yours when I am done with you. Come on and take your medicine. I'm not done with you yet. I've only begun. There are many other reasons that I shall now proceed to expound."

The brown sailors and the black stewards and cook looked on and grinned. Far from them was the questioning of any of the mysterious and incomprehensible ways of white men. As for Carlsen, the mate, he was grimly in accord with the treatment his employer was administering; while Albright, the supercargo, merely played with his mustache and smiled. They were men of the sea. They lived life in the rough. And alcohol, in themselves as well as in other men, was a problem they had learned to handle in ways not taught in doctors' schools.

"Boy—a bucket of fresh water and a towel," Grief ordered, when he had finished. "Two buckets and two towels," he added, as he surveyed his own hands.

"You're a pretty one," he said to Pankburn. "You've spoiled everything. I had the poison completely out of you. And now you are fairly reeking with it. We've got to begin all over again. Mr. Albright! You know that pile of old chain on the beach at the boat landing. Find the owner, buy it and fetch it on board. There must be a hundred and fifty fathoms of it. Pankburn! Tomorrow morning you start in pounding the rust off of it. When you've done that you'll sandpaper it. Then you'll paint it. And nothing else will do till that chain is as smooth as new."

Aloysius Pankburn shook his head.

"I quit. Francis Island can go to —— for all of me. I'm done with your slave-driving. Kindly put me ashore at once. I'm a white man. You can't treat me this way."

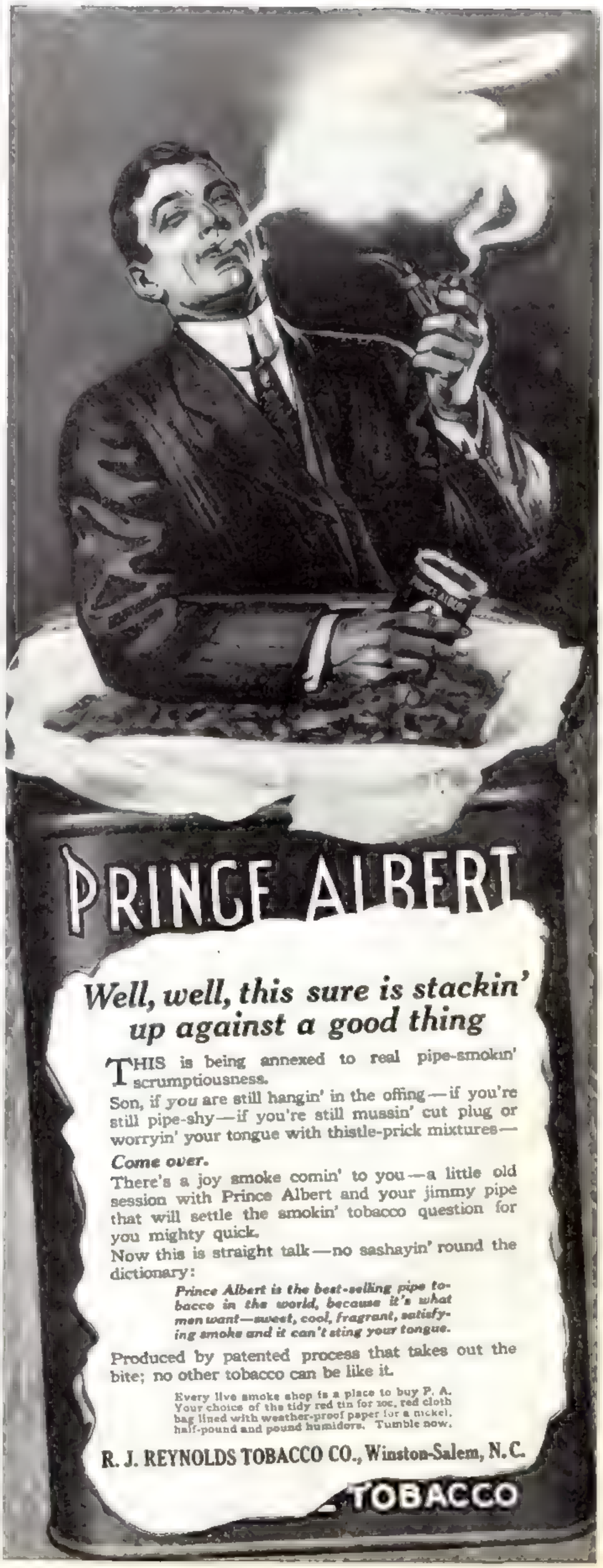
"Mr. Carlsen, you will see that Mr. Pankburn remains on board."

"I'll have you broken for this!" Aloysius screamed. "You can't stop me."

"I can give you another licking," Grief answered. "And let me tell you one thing, you besotted whelp, I'll keep on licking you as long as my knuckles hold out or until you learn to hammer chain rust. I've taken you in hand and I'm going to make a man out of you if I have to kill you to do it. Now go below and change your clothes. Be ready to turn to with a hammer this afternoon. Mr. Albright, get that chain aboard *pronto*. Mr. Carlsen, send the boats ashore after it. Also, keep your eye on Pankburn. If he shows signs of keeling over or going into the shakes, give him a nip—a small one. He may need it after last night."

FOR the rest of the time the Kittiwake lay in Apia, Aloysius Pankburn pounded chain rust. Ten hours a day he pounded. And on the long stretch across to the Gilberts he still pounded. Then came the sandpapering. One hundred and fifty fathoms is nine hundred feet, and every link of all that length was smoothed and polished as no link ever was before. And when the last link had received its second coat of black paint he declared himself.

"Come on with more dirty work," he told Grief. "I'll overhaul the other chains if you say so. And you needn't worry about me any more. I'm not going to take another drop. I'm going to train up. You got my proud goat when you licked me, but let me tell you you only got it temporarily. Train! I'm going to train till I'm as hard all the way through and clean all the way through as that chain is now. And some day, Mr. David Grief, somewhere, somehow,


PRINCE ALBERT
Well, well, this sure is stackin' up against a good thing
THIS is being annexed to real pipe-smokin' scrumptiousness.
Son, if you are still hangin' in the offing—if you're still pipe-shy—if you're still mussin' cut plug or worryin' your tongue with thistle-prick mixtures—
Come over.
There's a joy smoke comin' to you—a little old session with Prince Albert and your jimmy pipe that will settle the smokin' tobacco question for you mighty quick.
Now this is straight talk—no sashayin' round the dictionary:
Prince Albert is the best-selling pipe tobacco in the world, because it's what men want—sweet, cool, fragrant, satisfying smoke and it can't sting your tongue.
Produced by patented process that takes out the bite; no other tobacco can be like it.
Every live smoke shop is a place to buy P. A. Your choice of the tidy red tin for 10c, red cloth bag lined with weather-proof paper for a nickel, half-pound and pound humidors. Tumble now.
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N.C.
TOBACCO

The Howard Watch

Everyone concedes that the Railroad man must have an accurate watch.

His business requires it.

But how about the man in any other calling?

Why should he be content with less than the best in a timepiece?

Is not a cheap or unreliable watch an evidence of slackness in character and habit—a confession as to the slight value he places on his own time?

There is a big change taking place in this country on the watch question.

Respect for a fine watch mechanism increases with culture and civilization.

There are not so many men who think it smart to carry a poor watch and bang it around.

More men every day are willing to put money in a fine watch even if it is carried in the pocket where it cannot always be seen.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Boss or Crescent gold-filled case at $40 to the 23-jewel in a 14-k solid gold case at $150—is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept N, and we will send you "The Story of Edward Howard and the First American Watch"—an inspiring chapter of history that every man and boy should read.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

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ROXFORD

Every time you buy ordinary underwear you miss a season's comfort. The thing for you to do is to wear

Roxford Underwear

Look at the fine-gauge Roxford "balbriggan"—*knitted* out of the highest-grade cotton procurable for money.

See how ample and easy-fitting it is—how sensibly and thoroughly it is made—how beautifully it is finished.

Yet Roxford Knitted Summer Underwear costs you no more than the ordinary kinds—50c., 75c. and $1.00 a garment.

Ask your best haberdasher or department store for Roxford. All styles of garment for *Men and Boys*—All weights—All colors.

Send for the little *Roxford Book*. It tells facts worth knowing about *The Good Knitted Underwear for Men and Boys.*

ROXFORD

Roxford Knitting Co.
Dept. S Philadelphia

I'm going to be in such shape that I'll lick you as you licked me. I'm going to pulp your face till your own niggers won't know you."

Grief was jubilant.

"Now you're talking like a man," he cried. "The only way you'll ever lick me is to become a man. And then, maybe —"

He paused in the hope that the other would catch the suggestion. Aloysius groped for it and, abruptly, something akin to illumination shone in his eyes.

"And then I won't want to, you mean?"

Grief nodded.

"And that's the curse of it," Aloysius lamented. "I really believe I won't want to. I see the point. But I'm going to go right on and shape myself up, just the same."

The warm sunburn glow in Grief's face seemed to grow warmer. His hand went out.

"Pankburn, I love you right now for that."

Aloysius grasped the hand and shook his head in sad sincerity.

"Grief," he mourned, "you've got my goat, you've got my proud goat, and you've got it permanently, I'm afraid."

VI

ON A SULTRY tropic day, when the last flicker of the far Southeast Trade was fading out and the seasonal change for the Northwest Monsoon was coming on, the Kittiwake lifted above the sea-rim the jungle-clad coast of Francis Island. Grief, with compass bearings and binoculars, identified the volcano that marked Red-scar, ran past Owen Bay, and lost the last of the breeze at the entrance to Likikili Bay. With the two whaleboats out and towing, and with Carlsen heaving the lead, the Kittiwake sluggishly entered a deep and narrow indentation. There were no beaches. The mangroves began at the water's edge, and behind them rose steep jungle, broken here and there by jagged peaks of rock. At the end of a mile, when the white scar on the bluff bore west-southwest, the lead vindicated the Directory, and the anchor rumbled down in nine fathoms.

For the rest of that day and until the afternoon of the day following they remained on the Kittiwake and waited. No canoes appeared. There were no signs of human life. Save for the occasional splash of a fish, or the screaming of cockatoos, there seemed no other life. Once, however, a huge butterfly, twelve inches from tip to tip, fluttered high over their mastheads and drifted across to the opposing jungle.

"There's no use in sending a boat in to be cut up," Grief said.

Pankburn was incredulous and volunteered to go in alone, to swim it if he couldn't borrow the dingey.

"They haven't forgotten the German cruiser," Grief explained. "And I'll wager that bush is alive with men right now. What do you think, Mr. Carlsen?"

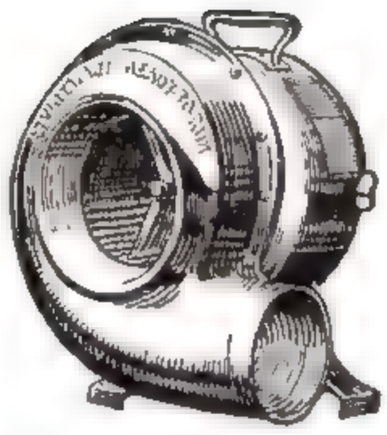
That veteran adventurer of the islands was emphatic in his agreement.

In the late afternoon of the second day Grief ordered a whaleboat into the water. He took his place in the bow, a live cigarette in his mouth and a short-fused stick of dynamite in his hand—for he was bent on shooting a mess of fish. Along the thwarts half a dozen rifles were placed. Albright, who took the steering-sweep, had one within reach of hand. They pulled in and along the green wall of vegetation. At times they rested on the oars in the midst of profound silence.

"Two to one the bush is swarming with them—in quids," Albright whispered

Pankburn listened a moment longer and took the bet. Five minutes later they sighted a school of mullet. The brown rowers held their oars. Grief touched the short fuse to his cigarette and threw the stick. So short was the fuse that the stick exploded in the instant after it struck the water. And in that same instant the bush exploded into life. There were wild yells of defiance, and black and naked bodies leaped forward like apes through the mangroves.

In the whaleboat every rifle was lifted. Then came the wait. A hundred blacks—some few armed with ancient rifles, but the greater portion armed with tomahawks, firehardened spears and bone-tipped arrows—clustered on the roots that rose out of the bay. No word was spoken. Each party watched the other across the twenty feet of water. An old, one-eyed black with a bristly face rested an old rifle



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The stagnant, germ-laden air from Telephone Booths.

Fumes and odors from Laboratories and small Manufacturing Rooms

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Or it may be used to blow in the fresh, outside air.

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Portable Ventilating Set

is as scientific on a small scale as the most costly ventilating system. It runs from any electric light socket. Price, $35 up, according to size

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Branches and agents in over 200 cities.

Know Your Pipe!

—If You'd Have a Friend

Few things get closer to the heart of a man than his pipe—but it's rarely a case of "love at first sight."

That's one reason why so many men have never formed a pipe affection. Then again, every man isn't fortunate enough to have made the acquaintance of a

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Made in England

Awarded Grand Prix Franco-British (Olympia) and Brussels (1910) Expositions.

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BBB pipes are made from aged and flawless briar roots—made without stint of time or care.

Out of every 100 pipes we mix formed, only 30 are deemed fit to bear the BBB stamp. That is why more than half a century has stood for everything that is fine in pipes.

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BBB pipes are made in England and sold in every country in the world. If your town has none, send us your dealer's name in a postal. We'll see that you are supplied.

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Rare Bargain

Panama Hats More Popular Now than ever this Summer

By importing large quantities we can sell direct to user for this surprisingly low price. These hats are warranted **genuine all hand woven** [illegible], can be worn in that condition by Men, Women and Children. Every [illegible] shape or size. Just a [illegible] Small medium and large brims. Sent [illegible] on receipt of **$1.00.** Order today. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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A Free-Flowing Table Salt Which Does Not Contain Starch or Flour

SHAKER SALT is the finest salt you can buy. It is made by an exclusive method of salt refining, which produces salt 99.7% pure. Other makers do not use any process similar to ours.

Consequently, other makers leave much of the natural salt impurities in. They leave in the gypsum (which is native to all salt) so that their salt is less pure than ours. Gypsum is a hurtful substance for you to eat.

Yet, though Shaker is a purified, "salty" salt, its grains are so fine and small that you may salt your food as lightly as you wish. You may get a *delicacy* of flavor which is hardly possible where harsh, coarse-grained salt is used.

In the handy box—10 cents, except in the far West—Shaker Salt never gets hard or lumpy. It never sticks or cakes in the shakers.

Diamond Crystal Salt Co.
St. Clair, Michigan
Makers of the Purest Salt in the World

The Junior Tattoo

The Alarm Clock of years ago was big and unwieldy. It resembled a tin pan and had a fire alarm gong which startled the entire household.

The Junior Tattoo is hardly larger than a watch. It is a gem in appearance. Its gentle but insistent alarm cheerily calls you and continues to do so every twenty seconds for five minutes, unless you turn the silent switch.

Price $1.75 (In Canada, duty extra).

Sold by nearly all dealers. If you cannot buy it conveniently in your town send the price and your dealer's name for as many as you want. In each leather case red or black, $. Write for interesting booklet "The Uprising of John Hancock—Salesman."

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO. New Haven Conn. 139 Hamilton St.

HAMMOND'S STATE MAPS WITH 1910 CENSUS

C. S. HAMMOND & CO., 142 Fulton Street, New York

on his hip, the muzzle directed at Albright who, in turn, covered him with his rifle. A couple of minutes of this tableau endured. The stricken fish rose to the surface or struggled half-stunned in the clear depths of water.

"It's all right, boys," Grief said quietly. "Put down your guns and over the side with you. Mr. Albright, toss the tobacco to that one-eyed brute."

While the Rapa men dived for the fish Albright threw a bundle of trade tobacco ashore. The one-eyed man nodded his head and writhed his features in an attempt at amiability. Weapons were lowered, bows unbent and arrows put back in their quivers.

"They know tobacco," Grief announced, as they rowed back aboard. "We'll have visitors. You'll break out a case of tobacco, Mr. Albright, and a few trade-knives. There's a canoe now."

Old One-Eye, as befitted a chief and leader, paddled out alone, facing peril for the rest of the tribe.

As Carlsen leaned over the rail to help the visitor up he turned his head and remarked casually:

"They've dug up the money, Mr. Grief. The old beggar's loaded with it."

One-Eye floundered down on deck, grinning appeasingly and failing to hide the fear he had overcome, but which still possessed him. He was lame of one leg; and this was accounted for by a terrible scar, inches deep, that ran down the thigh from hip to knee. No clothes he wore whatever, not even a string, but his nose, perforated in a dozen places and each perforation the setting for a carved spine of bone, bristled like a porcupine. Around his neck and hanging down on his dirty chest was a string of gold sovereigns. His ears were hung with silver half-crowns, and from the cartilage separating his nostrils depended a big English penny, tarnished and green, but unmistakable.

"Hold on, Grief," Pankburn said with perfectly assumed carelessness. "You say they know only beads and tobacco. Very well. You follow my lead. They've found the treasure and we've got to trade them out of it. Get the whole crew aside and lecture them that they are to be interested only in the pennies. Savvy? Gold coins must be beneath contempt and silver coins merely tolerated. Pennies are to be the only desirable things."

Pankburn took charge of the trading. For the penny in One-Eye's nose he gave ten sticks of tobacco. Since each stick cost David Grief a cent, the bargain was manifestly unfair. But for the half-crowns Pankburn gave only one stick each. The string of sovereigns he refused to consider. The more he refused, the more One-Eye insisted on a trade. At last, with an appearance of irritation and anger, and as a palpable concession, Pankburn gave two sticks for the string, which was composed of ten sovereigns.

"I take my hat off to you," Grief said to Pankburn that night at dinner. "The situation is patent. You've reversed the scale of value. They'll figure the pennies as priceless possessions and the sovereigns as beneath price. Result—they'll hang on to the pennies and force us to trade for sovereigns. Pankburn, I drink your health! Boy—another cup of tea for Mr. Pankburn."

VII

FOLLOWED a golden week. From dawn till dark a row of canoes rested on their paddles two hundred feet away. This was the dead-line. Rapa sailors, armed with rifles, maintained it. But one canoe at a time was permitted alongside, and but one black at a time was permitted to come over the rail. Here, under the awning, relieving one another in hourly shifts, the four white men carried on the trade. The rate of exchange was that established by Pankburn with One-Eye. Five sovereigns fetched a stick of tobacco; a hundred sovereigns, twenty sticks. Thus, a crafty-eyed cannibal would deposit on the table a thousand dollars in gold, and go back over the rail, hugely satisfied, with forty cents' worth of tobacco in his hand.

"Hope we've got enough tobacco to hold out," Carlsen muttered dubiously, as another case was sawed in half.

Albright laughed.

"We've got fifty cases below," he said: "and as I figure it, three cases buy a hundred thousand dollars. There was only a million dollars buried, so thirty cases ought to get it. Though, of course, we've got to

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allow a margin for the silver and the pennies. That Ecuadoriano bunch must have salted down all the coin in sight."

Very few pennies and shillings appeared, though Pankburn continually and anxiously inquired for them. Pennies were the one thing he seemed to desire, and he made his eyes flash covetously whenever one was produced. True to his theory, the savages concluded that the gold, being of slight value, must be disposed of first. A penny, worth fifty times as much as a sovereign, was something to retain and treasure. Doubtless, in their jungle lairs, the wise old graybeards put their heads together and agreed to raise the price on pennies when the worthless gold was all worked off. Who could tell? Mayhap the strange white men could be made to give even twenty sticks for a priceless copper.

By the end of the week the trade went slack. There was only the slightest dribble of gold. An occasional penny was reluctantly disposed of for ten sticks, while several thousand dollars in silver came in.

On the morning of the eighth day no trading was done. The graybeards had matured their plan and were demanding twenty sticks for a penny. One-Eye delivered the new rate of exchange. The white men appeared to take it with great seriousness, for they debated in low voices.

"We've got just a little over eight hundred thousand, not counting the silver," Grief said. "And that's about all there is. The bush tribes behind have most probably got the other two hundred thousand. Return in three months, and the salt-water crowd will have traded back for it; also, they will be out of tobacco by that time."

"It would be a sin to buy pennies," Albright grinned. "It goes against the thrifty grain of my trader's soul."

"There's a whiff of land-breeze stirring," Grief said, looking at Pankburn. "What do you say?"

Pankburn nodded.

"Very well." Grief measured the faintness and irregularity of the wind against his cheek. "Mr. Carlsen, heave short and get off the gaskets. And stand by with the whaleboats to tow. This breeze is not dependable."

He picked up a part case of tobacco, containing six or seven hundred sticks, put it in One-Eye's hands and helped that bewildered savage over the rail. As the foresail went up the mast a wail of consternation arose from the canoes lying along the deadline. And as the anchor broke out and the Kittiwake's head paid off in the light breeze, old One-Eye, daring the rifles leveled on him, paddled alongside and made frantic signs of his tribe's willingness to trade pennies for ten sticks.

"Boy—a drinking nut," Pankburn called.

"It's Sydney Heads for you," Grief said. "And then what?"

"I'm coming back with you for that two hundred thousand," Pankburn answered. "In the mean time I'm going to build an island schooner. Also, I'm going to call those guardians of mine before the court to show cause why my father's money should not be turned over to me. Show cause? I'll show them cause why it should."

He swelled his biceps proudly under the thin sleeve, reached for the two black stewards, and put them above his head like a pair of dumb-bells.

"Come on! Swing out on that foreboom-tackle!" Carlsen shouted from aft, where the mainsail was being winged out.

Pankburn dropped the stewards and raced for it, beating a Rapa sailor by two jumps to the hauling part.

A Bit of By-Play

THE feminine end of a well-known vaudeville team is in the habit of jotting down any piece of "business" she thinks would be of value in their act. One Sunday in church the service was neglected for a minute and an idea that had just come to mind was duly entered in the thing most handy—namely, the prayer-book. And the prayer-book was left behind.

The next Sunday she went back to the same church, intending to inquire for the book at the end of the service. The priest, however, anticipated this by speaking of a prayer-book found the Sunday before.

"Our only means of identification," he said, "is a rather peculiar memorandum in the rear of the book: 'When the pistol goes off kick father in the face.'"

The prayer-book was never claimed.

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VENUS EX-OFFICIO

(Continued from Page 9)

"He is in the engine room," says I. "Who wants him?"

But there was no answer, except a small hand reached out and took the note, which I still held, from me hand. "'Twas for Misther O'Shea," says the voice from undher the sou'wester.

"Thin ye are Miss Mar-rtin?" I demands. "Come in. I have a message for yez."

"From Tim?" she demands, stepping over the sill. "Is he sick?"

"He is lovesick," I answers. "He is engaged to be married."

There was no wor-rds, and I looked from the little rubber boots to the black sou'wester on her head and nothing could I see but the tip of a nose. Thin the little wet hand folded the note up and thrust it undher the oilskins. "Yez needn't tell him I—I came down," says she in a whisper.

"Afther all, 'tis not wholly settled," says I, for pure pity of the small voice. "I have decided in me own mind that me bould Tim will marry Alice Cullinen. But an honest judge will listen to the poor. Are yez in love widh him?"

"Who are you?" she demands in anger.

"Mickey O'Rourke," I retor-rts. "The poor bhoy, being beset by manny gir-rls that would wed widh him, asked me to judge betune thim for his own sake."

The eyes of her shone undher her sou'wester and I saw that she looked at the three portr'its on the wall. "Ye see the rivals for his hand," I says.

She was for leaving, but I hild her gently from the door. "This," says I, pointing to it, "is the photygraght of Alice."

"I was niver on the ship before," she whispers. "Is she very beautiful?"

"She is. She is tall and has black hair; and men tur-rn around whin she passes, for the lovelyness of her."

"And does she love him?" she demanded softly.

"What matthers that, so long as she will have him and he takes her?" I inquires.

"And and it is all settled?" she whispered.

I saw that sthrong measures were necessary. "It is settled so far as I am conc-rned," I tould her. "I have taken great pains that Tim shall be happy. She is the gir-rl for him."

"Thin Misther O'Shea left it all to you?" she inquires, and I am amazed at the suddint coolness of the little gir-rl.

"He did," says I. "He was in love with the three of yez, and knew his own mind no more than a man who has had too much to eat. So I promised him for ould times' sake that I wud investigate and choose for him the best of the lot—I being ould and full of judgmint in other min's affairs."

"Thin ye have examined the three of thim widh care and widh a view to Misther O'Shea's happiness?" she goes on, widh the tip of her nose only before me eyes.

"I have looked at two, and the second one is the one," I repeated.

"But ye have not seen me," says the small voice widh pride.

"'Tis unnecessary," says I.

"I see that ye take much for granted," she whispers. "Did Tim say nothing about me?"

"He said that yez wrote more than ye spoke," I admitted. "He also called yez a little gir-rl. 'Tis an upstanding woman that me bould Tim needs, a woman that will keep him shteady and true to his own good fortune."

"But ye agreed to judge betune us all," says she, widh sharpness in her voice. "And ye know naught about me."

"For the sake of me own fair name I will consint to listen to yez," says I. "But I war-rn ye it will do no good. Me mind is made up."

"I have been a bould woman to come down to the ship this night," says she. "But I thought that maybe Tim would like to shpeak to me for a momint and—and ——"

"What ilse?" I demanded.

"Me brother shtands on the wharf widh the drip of the eaves in his neck, for propri'ty's sake. But having been so bould I will now be boulder. Look at me, Misther O'Rourke, and tell me that Misther O'Shea would do poorly to wed widh me."

The oilskins opened and the sou'wester dropped to the floor. I looked at a little gir-rl, maybe twenty years old, and the wet hair of her shaded her eyes and the wet

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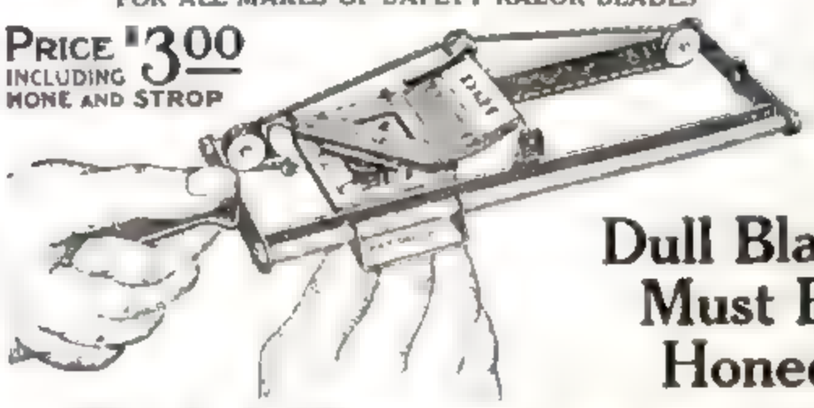

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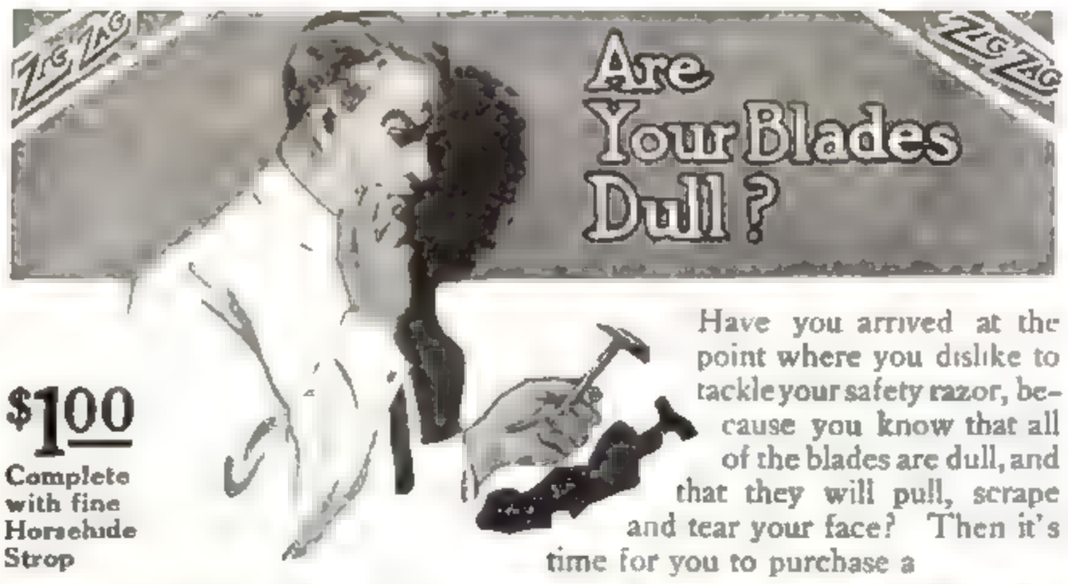

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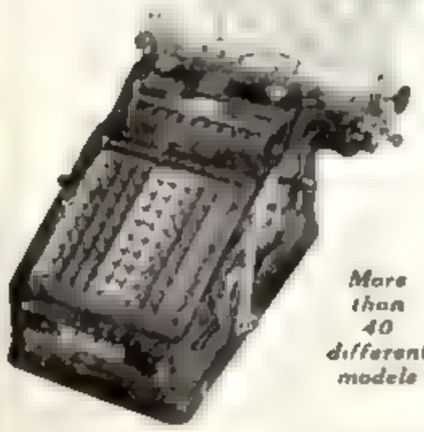

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fittle hands of her held the note she had written. On her cheek was the fire of shame and the lips trembled. "Ye are an ould man," she said, "and therefore I will tell to your face what I would whisper in the ear of a younger man, and that man him that loved me true: I love Tim O'Shea. But ——" Her small voice trailed off into nothing.

"But what?" I demands, staring at me crooked hands.

"But I will never tell him!" says she. Widh that she was gone.

There I sat, hearing the rain on the deck and wondhering about the ways of women. At the ind of me contemplation I took out the little book again and I wrote down undher Sue Martin's name this:

Red hair and brown eyes.

Then I wint down to the engine room, where I found Tim sitting on the keelson rubbing his hair endwise. "I am leaving yez," said I.

He stared at me before remar-rking, "But ye will go to breakfast at Sue's? She will be glad to see ye. She is always good to me frinds."

"I do not approve of her," says I bouldly. "Ye will marry Alice Cullinen."

"Ye have not seen Sue," he objects, getting up. "Ye must play fair."

"Yez know nothing about the gir-rl," I remar-rks.

"But Alice won't have me," says he.

"'Tis a secret," I retor-rts, "but ye haven't asked her."

"I would not risk it," me bould Tim answers. "After all, she is above me."

"She is your only chance," I retur-rned. "Neither Mary Brown, who will marry only a man that lives at home all the time, nor this little gir-rl ye call Sue will have annything to do widh ye."

He thought a while, his eyes on the silent engines. Then he said: "I could teach the little gir-rl to love me. She is but a child—a sweet child."

"Do yez know the color of her hair?" I demanded.

"Auburn," says he.

"And her eyes?"

"Blue," answers me bould Tim.

"How tall is she?" I demanded.

"On tiptoes she is up to me shoulder," says he.

"For why teach a gir-rl whose hair and eyes ye know nothing about to love yez?" remar-rked I.

"What matthers the hair or the eyes?" retor-rts me bould engineer. "'Tis the smallness of her plays like a child in me hear-rt."

"But she will niver marry yez," I protisted. "Do yez think that a mere gir-rl will love a rough engineer like yoursilf? Only a grown woman can see the manhood undher the oil and the jumper."

The bhoy put his hand on me knee as I sat be the manifold. "Mickey," says he, "I know your advice is for the best. The three of thim are fine women. Yet I would to Heaven that the little gir-rl could love me. I could do naught for Mary Brown but stay ashore and run an engine that I despised. Yet she is a woman worth the price. Alice Cullinen would make me a proud man, yet she would be thinking of the suppor-rt of her mother and the grease on me clothes. The little gir-rl, widh her small voice and the slim ar-rms of her, would hould me fast—if she could love me. I will niver marry, Mickey."

"That is the talk of a fool," I retor-rted. "Even the wisest of men wed, as do the most foolish of women. 'Tis not a quistion of marr'ige, but of the woman."

"Thin I will ask Sue Mar-rtin," says he, "and whin she has refused me I will look on no more gir-rls' faces."

"And when will ye ask her?" I inquired, pulling me mousers.

"At six in the mor-rning," says me bould Tim. "She will be cooking the breakfast for me, for she knows that in por-rt I must be on board by eight in the mor-rning. She always thinks of those things and is worried for fear I may be late and in the bad books of the chief."

"Thin I will sleep in your bed another night and tomorrow at seven I will come up for breakfast. Where does she live?"

He tould me, and as I left for the deck he remar-rked: "If I am not there yez will know that she will none of me, for I shall ask her."

As I wint up the steps I saw him staring at the thrust; the eyes of him big widh light. But I knew that disappointment awaited him the mor-rning, for the little

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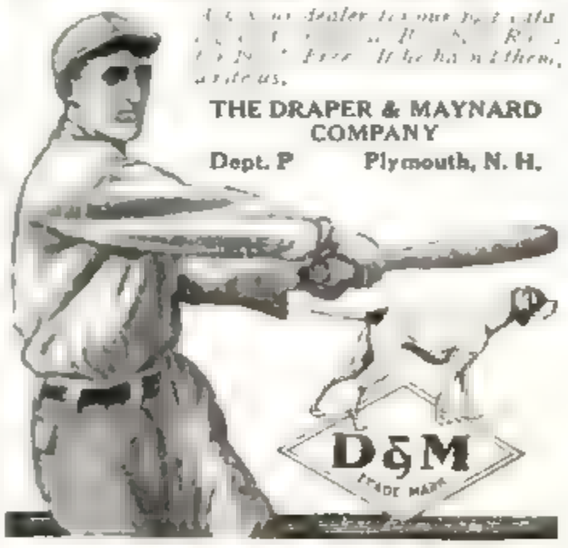

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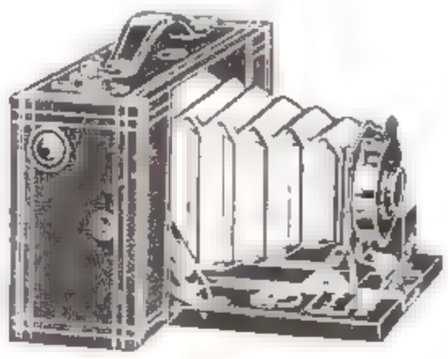

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gir-rl would raymimber her speech with me and refuse him.

In the dawn and the rain I left the ship and went up the hill to the house Tim had tould me of. As I rang the bell I hear-rd the sound of quick feet. The door opened and Sue Mar-rtin looked out at me.

"I have come for breakfast by the invitation of me frind Tim," I tould her.

"Come in, Misther O'Rourke," says she quietly. "Misther O'Shea sits by the fire while I cook for him."

She disappeared into the kitchen and I sat down by Tim, who was dressed up and uncomfortable. "Have yez asked her?" I inquired.

He shook his head. "I find her eyes are brown," he remar-rked.

"'Tis a discovery," I retur-rned. "I war-rned ye that she would none of yez."

"After all, she is but a little thing," says he. "And I am not fit to touch her."

"I raymimber that yez tould me to pick out the one I thought best and ye would take her spite of the divvil," I remar-rked.

"But you yoursilf have decided against her," says he, rubbing his hair.

"A fool is known by the advice he takes," says I to Tim. "I see that ye are a bit of a coward and will some day come to a poor end."

At that momint in comes me brave gir-rl widh a plate of ham and eggs. "As 'tis a rainy day," says she in her small voice, "I have tur-rned the eggs sunny side up." And the nose of her wrinkled like a child's for the fun of her little joke.

"You are a thoughtful gir-rl," says Tim, staring at her. "Ye know always what I like."

"'Tis for the depar-rting frind," she remar-rks, pushing a chair up for him. "I hear that ye are to be married before very long."

"Who said that?" he demands.

"Misther O'Rourke," she answers, almost tucking his napkin into his waistcoat for him. "He said that after great throuble ye had managed to pick out the woman ye loved."

I had sat me down opposite him, but the look in his face made me appetite leave me.

"Afther all, I am not hungry," says I. "The worry on me mind has kept me thin and unwholesome. Before I go I will tell a secret which I hear'rd last night."

At that I saw the blush creep up over her face as she stood behind me bould Tim. Thin it dissolved into tears and a sob came. Tim tur-rned round like a man sthruck from the dar-rk. "What is the matther, Sue?" asks he, rising from his chair.

She faced him bravely. "Nothing but the pepper," she lied.

"Tears are salt," said I. "I will tell your secret and shame you."

"What secret?" roars me bould Tim, looking at her fiercely.

She put out her little hands. "My secret," she whispered. "But I tell it only to the man who loves me—and he is not here."

Tim stared at her. Then his big ar-rms caught her gently. "He is here," says he in a loud voice. And she looked up at him, her lips aquiver. Slowly I saw the eyes of her open to his.

As I wint out I heard him say: "Tell me your secret!"

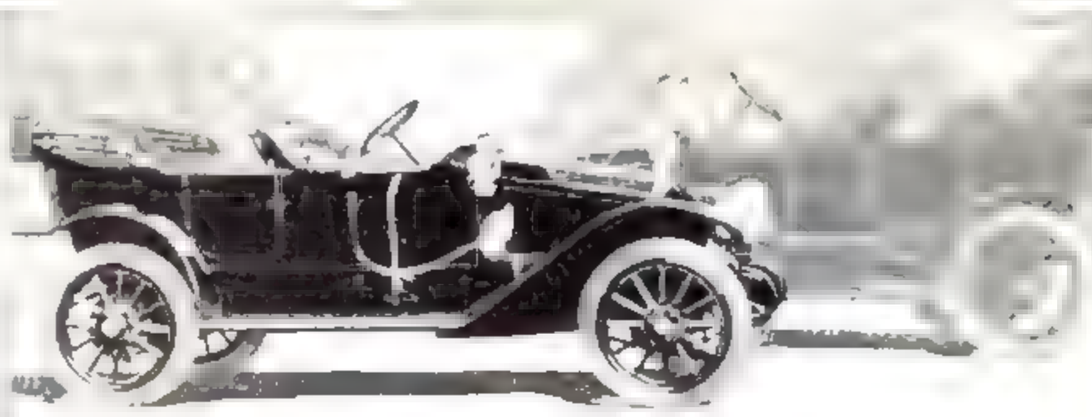
And the soft little voice of the gir-rl retur-rned: "Put down your ear, Tim darling."

I tur-rned back and said: "Ye swore last night that ye would niver ——"

She faced me widh wet eyes. "When ye were young ye must have believed your ears to your heart's hur-rt, Misther O'Rourke," says she softly. "Ye have my pity, because ye did not know at the time that she loved yez."

So I wint down the hill and into a restaurant, where I ate my solitary meal like anny ould bachelor of a poor, miserable, God-forsaken, wretched cratur of a lightship engineer—widh the bright years behind him!

Franklin



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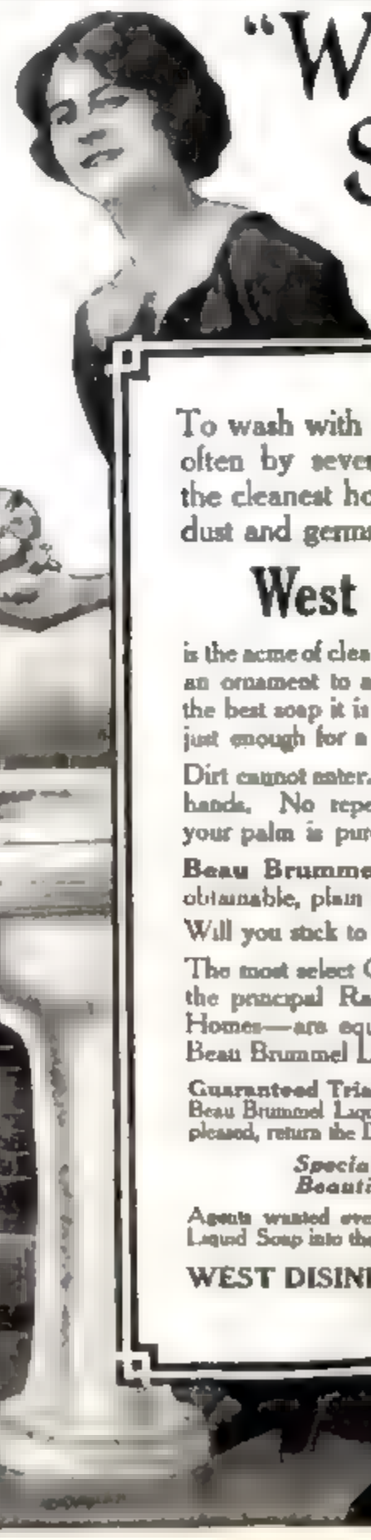

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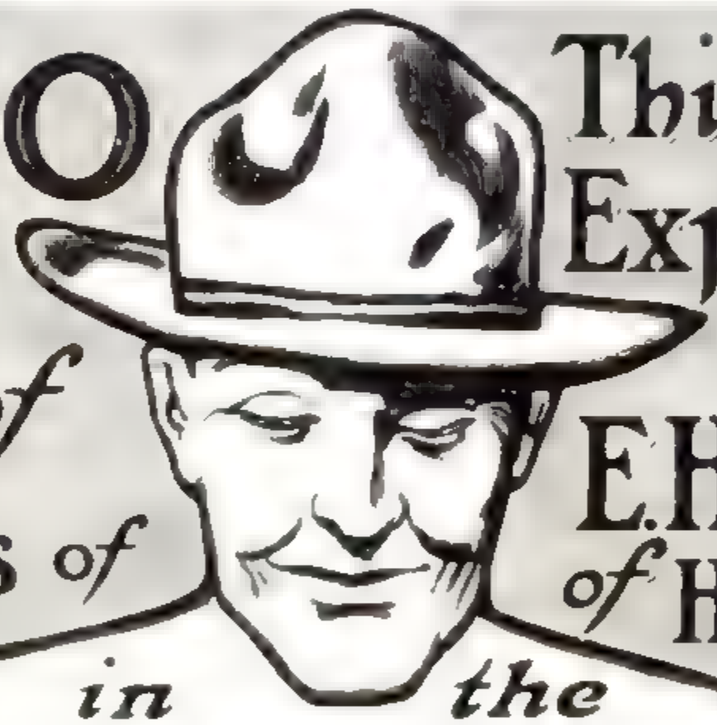

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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

(Continued from Page 10)

"Very good. Very good, Vandermeer. Let them starve!" said he. "Let them starve!" he murmured to himself as he took up his pen.

Vandermeer, hanging about, hinted at payment for the service rendered. Quixtus met his crafty eyes with equal cunning.

"You would be too soft-hearted—you would give them some of the money. Wait until some of them are dead." He rolled the last words delectably round his tongue. "And now, my dear Vandermeer, I'm very busy. Many thanks and goodby."

Vandermeer left reluctantly and Quixtus resumed his work; but the starving family occupied his thoughts.

Presently he abandoned work for the morning and gave himself up to the relish of his wickedness. It had a delicious flavor. Practically he was murdering mother and babes, though he stood outside the ordinary repulsive and sordid circumstances of murder. Vandermeer should have his reward. After lunch he felt impelled to visit them. A force stronger than a strong inclination to return to his paper led him out of the front door and into a taxicab summoned from the neighboring rank. He promised himself the thrill of gloating over the sufferings of his victims.

Besides, the letter contained a challenge: "It would break a wolf's heart to see them." He would show the writer that his heart was harder than any wolf's. Instinctively his hand sought the waistcoat pocket in which he kept his loose gold. Yes; there were three sovereigns. He smiled. It would be the finished craft of devildom to lay them out on a table before the woman's hungering and ravished eyes—and then, with a merciless chuckle, to pocket them again and walk out of the house.

"I will not be a fool," he asserted as the taxicab entered Clerkenwell Road.

The taxicab driver signed that he wished to communicate with his fare. Quixtus leaned forward over the door.

"Do you know where Transiter Street is, sir?"

Quixtus did not. Does any easy London gentleman know the mean streets in the purlieus of Clerkenwell? But, oddly enough, a milkman of the locality knew not Transiter Street either. Nor did a policeman on duty. Nor did a postman. Perplexed, Quixtus drove to the nearest district post-office and made inquiries. There was no such street in Clerkenwell at all. He consulted the Post-office London Directory. There was no Transiter Street in London.

Quixtus drove home in an angry mood. Once more he had been deceived. Vandermeer had invented the emaciated family for the sake of the fee. Did the earth hold a more abandoned villain? He grimly set about devising some punishment for his disingenuous counselor. Nothing adequate occurred to him till some days afterward, when Vandermeer sent him another forged letter announcing the demise—in horrible torment—of the youngest child. He took up his pen and wrote as follows:

"*My dear Vandermeer:* I am sending Mrs. Wellgood the burial expenses. I have also inclosed a check for yourself. Will you kindly go to Transiter Street and claim it? For the present I have no further need of you.

"Yours sincerely, EPHRAIM QUIXTUS."

He posted the letter himself on his way to lunch at the club, where Wonnacott remarked on his high good humor.

Since the discontinuance of the Tuesday dinners—for they were not resumed after the establishment of the new relations—Huckaby, Billiter and Vandermeer had contracted the habit of meeting once a week in the bar-parlor of a quiet tavern for a companionable fuddle. There they exchanged views on religion and alcohol and related unveracious and uncredited—anecdotes of their former high estate. Jealous of each other, however, they spoke little of Quixtus—and then only in general terms. The poor gentleman was still distraught. It was a sad case, causing them to wag their heads sorrowfully and order another round of whisky.

One evening, having each his own separate reason for depression, Quixtus having for some time refused their ministrations and their pockets having become wofully empty, they talked with greater freedom of their respective dealings with their patron. Vandermeer related the practical joke he had played upon him; Billiter described his astounding luck and his crazy reason for retiring from the turf; and Huckaby, by way of illustrating the unbalanced state of Quixtus' mind, confided to them the project of breaking a woman's heart.

"What are you going to get out of it?" asked Vandermeer brutally, for the first time breaking through the pretense that they were three devoted friends, banded together to protect the poor mad gentleman's interests.

Huckaby raised a protesting hand. "My dear Van!"

"Oh, drop it!" cried Vandermeer. "You make me tired." He repeated the question.

"Simply amusement. What else?" said Huckaby.

They wrangled foolishly for a while. At last Billiter, who had remained silent, brought his fist down with a bang on the table.

"I've got an idea," said he. "Have you any particular woman in view?"

"No," said Huckaby.

"I can put you on to one," said Billiter. "No need to go abroad. She's here in London."

Huckaby called him uncomplimentary names. The Continental trip, so far as he was concerned, was the essence of the suggestion—the capture of the wild goose a remote consideration.

"Besides," said he, "this is my show."

Billiter looked glum. After all, the idea was of no great value. Vandermeer's cunning brain began to work. He asked Billiter for a description of the lady.

"She's a widow of an old pal of mine," replied Billiter—"lady, and all that sort of thing. Her husband, poor old chap, came to grief—Dragoon Guards—in the running for a title—went it too hot, you know—died, leaving her with nothing at all. She has pulled through somehow—lives in devilish good style, dresses expensively and has the cleverness to hang on to her social position. Nice woman—but, as for her heart, you could go at it with a pick-ax without risk of breaking it. I thought she would just suit the case."

"She may be all very well in her way," said Huckaby, "but I'm not going to give up my one chance of getting abroad."

"Go abroad, then!" retorted Vandermeer. "If the lady is of the kind I take her to be she won't mind crossing the Channel when she knows there's a golden-feathered coot in Boulogne just dying to moult in her hand."

"You are crude and vulgar in your ideas, Van," said Huckaby. "Gentlemen of Quixtus' position no more go to Boulogne for a holiday than they frequent cheap boarding houses; and they don't give large sums of money to expensively dressed ladies with conjecturable means of support."

"He's such a fool he would never guess anything," argued Vandermeer.

"Hold on," said Billiter; "you're on the wrong tack altogether. I told you she was a lady." His manner changed subtly, the moribund instinct of birth crackling suddenly into a tiny flame. "I don't know if you two quite realize what that means, but to Quixtus it would mean everything."

"I'm a sometime fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge ——" began Huckaby, ruffled.

"Oh, go to blazes!—both of you!" cried Billiter angrily.

He clapped on his hat and rose; but, as he had been sitting in the corner of the divan, between Huckaby and Vandermeer, with the table in front of him, a dignified exit was impracticable.

"What's the use of quarreling?" asked Huckaby. "She's a lady if you say so."

"Of course, old man," Vandermeer agreed. "Have a drink?"

Billiter being mollified and the refinement of the dragoon guardsman's widow being accepted as indisputable, a long and confidential conference took place, the conspirators speaking in whispers, with heads close together, although they happened to be alone in the saloon-bar. It was the first time they had contemplated concerted action—the first time they had discussed anything of real interest; so for the first time they forgot to get fuddled. The plot was simple. Billiter was to approach Mrs. Fontaine—at last he disclosed the lady's

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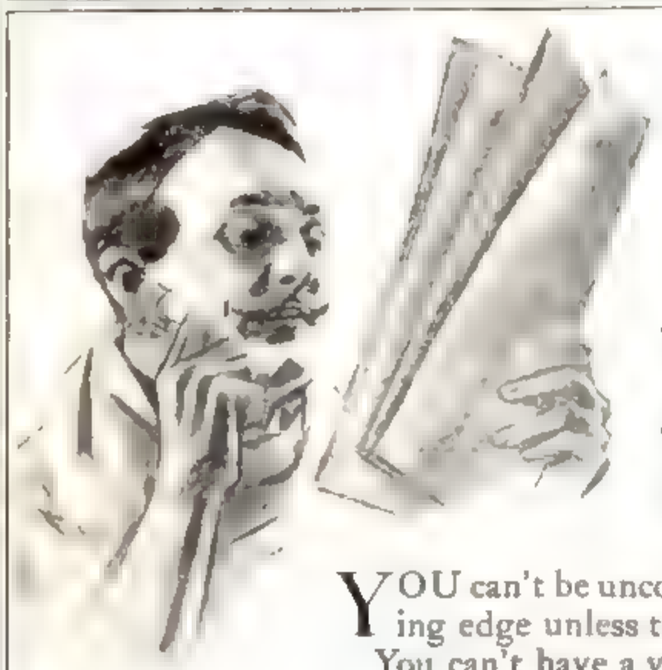

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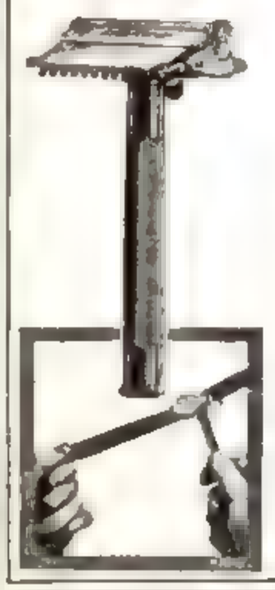

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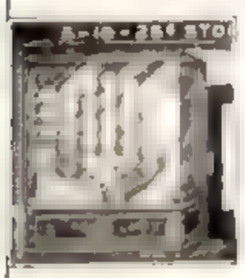

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identity—with all the delicacy such a mission demanded and lay the proposal before her. If she fell in with it she would hold herself in readiness to repair to whatever Continental resort might be indicated; and then, having made herself known to Huckaby, she would be introduced by him to Quixtus. The rest would follow, "as the night the day."

"The part I don't like about it," objected Vandermeer, "is not only letting a fourth into our own private concern but giving her the lion's share. We're not a syndicate of philanthropists."

"I'm by way of thinking it won't be our concern much longer," replied Billiter.

"Nobody asked you to come in," said Huckaby. "You can stand out if you like."

An ugly look overspread Vandermeer's foxy face.

"Oh, can I? You see what happens if you try that game on."

"Besides," continued Billiter, disregarding the snarl, "it will be to our advantage. Which of us is going to touch our demented friend for a hundred pounds? We didn't do it in former days—much less now. But I'll back Mrs. Fontaine to get at least three thousand out of him. Thirty per cent is our commission, without which we don't play; and that gives us three hundred each. I could do with three hundred myself very nicely."

"How are we to know what she gets?"

"That's easily managed," said Huckaby, pulling his ragged beard. "She'll make her returns to Billiter and I'll undertake to get the figures out of Quixtus."

"But where do I come in?" asked Vandermeer. "How shall I know if you two are playing straight?"

"You'll have your head punched in a minute!" said Billiter, looking fierce. "To hear you, one would think we were a set of crooks."

"If we aren't, then what the devil are we?" muttered Vandermeer bitterly.

But Billiter had turned his broad back on him and did not catch the words; whereby possibly he escaped a broken head. Billiter was sometimes sensitive on the point of honor. He had sunk to lower depths of meanness and petty villainy than the two others, in whom the moral sense still lingered. He would acknowledge himself to be a "wrong 'un," because that vague term connoted in his mind merely a gentleman of broken fortune who was put to shifts—such as his disastrous bargain with Old Joe Jenks and the present conspiracy—for his living; but a crook was a common thief or swindler, a member of the criminal classes, of a confraternity to which he, Billiter, deemed it impossible that he could belong—especially during a period like the present, when he found himself, after many years of dingy linen, appareled in the gorgeous raiment of his gentlemanly days. He had sunk below the line of self-realization; but the others had not.

Vandermeer, who hitherto had merely snapped like a jackal at passing food to satisfy his hunger, did not deceive himself as to what he had become. Cynical, he felt no remorse. On the other hand, Huckaby, who went to bed that night sober, had a bad attack of conscience during the small hours and woke up next morning with a headache. Whereupon he upbraided himself for his folly: first, in confiding to his companions the project of his whimsical adventure; secondly, in allowing it to drift into such a despicable entanglement; thirdly, in associating himself with a scarlet crustacean of Billiter's claw-power; and fourthly, in not getting drunk.

Huckaby was nearer Quixtus than the others in education and point of view. Though willing to accept any alms thrown to him, he was not rapacious. He had not regarded his mad and wealthy patron entirely as a pigeon to be plucked; and beneath all the corruption of his nature there burned a faint spark of affection for the kindly man who had befriended him and whose trust he had betrayed. He spent most of the ineffectual day in shaping a resolution to withdraw from the discreditable compact; but by the last post in the evening he received a laconic postcard from Billiter: "The fountain plays."

The sapped will-power gave way before the march of practical events. With a shrug he accepted the message as a decree of destiny and wandered forth into congenial haunts, where—in one respect at least—he did not repeat the folly of the previous evening.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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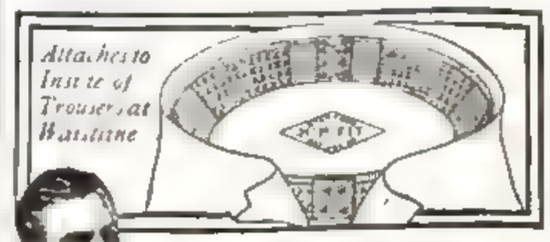

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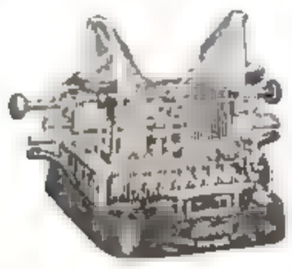

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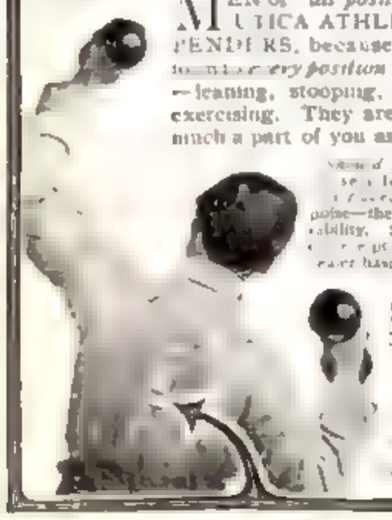

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THE THREE TOOLS OF DEATH

(Continued from Page 13)

might have been a happy one. Armstrong saved the remains of a brain and body from the taverns and was always kind to me in his own way—poor fellow! Only he wouldn't let me marry Alice, here; and it will always be said that he was right enough. Well, you can form your own conclusions and you won't want me to go into details. That is my whisky bottle, half emptied, in the corner; that is my revolver, quite emptied, on the carpet. It was the rope from my box that was found on the corpse and it was from my window the corpse was thrown. You need not set detectives to grub up my tragedy, it is a common enough weed. I give myself to the gallows—and that is enough!"

At a sufficiently delicate sign the police gathered round the large man to lead him away, but their unobtrusiveness was somewhat staggered by the remarkable appearance of Father Brown, who was on his hands and knees on the carpet, as if engaged in some kind of prayers.

"I say," he said good-naturedly; "this really won't do at all, you know! At the beginning you said we'd found no weapon. Now we're finding too many: there's the knife to stab and the rope to strangle and the pistol to shoot—and, after all, he broke his neck by falling out of a window! It won't do. It's not economical. And now here are three quite impossible things: First, these holes in the carpet where the six bullets have gone in—why on earth should anybody fire at the carpet? A drunken man lets fly at his enemy's head—the thing that's grinning at him. He doesn't pick a quarrel with his feet or lay siege to his slippers. And then there's the rope"—having done with the carpet, the speaker lifted his hands and put them in his pockets, but continued unaffectedly on his knees—"in what conceivable intoxication would anybody try to put a rope round a man's neck and finally put it round his leg? Royce, anyhow, was not so drunk as that, or he would be sleeping like a log by now. And plainest of all—the whisky bottle. You suggest that a dipsomaniac fought for the whisky bottle and then, having won, rolled it away into a corner, spilling one half and leaving the other. That is the very last thing a dipsomaniac would do."

He scrambled awkwardly to his feet and said to the self-accused murderer in tones of limpid penitence: "I'm awfully sorry, old man, but your tale is really rubbish."

"Sir," said Alice Armstrong in a low tone to the priest, "may I speak to you alone for a moment?"

This request forced the communicative cleric out of the gangway; and before he could speak in the next room the girl was talking with strange incisiveness.

"You are a clever man," she said, "and you are trying to save Patrick, I know; but it's no use. The core of all this is black; and the more things you find out the more there will be against the miserable man I love."

"Why?" asked Brown.

"Because," she answered steadily, "I saw him commit the crime myself."

"Ah!" said the unmoved Brown. "And what did he do?"

"I was in this room next to them," she explained; "both doors were closed, but I suddenly heard a voice, such as I had never heard on earth, roaring, 'Hell! Hell! Hell!' again and again; and then the two doors shook with the first explosion of the revolver. Thrice again the thing banged before I got the two doors open and found the room full of smoke; but the pistol was smoking in my poor mad Patrick's hand—and I saw him fire the last murderous volley with my own eyes. Then he leaped on my father, who was clinging in terror to the windowsill, and grappling tried to strangle him with the rope, which he threw over his head, but which slipped over his struggling shoulders to his feet. Then it tightened round one leg and Patrick dragged him along like a maniac. I snatched a knife from the mat and rushing between them managed to cut the rope before I fainted."

"I see," said Father Brown, with the same wooden civility. "Thank you."

As the girl collapsed under her memories the priest passed stiffly into the next room, where he found Gilder and Merton alone

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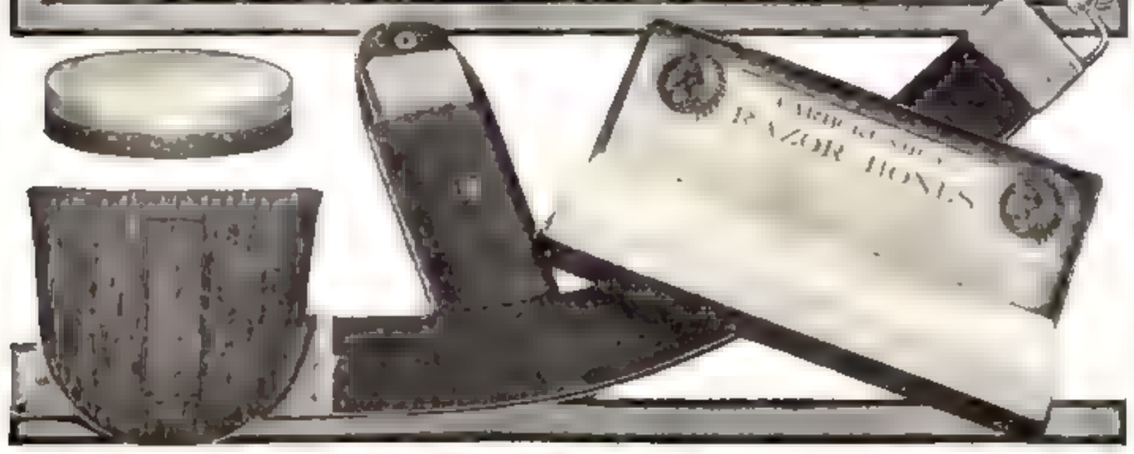

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with Patrick Royce, who sat in a chair, handcuffed. There he said to the inspector submissively: "Might I say a word to the prisoner in your presence—and might he take off those funny cuffs for a minute?"

"He is a very powerful man," said Merton in an undertone. "Why do you want them taken off?"

"Why, I thought," replied the priest humbly, "that perhaps I might have the very great honor of shaking hands with him."

Both detectives stared and Father Brown added: "Won't you tell them about it, Pat?"

The man on the chair shook his tousled head and the priest turned impatiently.

"Then I will," he said. "Private lives are more important than public reputations. I am going to save the living—and let the dead bury their dead."

He went to the fatal window and blinked out of it as he went on talking.

"I told you that in this case there were too many weapons and only one death. I tell you now that they were not weapons and were not used to cause death. All those grisly tools—the noose, the bloody knife, the exploding pistol—were instruments of a curious mercy. They were not used to kill Sir Aaron, but to save him."

"To save him!" repeated Gilder—"and from what?"

"From himself," said Father Brown. "He was a suicidal maniac."

"What?" cried Merton. "And the religion of cheerfulness ——"

"It is a cruel religion," said the priest, looking out of the window. "Why couldn't they let him weep a little like his fathers before him? His plans stiffened, his views grew cold; behind that merry mask was the empty mind of the atheist. At last, to keep up his hilarious public level, he fell back on that dramdrinking he had abandoned long ago. But there is this horror about alcoholism in a sincere teetotaler—that he pictures and expects that psychological inferno from which he has warned others. It leaped upon poor Armstrong prematurely; and by this morning he was in such a case that he sat here and cried he was in hell, in so crazy a voice that his daughter did not know it. He was mad for death; and, with the monkey-tricks of the mad, he had scattered round him death in many shapes—a running noose and his friend's revolver and a knife. Royce entered accidentally and acted in a flash. He flung the knife on the mat behind him, snatched up the revolver and, having no time to unload it, emptied it shot after shot all over the floor. The suicide saw a fourth shape of death and made a dash for the window. The rescuer did the only thing he could—ran after him with the rope and tried to tie him hand and foot. Then it was that the unlucky girl ran in and, misunderstanding the struggle, strove to slash her father free. At first she only slashed poor Royce's knuckles, from which has come all the little blood in this affair; but, of course, you noticed that he left blood but no wound on that servant's face. Only, before the poor woman swooned she did hack her father loose, so that he went crashing through that window into eternity."

There was a long stillness, slowly broken by the noises made by Gilder in unlocking the handcuffs of Patrick Royce, to whom he said: "I think I should have told the truth, sir. You and the young lady are worth more than Armstrong's obituary notices."

"Confound Armstrong's notices!" cried Royce roughly. "Don't you see it was because she mustn't know?"

"Mustn't know what?" asked Merton.

"Why, that she killed her father, you fool!" roared the other. "He'd have been alive now but for her. It might kill her to know that."

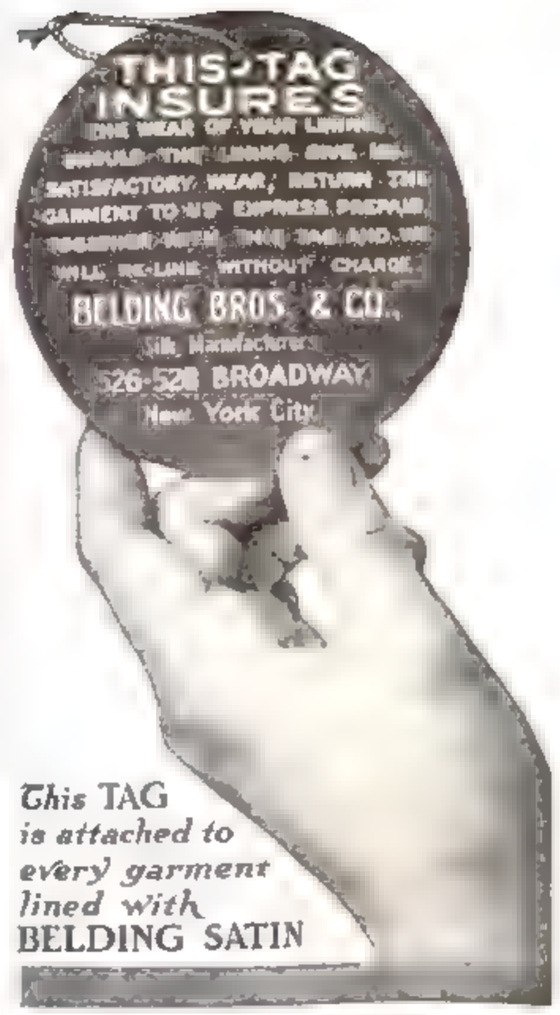
"No, I don't think it would," remarked Father Brown, as he picked up his hat. "I rather think I should tell her. Even the most murderous blunders don't poison life like sins; anyhow, I think you may both be the happier now—I've got to go back to the Deaf School."

As he went out to the dusty grass an acquaintance from Highgate stopped him and said:

"The coroner has arrived. The inquiry is just going to begin."

"I've got to get back to the Deaf School," said Father Brown. "I'm sorry I can't stop for the inquiry."

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a new series of tales by Mr. Chesterton in which Father Brown is the hero.



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The Story of a Yankee Farmer

(Continued from Page 16)

opportunity did come a year or two later—and I believe the account now stands fully squared.

The first work we tackled was the repairing, and I confess it seemed a bit appalling at first. The buildings were in such condition and so many in number that to put them in good order by ordinary methods would cost fully half as much as we paid for the whole farm; but necessity is the mother of invention—and often of a lot of hard work too. About two miles distant, on the same shore, a very large summer residence was being built, and we succeeded in buying from the contractor, at a merely nominal price, all the odds and ends of lumber, which included a great many very good boards and timbers. These we hauled home ourselves and then turned carpenters. By dint of working whenever opportunity offered in the intervals of regular farmwork we had at the end of the first year all the buildings in passable shape—though it would still be a long time, doing what we could each year, before they would be in perfect repair. We also became stonelayers and masons as well as carpenters, and rebuilt the farmyard wall, which was in a ruinous condition. To do these things one must, of course, take note of how they are done by regular mechanics; but in my former days on a farm I had had much work of this kind done and had often watched the workmen, so I had little difficulty in picking it up now.

These experiences taught us one very important thing—that the great expense in all repair work and improvements, as well as the regular work of a farm, is labor. Raw materials, especially if one watches his chance to buy low, as we did, cost comparatively little; and it is simply astonishing how much can be done, with very little outlay in money, by the man who does the work himself. I believe that many of the failures of men of small means who buy farms are owing to their failure to grasp this fact. Very often, no doubt, they have the work done because they honestly believe they could not do it themselves; but a man of ordinary ability can turn his hand to almost anything, if he only thinks he can. My son and I have done almost every kind of mechanical work, even to the shoeing of our horses, and we do not claim and could not justly claim any exceptional skill or ability.

What Crops to Market

To return to the farm proper. It was evident to me that I could not farm on the lines I had followed in my former experience, for my business then had been chiefly stock raising; and this farm, although ample, if only in good condition, for the same purpose, was now so impoverished that our five cows and two horses were about all the stock it would carry. So, until we could restore its fertility—which, at best, would take several years—we must depend upon other things than stock raising. We decided, besides cutting and selling our marsh hay, to raise some garden truck, to increase our poultry, and, with our five cows, to run a little dairy.

We therefore planted quite a large area with vegetables. The crops were excellent, but the result in money was sadly disappointing. We were too far from market for such bulky and comparatively cheap commodities; and when the expense of marketing was taken out there was very little left. This taught us—what, indeed, we should have realized before—that the farmer at a distance from market should confine his output mainly to small, easily transported and costly commodities, such as eggs, poultry, butter and cream. Our marsh hay, it is true, formed an exception to this rule; but, being a non-perishable article, we got around the difficulty by putting it up in compact bales and shipping in large quantities by water.

Another thing we learned that first year was that there is very little profit in so small an affair as a five-cow dairy, if run for buttermaking. If near enough to market to admit of a milk or, better still, a cream business the small dairy pays well. On butter the profit is smaller; and the drawback in the small dairy is that the same moves have to be gone through with and very nearly as much time consumed in making a small churning as a large one. Thus the cost of making a pound of butter in the small dairy is much higher and leaves a smaller profit.

Still, the first year, disappointing as it was so far as getting money was concerned, was really a very profitable one, for the things it taught us were of much value. We kept a careful book account of everything, each department in a book by itself; and we knew at the end of the year what we could do profitably and what we could not. Among other things our books showed us was that our one hundred hens paid us a clear profit of one hundred and twenty-eight dollars and sixty cents, which was about one dollar and twenty-eight and one-half cents a hen a year. Meanwhile we had hatched from our incubators nearly fourteen hundred chicks, which, after deducting the inevitable losses and disposing of the cockerels, left us six hundred fine pullets in the fall.

As nothing we had done had paid as well as this, we determined to enlarge this department as rapidly as we could, and we set earnestly to work to provide new shelters. The experience of the year had shown that flocks of twenty or thereabouts laid more eggs and did better generally than larger ones; so we endeavored, whenever possible, to keep them down to that size. Lack of funds prevented our building new houses; but we had a whole village of barns and other outbuildings, and we subdivided these for our poultry. At first we were at a loss for material; but again necessity stimulated our inventive faculties.

Items About Eggs

We had a lot of old grain bags and we formed our partitions by making a framework of poles cut in the woods, and stretching the bags smoothly across them. This made a cloth partition that for indoors was just as good as any—and it cost practically nothing. With the same material we made drop-curtains, to be let down on cold nights in front of all the roosting places—for a hen must be kept warm and her comb never allowed to get frozen if she is to lay. Owing to the size and form of our buildings it was impossible to have these poultry compartments at all uniform in size; but, by a little study of the situation, we managed to have not more than sixty hens in any flock, and generally only from twenty to thirty-five.

In these roughly built quarters our hens did splendidly—for, fortunately, a hen does not care what her abode looks like; and if it serves its purpose and her wants are properly supplied she will lay as many eggs in cheap and shabby quarters as in fine and costly ones. It is care, not expensive quarters, that makes hens lay. We have since replaced many of these shelters with better ones, but our hens have never done any better.

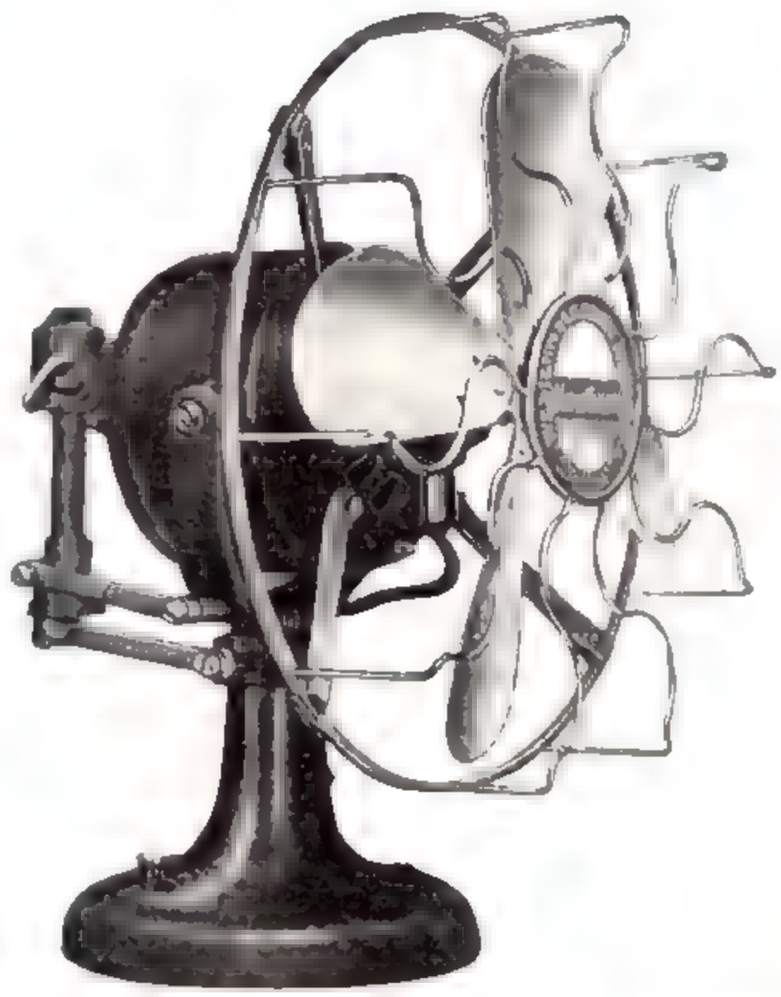
Our second year was quite different from the first. Our seven hundred hens paid us over eight hundred dollars net profit and we had, besides, over five hundred pullets to add to our stock. The land we had the first season in garden truck we had sowed to winter rye, and this yielded us a little over twelve tons of straw—we cut it rather green and sold it without threshing—which brought twenty-six dollars a ton. The marsh hay brought us nearly eight hundred dollars. At the end of the year our books showed the following net profits:

Poultry	$ 882.00
Rye straw	312.00
Marsh hay	792.00
Dairy	211.60
520 pullets to keep over, worth 80 cents each	416.00
Total	$2613.60

In figuring these profits, as we hired no labor, we charged none; so, if the reader chooses he may reckon that the twenty-six hundred and thirteen dollars and sixty cents was what we received for our labor. To us it meant a great deal more than its actual value, for we knew now that we were ahead of the game and that it was in our power to make the farm pay.

It will be seen that we still kept our cows, notwithstanding the fact that we did not consider our dairy very profitable. This was because it was necessary to keep stock of some kind to feed our hay to and the condition of our fences would not permit

Western-Electric
TRADE MARK
Fans



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The fan above illustrated is the ideal fan for offices and factories. It constantly sweeps a refreshing breeze in several directions. Can be adjusted for either desk or wall use without tools. Breeze can also be directed up and down at various angles.

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Runs Without Noise

This is just the fan you need in the library, sick-room, any room in the house. Can be run from any electric light socket.

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The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need

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Manufacturers of the 5,000,000 "Bell" Telephones

New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburg, Atlanta, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, St Paul, Milwaukee, Saint Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Dallas, Omaha, Oklahoma City, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, Seattle, Salt Lake City, Portland

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT"

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PREMOS

Have thirty years of experience behind them.

Each is fitted with a carefully tested lens—the best in its grade that is made, and an accurate automatic shutter.

Premo Film Pack Film is daylight loading, tank developing, and it is made from the same stock as the Eastman Non-Curling—the best in the world.

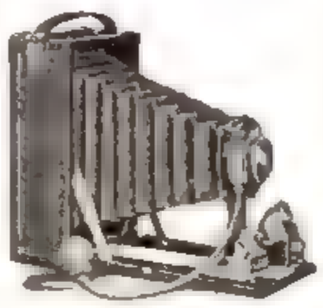
It is obvious that you can make *at least* as good pictures with a Premo as can be had, and—

Premos are the smallest, the lightest, the easiest to load and operate of all cameras, and the nearest dealer will prove it to you.

Our new catalogue describes all the Premo Cameras, ranging in price from $1.50 to $150.00. It tells all about the simple Premo Film Pack and Tank Developing System. Get a copy at the dealer's or write us to send it to you postpaid. It's free.

Rochester Optical Division
Eastman Kodak Co. **Rochester, N. Y.**

One of fifty models



Film Premo No. 1

To keep a record of the summer's pleasures, to make your vacation more enjoyable, this is an excellent camera because it is so simple to operate and so easy to carry.

To load just open back drop in Premo Film Pack, close back and it's done. To make exposures, just pull out a paper tab and press the bulb.

Made for the most popular sizes of amateur pictures, and is the smallest and lightest camera to be had in each size.

3¼x4¼, $10.00 4x5, $12.50
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Fully described in Premo catalogue.

the keeping of sheep. By degrees, however, we have been rebuilding our fences and expect by another year to substitute sheep for our cows. Meanwhile we have been steadily improving our grassland and this has been no small task. Almost all of the worn-out and partly worn-out lands of New England—and this includes practically all the land that is offered for sale and is available for farming—is lacking in elements that cannot be wholly supplied by ordinary stable manure, highly essential as this is. Much of it has become more or less acid; and this acidity must be corrected before it can be made to do its best, however highly it may be manured. Very often it is lacking in potash. The hunger that all impoverished land shows for ammoniacal manures and the promptness with which such manures act deceive a great many beginners, and make them overlook the necessity for looking more deeply into the needs of the soil; but the land itself is never deceived. I have seen heavy herd's-grass, on land that had been made very rich with ammoniacal manure, badly "lodged"—that is, lying flat upon the ground because unable to stand up under its own weight; while right alongside, on land that was exactly the same, except that it had been treated with wood-ashes, it stood strongly erect. I mention these matters to show that the upbuilding of land is by no means as simple or as quickly done as is commonly supposed; and the beginner on a worn-out farm can rarely afford to wait for an income till his land has become fertile. He must depend meantime upon some department or departments that can be more quickly pushed. In our case our poultry, marsh hay, rye straw and the dairy served this purpose.

The Life for a Man

We have now entered upon the seventh year since buying the farm. During this time we have paid off forty-six hundred dollars of indebtedness and have long since replaced the greater part of the shabby equipment with which we started by new. Last year we expended over sixteen hundred dollars for new equipment of one kind or another—lumber, fencing and roofing materials, and other needed improvements. The little schooner that served us so long has given place to a motor craft—large, powerful and handsome. We have a good and rapidly improving property—though its ruinous condition when we bought it and the necessity for getting it paid for as soon as possible have left many things that still need to be done before it will be in complete order and repair.

This brings me again to the question with which I started. Is it a success? Is it worth while? And again the answer must depend upon circumstances and still more upon the man; but, if answered in the abstract, it is a success. No intelligent man or woman could say that the man who acquires—or, more correctly, who makes a home, who is his own master, working for himself and not for another, and who maintains himself and his family by the work of his hands and his head, is not successful.

This success, however, like every other good thing in the world, has its price; and this price should be well considered by the man who contemplates taking up farming for a living. In the first place, he must wait. Few farms, under the best of circumstances, yield any profit the first year; and if the beginner has had no previous experience this period may be longer—though he ought to obtain in that time a fair foothold in that specialty or department upon which he is depending for his first money. Then he must work—and work at times as he probably never worked before. It is not that there is actually more work to be done—for, in the run of the year, farming affords more leisure days than almost any other calling; but the work is unevenly divided and at seasons is crowded into periods when the pace is a severe one. Seedtime and harvest, which never fail, likewise never wait; and Nature, with whom the farmer is working in collaboration, takes no note of the eight-hour law or of the fact that the farmer sometimes begins his day's work dead-tired.

Yet, if a man has plenty of good red blood in his veins and is not to be deterred by these facts; if he has the resolution that can face difficulties and disappointments and the patience that can wait for results; he may be sure that the life of a farmer is a good one and that in it he will reap his reward.

Leading Epicures

In every country know and use

A Wonderful Appetizer.
Assists Digestion.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It tickles the palate as only a rarely good sauce can. For **Soups, Fish, Roasts, Steaks, Game and Gravies** it is an indispensable relish.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

This Saves 2/3 Your Tire Expense

DID you ever wear a tire out? Or do your tires blow out after they have run one or two thousand miles? What the use of all this trouble and expense when you can stop it with the

SHALER Vulcanizer *Electric or Alcohol Heated*

It makes one tire into as many tires as you may need during the life of the tire fabric. Write for our special offer. Electric Shalers for use at home. "Dutch in Time" Shalers for farm or machine shop use also.

FREE Ask for free booklet "Care and Repair of Tires" and a special 10 day tire coupon.

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If you expect to go camping do not fail to get our Tent Book, and get it now.

A Camp Guide given away!

The most complete camping outfitters and camp supplies ever issued. Send for your copy at once. It's the latest authority to buy camping goods at the lowest prices and the best. Our prices are absolutely the lowest. This catalog contains a valuable collection of hints on camping, fishing, etc., and is authority on the right name of information—and we send this catalog and camp guide free. Stop reading now and write for catalog.

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This Saves 2/3 Your Tire Expense

DID you ever wear a tire out? Or do your tires blow out after they have run one or two thousand miles? What the use of all this trouble and expense when you can stop it with the

SHALER Vulcanizer *Electric or Alcohol Heated*

It makes one tire into as many tires as you may need during the life of the tire fabric. Write for our special offer. Electric Shalers for use at home. "Dutch in Time" Shalers for farm or machine shop use also.

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If you expect to go camping do not fail to get our Tent Book, and get it now.

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The most complete camping outfitters and camp supplies ever issued. Send for your copy at once. It's the latest authority to buy camping goods at the lowest prices and the best. Our prices are absolutely the lowest. This catalog contains a valuable collection of hints on camping, fishing, etc., and is authority on the right name of information—and we send this catalog and camp guide free. Stop reading now and write for catalog.

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10 CENTS A DAY

buys the New Improved Wholly Visible Wonderful Emerson Typewriter.

Two-Color Ribbon, Tabulator, Back Spacer, Every improvement. One of the best typewriters made.

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One Emerson Typewriter Given Away to any person, man or woman, who will help us introduce it. Distance, no matter. Big, handsome catalog. Only a few moments of your spare time required.

Don't pay even $20 for any typewriter made until you first write for our Grand Offer.

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Received a piano and typewriter free. It comes handy to get a start in life for nothing than I ever thought possible. There is no $100 typewriter that equals the "EMERSON."—W. C. BENTLEY, Las Animas, Colo.

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Earned an EMERSON Typewriter for less than two hours' work. The EMERSON is better than any $100 typewriter on the market.—JOS. M. FOX, Centralia, Mo.

The "EMERSON" is beyond anything on the market in the shape of a typewriter. I earned a typewriter and piano in one day.—K. S. VAN ZANDT, Waco, Texas.

Earned an Upright Grand Piano and Typewriter. People writing for your Free Offer will be greatly surprised and delighted, for they will find they can earn a piano and typewriter free in a very few hours easily.—B. J. MILLER, Benson, Ill.

Consider the "EMERSON" the best machine made. I earned mine in just a few hours.—L. N. CLARK, Lampasas, Texas.

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RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We Sell Cheap for cash or on easy payments. Write for our liberal proposition.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at *half usual prices*. **Do Not Wait;** write *today* for our *special offer*.

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THERE are many delightful things in Lippincott's Magazine, a complete novelette in every issue—no serials—short stories, clever poems and sketches. But he is particularly at "Walnuts and Wine"—a regular feast of witty after-dinner stories and sparkling verse. $2.50 a year—Single copy 25 cents.

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Something New

The Biggest Surprise of the Age

Post Card Photos on Paper Direct No Negatives

Here's your chance to start your own big money making business. Get your pictures here and have your friends come and get their photos. The

MANDEL COMBINATION No. 1 CAMERA

is the biggest money getter today on street corners, at fairs and at all outdoor attractions. Mr. N. M. [illegible] Maywood, Ill., writes: "I started up $12.80 on Sunday." You can do the same. The camera makes 3 styles of photos—post card (3¼x5½), miniature post cards (2x3), on paper direct. No Negatives. Also 1 inch photo buttons.

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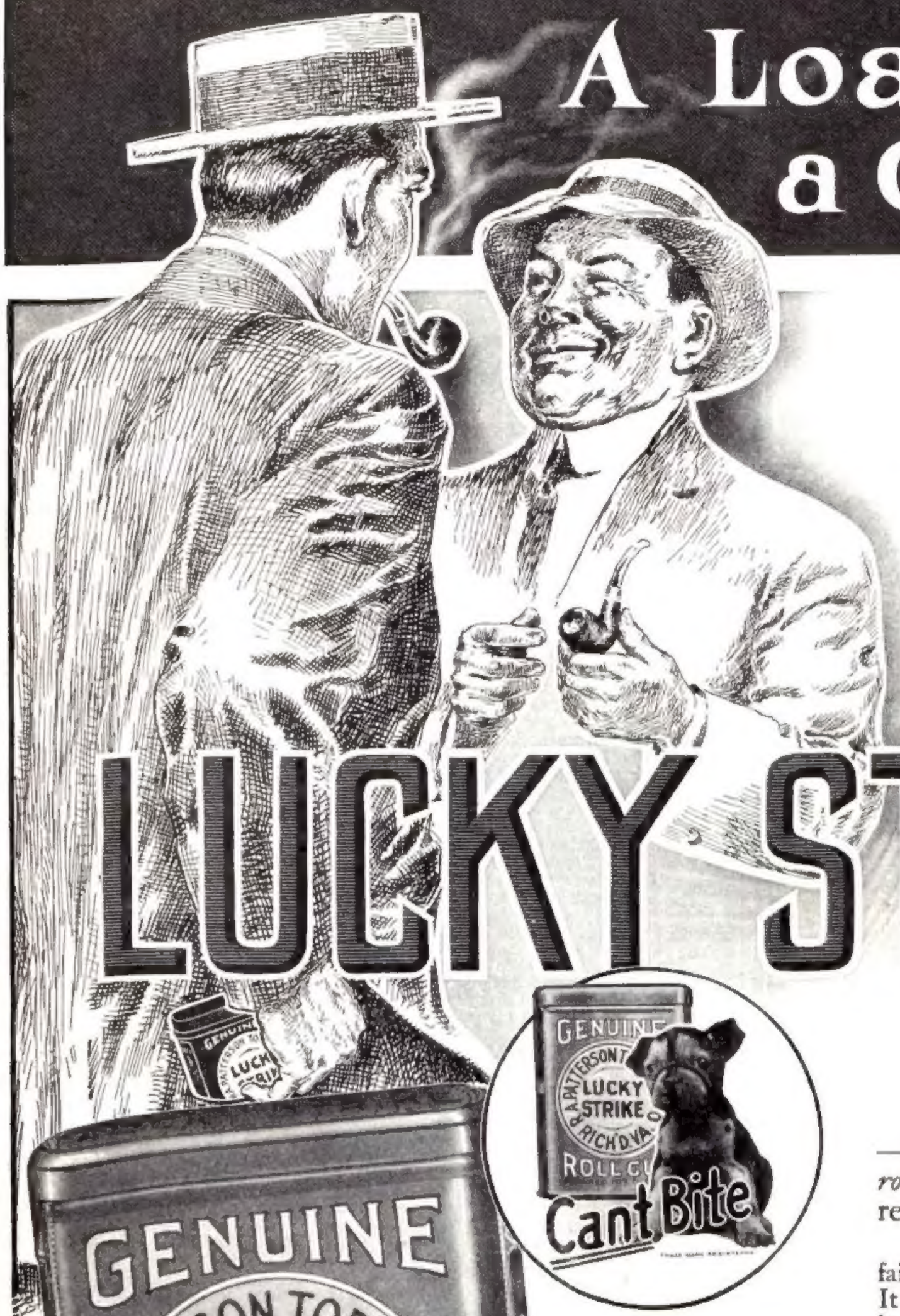
Oldest paper north. Correspondents all camps. Information regarding resources, people, etc. 36 to 60 columns general news. Subscription one year $3, 6 mo. $1.50, mailed anywhere. Pub. at Juneau, Alaska.

A Loan in a Great City



LUCKY STRIKE—the good, old smoking tobacco of *known* quality *holds its place* firmly. Generations have known its goodness.

Lucky Strike Sliced Plug has established itself as the best everywhere. And now you can have, in addition, Lucky Strike *Roll Cut*—the same established quality of

LUCKY STRIKE TOBACCO

—but wonderfully perfected machinery has *rolled and cut* the plug—made Lucky Strike ready for your pipe.

There is no surer cure for the blues than your faithful pipe, brim-loaded with this superior tobacco. It draws smoothly and easily—satisfies so completely—it is so free from the biting, tongue-burning, rough edge quality—that you'll bless the day you struck Lucky Strike.

And that one who "doesn't mind your smoking—if you smoke *good* tobacco"—*she'll* be satisfied too. For Lucky Strike is fragrant, as it is pure, mild—and a hundred per cent *right* from the smoker's own standpoint.

Lucky Strike is made in Richmond—of the finest Burley leaf. We age it for years in its rich mellowness and take out the tang. Then it is treated by the special Patterson Process—originated by Dr. R. A. Patterson, the founder of this business. This process is our secret.

Lucky Strike *Roll Cut*—all dealers—10c.

R. A. Patterson Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va.

10c *All Dealers*

To The Tobacco Trade

We are making every endeavor to fill all orders promptly, but the great growth of Tuxedo (the original granulated Burley) is taxing our Tuxedo departments to the utmost. We have never dared to advertise Tuxedo, because its sales have grown so rapidly on sheer merit that we have always had difficulty in meeting the demand. So much of Tuxedo is sold that we must have orders in advance.

New Style Socks

Guaranteed Without Limit

Here is something entirely new in Shawknit Socks. Long, soft fibre Egyptian cotton, over which a film of exquisitely fine silk gives the fashionable "changeable effect." Each sock is reinforced for extra wear at heel and toe.

The whole effect is *very stylish.* Thin, sheer socks which fit perfectly, which are soft and comfortable and will wear almost like spun steel.

Ask your dealer for **"Shawknit Satinette"**—the new socks *with the unlimited guarantee.*

Yes, that's exactly what we mean.

Our guarantee is to leave entirely to wearers the wear they should get from Shawknit Socks.

Our Unlimited Guarantee

"We guarantee that this pair of Shawknit Socks will wear just as long without mending—be just as comfortable—fit just as well—look just as stylish—as your just and fair judgment of socks at this price decides they should do. If this pair of Shawknit Socks does not give the satisfaction in wear, fit and style that you demand of them, send them back to us at our factory, together with this Guarantee ticket. We will replace them with a new pair without cost to you."

(Signed) Shaw Stocking Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

You see we've been knitting Shawknit Socks for over 35 years—supplying them to millions of pleased and satisfied wearers—and we know that you buy socks for satisfaction, not to fuss over.

Shawknit Socks give satisfaction.

Ask your dealer for them. It is easy for your dealer to get Shawknit Socks for you because we sell to reliable dealers direct from one of our numerous conveniently located warehouses or from our factory.

If your dealer refuses to get Shawknit Socks for you, send us his name, remit $1.00 direct to us for each three pairs of **Shawknit Satinette** Socks you wish, and we will ship to you from here.

Shawknit Satinette Socks come in all regular sizes and seven colors—Black—Navy Blue—Ox Blood Red—Reseda Green—Brown—Light Tan—Dark Tan—packed three pairs of any color in a box.

We also make many lines of Shawknit Socks—plain cottons, worsteds, and fancy ornamented socks—all told about in our little book "Stylish Socks." Write for it. We mail it postpaid FREE for the asking. Ask to-day. Address, Shaw Stocking Co., 106 Shaw St., Lowell, Mass.

Before sending to us for Shawknit Socks, please ask for them at the store where you regularly trade. We prefer to sell you through such stores. We supply sock wearers direct only as a matter of accommodation, if buying from our factory is more convenient for you.

Be Sure to—

Look for Stores That Sell—

Shawknit TRADE MARK. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **Socks**

FAKING THE ANTIQUE

(Concluded from Page 11)

discovered that the decorations were not in the ancient style. A fourth smelled new varnish. To a fifth the mummy wrappings did not seem yellow enough. A sixth thought that the eyes of the headpiece were more like glass than enamel. Despite these carping critics, a few were willing to accept the mummy at its face value. Had it been possible to unwrap the body, the question of authenticity could have been settled at once. To that Berg objected; for a valuable mummy would have been destroyed. At last an ingenious professor of physics, like a Greek philosopher leaping from his bath, cried: "*Eureka.*" He made an X-ray picture of the mummy and showed that beneath the wrappings was only the counterfeit of a human form.

Egypt has always been a hotbed of imposition. Despite the enormous number of relics of the buried past that are constantly unearthed, the supply does fall short of the demand. The natives do their deceitful best to satisfy the "trade"; but their counterfeits rarely fool the skilled archeologist.

Poor Lo Turns an Easy Penny

In the curio dealer of the Western part of the United States the Egyptian fellah who sells fake scarabs has no mean rival. Ninety per cent of the Indian moccasins, blankets and baskets sold in Western souvenir shops are the machine-made output of a thriving factory that employs not only "squaws," who are nimble-fingered girls, but a dozen salesmen, who travel from Seattle to Key West, from Los Angeles to Bangor. Real Indian craftsmanship finds it so hard to compete that beading and blanket weaving of the old kind will soon be a lost art. In the very heart of the Indian country—at Flagstaff, Cheyenne, Albuquerque and Bismarck—the curio stores are packed with Indian wares that no Indian ever touched. Even if you distrust the shops and decide to buy only from an Indian, you may be bitten. A crafty buck struts along the street in Albuquerque with a gorgeous blanket carelessly flung over his shoulders.

"How much?" you ask, fingering the thing with greedy digits.

"Thirty dollars," he answers, with an appraising glance at your scarfpin, your shoes and the other indices of your prosperity.

You pay. It is more than you expected; but, at least, the blanket is genuine. Six months later you learn that your blanket was made in a factory and that your Indian warrior probably divided his gains with a white employer.

The progress that has been made in chemistry is more quickly turned to profit by the art faker than by the business man. It is true that age—and age alone—can tint wood with the lovely hues that constitute the chief charm of many a fine old chair and panel. Wherever it is possible, the manufacturer of "antique" furniture prefers to employ old wood. In France it is said that old houses are bought and the rotten wood in them sold to fakers for more money than the land is worth. This almost refutes the favorite French story that dealers in old furniture keep trained worms to bite chairs and tables. With the chemical aid of acids and superheated steam, wood cut but yesterday may be given that peculiar dinginess which is considered venerable. Sometimes the complete chair or table is exposed to the combined action of ammonia fumes and air; and sometimes the wood is steeped in solutions of metallic salts before it is thus fumed, in order to obtain a greater variety of tints; but all these methods do not age the entire mass of wood. In Dresden a process is now employed that gives the heart of the wood the same coloration as the outer skin. Lumber in the form of planks is laid in shallow pits covered with prepared soil—a coarse mixture of clay, sand, humus, lime and ammonia salts—and the whole is frequently sprinkled. It took a chemist to invent that process. A chair built of wood colored by his method need only be kicked, bitten and scratched by two five-year-old children in order to acquire the convincing aspect of seventeenth-century craftsmanship.

If you were to ask a dealer where he managed to pick up the ancient masterpiece that he offers you he will gladly confide to you the secret. It was stolen, he tells you—stolen at night from a ruined temple not far from Athens, Alexandria or Thebes. If the purchaser is too credulous the consequences may be serious for him.

There was the case of poor Biardot, for example, a man who slept on straw and starved that he might own the beautiful things of a past civilization. Piece by piece he bought from Neapolitan dealers bronzes and silver which, he was told, had been stolen from Pompeii. The time came when he thought it his duty to offer his collection to the Louvre. On behalf of the museum, the Duc de Luynes and Messrs. de Witte and de Longpérier examined the "thefts" and pronounced them spurious. Biardot was not convinced even after the experts explained to him that a bas relief of the Three Graces in massive silver could hardly have been signed by Praxiteles in Italian. After Biardot's death the collection was hawked about Europe by a dealer, who almost succeeded in wheedling an English peer into buying a single piece for fourteen thousand dollars—but for a meddlesome expert. Biardot's bitterly acquired possessions were eventually sold under the hammer on December 29, 1904, by a court order, under the general designation, "gold and silver ware in antique style." Cups, ewers, lamps, statuettes and trinkets of all kinds brought prices far below their real worth as mere reproductions. The proceeds of the sale were only eight hundred dollars—hardly enough to pay for the rent of the auction room and the cost of printing the catalog.

If the antique is not "stolen" it is a "priceless object that has been in the family for generations." The well-worn stories of Italian villas, rented to dealers in counterfeit old masters for the ready deception of the collector, are evidently without any effect if we may judge from a case tried in the French courts in April, 1911. The action was brought by a jeweler named Walter against Count Claude de Choiseul, a picture dealer named Van der Perre and a general agent named Pfister. According to the plaintiff, Walter, the count wanted to buy a necklace valued at eighteen thousand dollars and offered as security for his promise to pay for it four "priceless paintings." Knowing nothing of old masters, Walter insisted on calling in an expert, whereupon Pfister, who acted for the count, suggested: "Why not try Van der Perre? He is a dealer and, what is more, a neighbor of yours." Walter, Pfister and Van der Perre proceeded to a splendid house in the Rue Berlioz, which Walter was given to understand belonged to the count. A man named Laval, introduced as the count's secretary, received them. Van der Perre unhesitatingly pronounced the canvases old masters. The count received the necklace the next day.

The Plot Exposed

Afterward Walter discovered that the house belonged to a Mademoiselle Carmen del Serrano, who had graciously permitted the count to use a room; that Van der Perre, the expert, owned the pictures; that the count was only Van der Perre's agent; that Laval, the secretary, was Van der Perre's brother—and, to cap the climax, that the count was under the legal guardianship of a *conseil judiciaire,* who had the power of repudiating any contract calling for the expenditure of money. Despite this experience, Walter afterward took five more of the count's pictures, with the understanding that all nine were to be vouched for by a regular dealer in a receipted bill of sale. In that extraordinary world, the count had no difficulty in finding an accommodating dealer to give a receipt for all nine pictures. On the witness stand, the dealer remarked that this was merely an "act of politeness."

In a shop you may shrug your shoulders at the authenticity of a Chippendale chair or a Frans Hals; in a private house, with a butler to open the door, you dare not lift an eyelash of incredulity. On the Avenue you are cheated to the extent of perhaps a hundred dollars; in the drawing room of an artistic faker your certified check for several thousands is careleasly tossed into a drawer. Yet the very sideboard that caught your fancy in the surroundings of fashion may be the very piece at which you sneered a fortnight before in the obscure shop of a second-hand dealer.

Carry Chips in Your Pocket —Not on Your Shoulder

Chip chewers are never scrappy fellows. Their motto is "chew chips and cheer up." Chewing chips makes people good-natured. Keeps their digestions good. Makes their mouths feel fresh and clean and sweet. Sweet tempers and smiles are the natural result.

COLGAN'S Mint or Violet CHIPS

"The Gum That's Round"

Are a quality development in chewing gum. Flavored with real mint that leaves a cool refreshed feeling in the mouth. Or flavored with a violet that carries the aroma of freshly picked blossoms.

Ten Chips 5c.

In a handy metal box

Mint Chips, Green Box — Violet Chips, Violet Box

If they're not sold near you, send us 10c. in stamps for a full box of each

COLGAN GUM CO., Inc.
Louisville, Ky.

Dealers: "Stack Up" There's a quality, convenience and attractiveness about Colgan's Chips never before known in chewing gum. The result is a demand exceeding all precedents and growing every day. It's a sustained permanent demand with a sound bottom to it. Chip chewers are clinched customers. Get on the nickel-plated whiz wagon to bigger profits. Write for our special offers to dealers.

STICK POWDER CREAM

and every shaver satisfied

With Colgate's, you now have your choice of three methods—
Stick, Powder or Cream. The result is the same—for whichever you use, you get the perfect

COLGATE'S SHAVING LATHER

Softening, soothing, sanitary. The most wiry beard yields quickly to the blade. Your skin is left with a sensation of coolness, comfort and refreshment.

Do not ill-treat your face or handicap your razor by using an inferior lather.

Trial size of Stick, Powder or Cream sent for four cents

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Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap